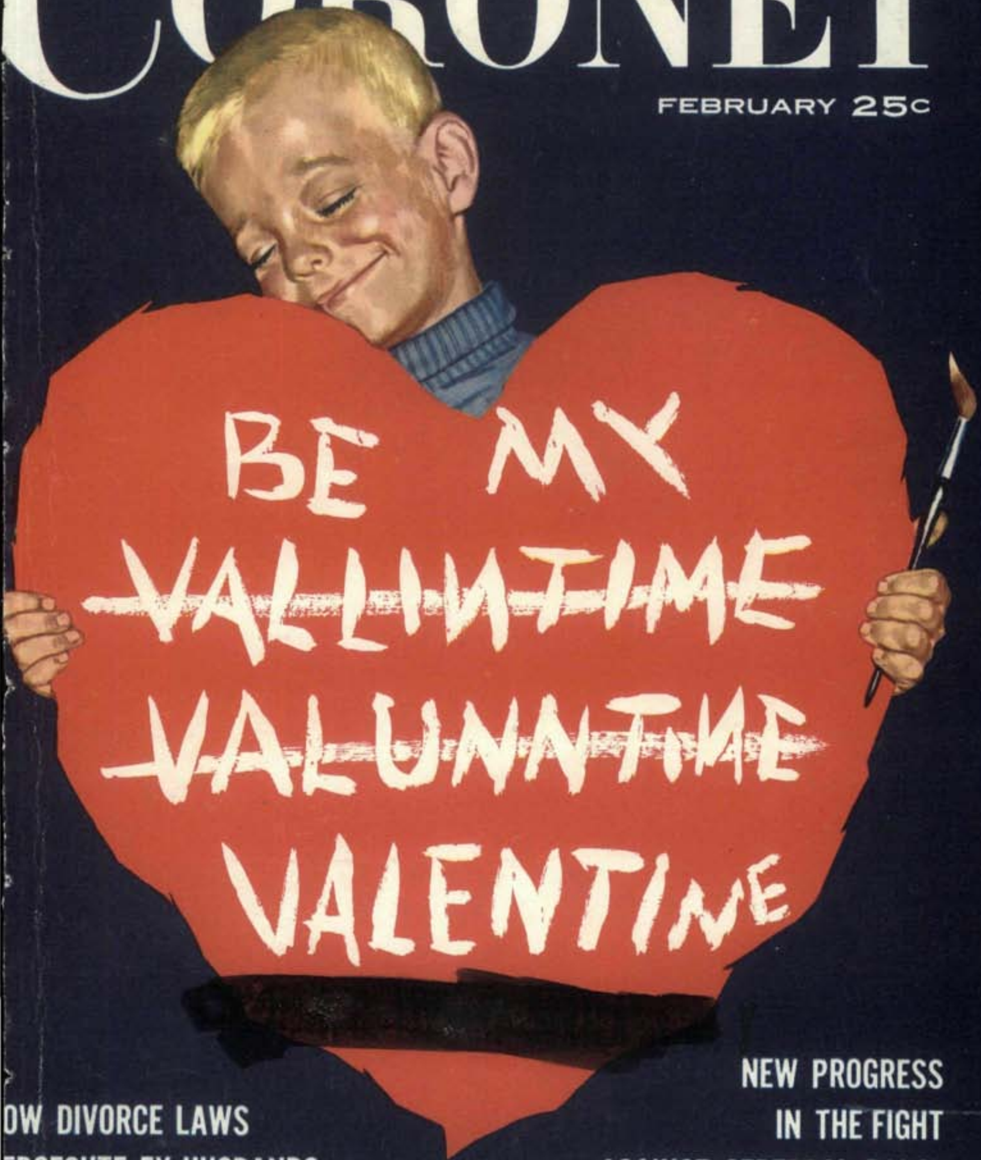
CORONET

FEBRUARY 25c



BE MY
~~VALLINTIME~~
~~VALUNNTIME~~
VALENTINE

OW DIVORCE LAWS
ERSECUTE EX-HUSBANDS

NEW PROGRESS
IN THE FIGHT
AGAINST CEREBRAL PALSY

If it's a
HEART YOU'RE
AFTER . . .

Say it with
Flowers-By-Wire

More hearts have been captured by flowers than words. Miles melt when you wire flowers through F.T.D. Look for the florist who displays the famous MERCURY EMBLEM. Swiftly, easily, inexpensively your expression of love goes happily on its way. Delivery world-wide in a matter of hours is guaranteed.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association

How I retired in 15 years with $300 a month

"Europe, here I come! First I'm going to visit cousins outside of London. Then I'll just travel about. All my life I've wanted to go to Europe, and at last I have the time—and the money—to do it. How can I afford to spend savings for this trip? You see, I have an income—$300 a month as long as I live.

"Come to think of it, a young English cousin was indirectly responsible for my being retired now. Back in 1940, during the Battle of Britain, we took little Paul to live with us. He often talked about his home—the village my family came from. The more I listened, the more I wanted to go to England after the war.

"I had a good job, with a promising future. But when I actually got down to considering going to Europe, I realized I'd never be able to take off more than two weeks at a time unless I could retire someday. Yet retiring seemed impossible. I had never saved much. I was nearly forty.

"But one day, I noticed an ad about a way to retire—the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. It said if I started young enough—in my forties or sooner—this plan could provide an income from $10 to $300 a month for life. I sent for the booklet that very morning.

"When the booklet arrived in the mail, my dreams suddenly became possibilities. This plan was made for me. Why I'd be able to retire even earlier than I had ever expected. Of course, I studied other retirement methods, but it was definitely Phoenix Mutual for me.

"To think I'm actually on my way to see Paul! It's hard to believe he's grown up now, and married. My next check for $300 is waiting for me in London. I've never felt so carefree in my life."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. If you start young enough, you can plan to have an income of $10 a month to $3,600 a year or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Send now.

ESTABLISHED 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

OVER 100 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION
FOR BUSINESS AND FAMILIES

COPYRIGHT 1956, BY PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
203 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without obligation, your free 28-page booklet showing new retirement *income plans.*

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name________________

Date of Birth ________________

Business Address________________

Home Address________________

A Feast of Thrills—by the "Undisputed King of Mystery Writers"

FREE

TO NEW MEMBERS

ALL SIX

Of These PERRY MASON Mystery Hits

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Including His Very Latest

YES! ALL SIX Perry Mason mysteries yours FREE on this amazing offer. Six thrillers by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, "King of Mystery Writers"—including *his very latest!* All full-size, full-length, handsomely bound books — a $16.70 value. Mail coupon on next page for your SIX FREE BOOKS!

THE CASE OF THE Lucky Loser
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
erle stanley gardner
the case of the Gilded Lily
THE CASE OF THE Demure Defendant
erle stanley gardner
the case of the terrified typist
the case of the nervous accomplice
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
the case of the Sun Bather's Diary
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

① **THE CASE OF THE Lucky Loser**

Perry Mason's LATEST, most baffling case. He has only one chance in a million to win it—with a CORPSE that has been dead and buried for TWO YEARS!

② **THE CASE OF THE Gilded Lily**

When Stewart Bedford wakes up in a motel room after being drugged, he finds he's been sleeping next to a CORPSE. He KNOWS he'll be accused of MURDER. Will Mason find the real killer?

③ **THE CASE OF THE Demure Defendant**

Nadine Farr "confesses" that she poisoned Higley. But Mason finds that he died a NATURAL death. Then police discover a bottle of cyanide exactly where Nadine said she threw it!

④ **THE CASE OF THE Terrified Typist**

Perry Mason has an ace up his sleeve—a surprise witness he's counting on to save his client from the chair. But she turns up at the trial—as the star witness *for the D.A.*

⑤ **THE CASE OF THE Nervous Accomplice**

Sybil Harlen is on trial for murder. The D.A. produces one witness after another. And all Mason offers in defense is—a wheelbarrow filled with rusty scrap iron!

⑥ **THE CASE OF THE Sun Bather's Diary**

Perry's client says all her clothes were stolen while she was sun bathing. The investigation leads Mason into a MURDER case. According to the evidence, the killer is either Perry's client . . . *or Perry himself!*

SEE NEXT PAGE

Yes! ALL SIX *Perry Mason* MYSTERIES A $16.70 VALUE—YOURS *FREE!*

—Continued from opposite page

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE to get the *cream* of the best NEW mysteries—for much less than $1 each?

Out of the 300 or more new detective books that come out every year, the Detective Book Club selects the very "cream of the crop"—by top-notch authors like Erle Stanley Gardner, Agatha Christie, Manning Coles, Mignon Eberhart, Anthony Gilbert, and Leslie Ford. ALL THESE, and many *other* famous authors have had their books selected by the Club. Many are members of the Club themselves!

Club selections are ALL newly published books. As a member, you get THREE of them *complete* in one handsomely bound volume (a $7.50 to $8.50 value) for only $2.29.

You Take ONLY The Books You Want

You do NOT have to take a volume every month. You receive a free copy of the Club's "Preview," which will fully describe all coming selections and you may reject any volume in advance. You need NOT take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. NO money in advance; NO membership fees. You may cancel membership any time you please.

You Enjoy These Five Advantages

(1) You get the cream of the finest BRAND-NEW detective books—by the best authors. (2) You save TWO-THIRDS the usual cost. (3) You take ONLY the books you want. (4) The volumes are fresh and clean—delivered right to your door. (5) They are so well printed and bound that they grow into a library you'll be proud to own.

Mail Coupon for Six FREE Books

SEND NO MONEY. Simply mail coupon promptly, and we will send you at once—FREE—the six complete Perry Mason mystery thrillers, described here together with the current triple-volume containing three other complete new detective books. But this exceptional offer may never be repeated. So don't risk disappointment. Clip the valuable coupon now, and mail it at once to: **DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.**

ALL SIX BOOKS FREE

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON

53

Walter J. Black, President
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB
Roslyn, L. I., New York

KU

Please enroll me as a member and send me FREE, in regular publisher's editions, the SIX full-length Gardner mystery novels pictured on opposite page. In addition send me the current triple-volume, which contains three complete detective books.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of volumes. I am to receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and I may reject any book before or after I receive it. I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

I need send no money now, but for each volume I decide to keep I will send you only $2.29, plus a few cents mailing charges as complete payment within one week after I receive it. (*Books shipped in U.S.A. only.*)

Mr.
Mrs. } ....
Miss
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address ....

Zone No.
City.......... (if any)...State.......

The Trust You Have Placed in Us

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, President
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

"The telephone business is built on the idea of Service. . . . And the principles that guide our work affect the lives of many people. We are printing them here because they seem important to everyone who uses the telephone, everyone who works for the business, and everyone who has invested in it."

We in the telephone business are servants of the public. The services we perform are necessary to the people of the United States. They are necessary to the building of our nation and to our national security. Clearly, we occupy a position of great public trust.

We are also trustees for the savings of every individual who has put money in the business. It is our responsibility that the business shall prosper.

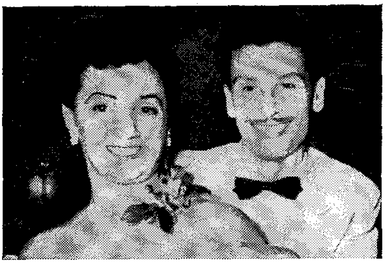
We think it all-important therefore that we furnish the best telephone service it is in our power to provide—a service high in value and steadily improving—at a cost to the user that will always be as low as possible and at the same time keep the business in good financial health.

The success of the business depends on the people in it. To serve well and prosper, Bell Telephone Companies must attract and keep capable employees. They must be well paid and have opportunity to advance in accordance with ability. And we must continually develop first-rate leaders for the future.

Finally, it seems to us that it is always our duty to act for the long run. Sound financing, good earnings, reasonable and regular dividends — these are all long-term projects. So is our continual research to find better means for giving better service. So is the building of the human organization and character on which good service depends. So is the training of leaders. In all our undertakings, the long view is essential.

This is the way we understand the trust you have placed in us. It is a trust that deserves, and will continue to receive, the most painstaking care we can give it.

Working together to bring people together
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Our itchy-foot writer John Carlova and wife

Dear Reader:

The popular notion of a foreign correspondent is a Front Page character who gallops around the world covering cataclysmic events. But this is not true of tall, slender, dark-haired John Carlova, who searches out the little-known and the exotic, and usually comes up with a fascinating personality. Thanks to Carlova's penchant for paddling the eddies and backwaters of Asia's lifestream, CORONET readers have had the pleasure of meeting such colorful characters as the pug-nosed Irish-Chinese ragamuffin, Murphy Wee Mong (March, 1956); that bandit-turned-hero, Zarak Khan ("The Tiger Who Changed His Stripes," Oct. 1956); and now the wonderful, bubbling Mama Ruperti (page 102 of this issue).

The restless Carlova has always been fascinated by faraway persons and places. Just out of high school, he dashed off to hitch his way around the United States rather than go to college. Impatient to get into World War II, he crossed over into Ontario from his Detroit home, joined the Canadian army, and wound up as an army journalist in Europe. Postwar found him working as news correspondent in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, North Africa and the Middle East. He met his wife Goldie in London, persuaded her to give up a successful career as a fur designer and sail off with him for a look at the Far East.

The look turned out to be a long one—four years of gadding about Singapore, Hong Kong, Malaya, Siam, India and way stations. Besides working, Carlova dabbled in tiger hunting, spear fishing and the study of Oriental religions and philosophies. He also collected—besides his magazine articles—a monkey, a parrot, a police dog and a 120-mph British sports car. When last heard from, he was trying to unload some of these items so that he could get back to America and rest his itching foot.

The Editors

CORONET is published monthly by Esquire, Inc., 65 E. South Water St., Chicago 1, Ill. Printed in U. S. Entered as 2nd class matter at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 14, 1936, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as 2nd class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **Postmaster:** Send Form 3579 to CORONET, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colo. **Subscription Rates:** $3.00 per year in advance, $5.00 for two years.

"I'm Earning $1650 More a Year-and I went from a Sales Clerk Job to Secretary to a top N.Y. Executive!" WRITES Louise Henders, NEW YORK CITY

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF LOUISE HENDERS "ON THE JOB"

DID YOU SEE THE READER'S DIGEST ARTICLE ON *Speedwriting*®?

OVER 350,000 STUDENTS

Over 350,000 men and women have learned shorthand the SPEEDWRITING way at home or through classroom instruction. Today they are winning success everywhere — in business, industry and Civil Service.

FREE To Readers of Coronet Magazine. A big, interesting Booklet with full information about SPEEDWRITING shorthand and typing.

School of SPEEDWRITING, Dept. 4602-7
55 West 42nd Street, New York 36, N. Y.

I am a Coronet reader. Please send me, without obligation or expense, your new booklet with full information about SPEEDWRITING shorthand and typing.

☐ Home Study ☐ Classroom Instruction

Name..........

Address..........

City..........Zone..........State..........

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

Speedwriting

FAMOUS ABC SHORTHAND ®
TYPING AVAILABLE

NO SYMBOLS, NO MACHINES—USES ABC'S

"Unhappy in my sales clerk job rut, I turned to SPEEDWRITING shorthand. Graduating after 5 weeks, I immediately became secretary to a Department Head with an international engineering firm. My salary increased $1200 a year! Today I have an even finer position, secretary to the N. Y. Sales Manager of one of America's leading concerns, at $1650 more yearly!"

Why spend many months mastering a whole "foreign language" of symbols when easy-to-learn SPEEDWRITING shorthand qualifies you as a fast, accurate shorthand writer in *only* 6 weeks? Like Louise Henders, step into the top-paying job of your choice. In ONLY 6 WEEKS you'll be taking 120 words per minute with SPEEDWRITING — the shorthand that uses the ABC's!

Write TODAY for FREE book with full details—and FREE SAMPLE LESSON that shows you how easily, quickly YOU can learn SPEEDWRITING shorthand. Mail coupon NOW!

FREE

NATION-WIDE LIFETIME PRIVILEGES

- **FREE EMPLOYMENT**
- **FREE BRUSH-UP**
- **FREE TRANSFER**

Speedwriting
ABC Shorthand

When you enroll for classroom instruction at one SPEEDWRITING School, you are entitled to these privileges at ALL SPEEDWRITING Schools in over 400 cities!

CONSULT LOCAL DIRECTORY

SCHOOL OF SPEEDWRITING
Dept. 4602-7, 55 West 42nd Street, N.Y. 36, N.Y.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

CORONET

Publisher:
ARTHUR STEIN
Executive Director:
FRITZ BAMBERGER

Editor:
LEWIS W. GILLENSON

Managing Editor:
BERNARD L. GLASER

Senior Editors:
GEROLD FRANK
BEN MERSON
BEN NELSON
JAMES A. SKARDON

Art Editor:
AUGUSTINO PENNETTO

Associate Editors:
ALLYN BAUM
PHILIP DOYLE
MARK S. NICHOLS
HANNAH MATLUCK

Assistant Editors:
PATRICIA GATELY
SALLY B. SANDLER
ANNE SCHOTT
FLORENCE SEMON

Production Director:
GUS BERKES

Production Manager:
BRENDAN WOOD

Production Associate:
ELIZABETH ROBINSON

John Smart, President; A. L. Blinder, Executive Vice-Pres.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. & Prod. Dir.; Jack Abraham, Vice-Pres. for Films; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-Pres.; Joseph M. Arnstein, Vice-Pres. for Circulation; Dan E. Provost, Vice-Pres. for the Esquire Club; Lester Petchaft, Treas.; A. D. Elden, Sec.; Edgar G. Richards, Vice-Pres. General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Subscription Offices, Boulder, Colorado. Editorial, Advertising & Production Offices, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Postage must accompany manuscripts and drawings if return is desired, but no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials. Manuscripts and artwork should be sent to Coronet, Inc., 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. © 1957, by Esquire, Inc. All rights reserved under the International Copyright Union, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Reproduction or use, without written permission, of the editorial or pictorial content in any manner is prohibited. Title registered in the United States Patent Office. Printed in the United States. Change of Address: Subscribers should notify their Postmaster and the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Boulder, Colorado, thirty days before change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given. When writing in, please enclose your mailing label which gives all necessary information.

Contents for February, 1957

Vol. 41, No. 4, WHOLE No. 244

Articles

His Monument to Love..................LESTER DAVID 19
Unburied Treasure.....................IRWIN PORGES 27
The Miraculous Mohave...............REED MILLARD 30
Stranger at the Station.................DAVID A. WEISS 35
"My 15-Year Nightmare with Narcotics"
AS TOLD TO LEONARD W. ROBINSON 36
A Fortune in a Bottle.......................BRUCE LEE 41
June Taylor: TV's First Lady of the Line...HERB DALMAS 54
15 Ways to Save on Your Income Tax
MARK MARCOSSON, C.P.A. 60
The Principal Is a Short-Order Cook....MARK FEINBERG 64
Progress in the Fight Against Cerebral Palsy WM. PETERS 66
500 Dream Jobs Waiting...............DAVID LANDMAN 75
What the Groundhog Really Tells Us
JOHN KORD LAGEMANN 80
Canada's 'Impossible' Invasion..............DAVID WISE 92
Malaya's Red-Hot Mama................JOHN CARLOVA 102
Terror at Donner Pass..............NORMAN CARLISLE 107
Twins—a Puzzlement..............GERALDINE YOUCHA 122
Grandpa Gets Mad at the Attic...........K. N. HARDIN 124
Dean of the Con Men.................GEORGE HERALD 127
The Day Nathan Dempsey Got Mad......CECIL COFFEY 135
The Troubled Head of the "Second Family" J. GRAYSON 136
Let's Get Rid of "Horse and Buggy Justice"...IRWIN ROSS 142
WDIA: It Made Good Will Pay......HENRY LA COSSITT 147
Popular Penny Ante Court............RICHARD GEHMAN 152
They Called It Justice..................WILL BERNARD 162

Pictorial Features

A Land Without Women
TEXT BY GEROLD FRANK, PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM NEUFELD 42
Broadway's Nite Errant . . . PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY FRIED 95
Princesses of Perfection................MARK NICHOLS 112

Service Features

Products on Parade.................................... 14
Coronet Family Shopper................................ 154
Coronet Shopping Guide................................ 157
Coronet School and College Directory................ 161

Departments

Dear Reader.. 5
Sophia Loren: Spaghetti-Inspired Sex Appeal....MOVIES 8
You 10
Grin and Share It...............................HUMOR 52
Handyman's Helpers............A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 59
Sharpen Your Word Sense!..........ROGER B. GOODMAN 79
Human Comedy..................................HUMOR 91
Silver Linings... 155

Cover

Painting...................................BOB HILBERT

Sophia Loren: Spaghetti-Inspired Sex Appeal

ITALY, land of unrestrained calories, seems about to lose one of its most voluptuous citizens—green-eyed Sophia Loren, whose sultry looks contradict her friendly, casual manner. Casting about for foreign stars to increase ticket sales abroad, Hollywood has signed her for a minimum of six pictures through 1959. Sophia's *pasta*-nourished measurements (38″-24″-38″) put her way out in front of her film rival, Gina Lollobrigida (36″-22″-35″).

Last summer, this frankly ambitious 22-year-old made her first American movie, *The Pride and the Passion,* for Producer-Director Stanley Kramer. In this $3,000,000 production filmed in Spain, Sophia co-stars with Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra as a resistance fighter. She also dances flamenco (*above*) and dies in battle, a cinch to win audience sympathy.

Born out of wedlock, Sophia knew hunger and pain during World War II. "If it hadn't been for American GIs, we would have starved," she says. But at 14, she began filling out impressively. Her mother, an aggressive woman, sewed Sophia into a tight, low-cut gown and shoved her into a Naples beauty contest. Sophia won second prize and soon afterwards crashed the movies.

As to her future, Sophia is disarmingly candid: "I am in love. I can't say with whom, but that will influence all my plans." Rome newspapers hint that the man is Producer Carlo Ponti, 40, who "discovered" Sophia and put her under long-term contract. But he is married, with two children, and in Catholic Italy divorce is taboo.

Sophia, a 5′8″ strawberry blonde, plans to tour the U.S. this spring, publicizing *The Pride and the Passion.* "My figure made me famous," she says earnestly, "and I am grateful. But now I want to be known as an actress."

Also Recommended This Month:

FULL OF LIFE gives Judy Holliday a chance to leave behind the squeaky-voiced mannerisms of *Born Yesterday.* She is delightful as an expectant mother in this warm comedy. Richard Conte and Salvatore Baccaloni give her sturdy support.

THE WRONG MAN. Henry Fonda and Vera Miles build a terrifying suppose-it-happened-to-you reality in this true story—directed by Alfred Hitchcock—of a Stork Club musician falsely identified as a holdup man.—MARK NICHOLS

FREE

30 DAYS SUPPLY

Safe High-Potency Nutritional Formula

VITAMINS

MINERALS AND AMINO ACID

NOW YOURS FREE

RETAIL
VALUE
$5.00
VITASAFE
CF Capsules
Distributed by:
THE VITASAFE PLAN

25 proven ingredients—11 Vitamins (including Blood-Building B_{12} and Folic Acid), 11 Minerals, Choline, Inositol and Methionine

Yes, we want to send you FREE a 30-day supply of high-potency *Vitasafe C.F. Capsules* (a $5.00 value) so you can discover for yourself how much healthier, happier and peppier you may feel after a few days' trial! Each capsule supplies your body with well over the minimum adult daily needs of the 11 important vitamins, plus 11 minerals, choline, inositol and amino acid.

Potency and Purity Guaranteed

You can use these Capsules confidently because strict U. S. Government regulations demand that you get exactly what the label states—pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again!

Amazing New Plan Slashes Vitamin Prices in Half

With your free vitamins, we will send you complete details of an amazing new plan that provides you with a 30-day supply of vitamins every month for just $2.00—60% less than the usual retail price . But remember—*you're not obligated to buy from us now or ever!* The supply of free capsules is limited—so mail coupon today!

VITASAFE CORPORATION
43 West 61st St., New York 23 N. Y.

EACH DAILY C. F. CAPSULE CONTAINS:

Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Iodine	0.075 mg.
Potassium	2 mg.
Zinc	0.5 mg.
Magnesium	3 mg.
Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.
Calcium Pantothenate	4 mg.
Vitamin E	2 I.U.
Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Calcium	75 mg.
Phosphorus	58 mg.
Iron	30 mg.
Cobalt	0.04 mg.
Copper	0.45 mg.
Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin B_1	5 mg.
Vitamin B_2	2.5 mg.
Vitamin B_6	0.5 mg.
Vitamin B_{12}	1 mcg.
Niacin Amide	40 mg.

Compare this formula with any other!

VITASAFE CORP., Dept. 59A-1
43 West 61st Street, New York 23, N. Y.

Please send me free a 30-day supply of the proven VITASAFE CF (Comprehensive Formula) Capsules, and full information about the VITASAFE plan. I am not under any obligation to buy any additional vitamins, and after trying my free sample supply, I will ACCEPT OR REJECT the benefits and substantial savings offered by the VITASAFE Plan. In any case, the trial month's supply of 30 VITASAFE Capsules is mine to use free.

I ENCLOSE 25¢ (coins or stamps) to help pay for packing and postage.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....**Zone**.... **State**.........

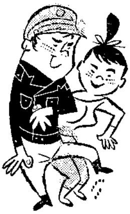
This offer is limited to those who have never before taken advantage of this generous trial. Only one trial supply per family.

YOU

Husband vs. wife as film critics, college tippling and why is rock 'n' roll . . .

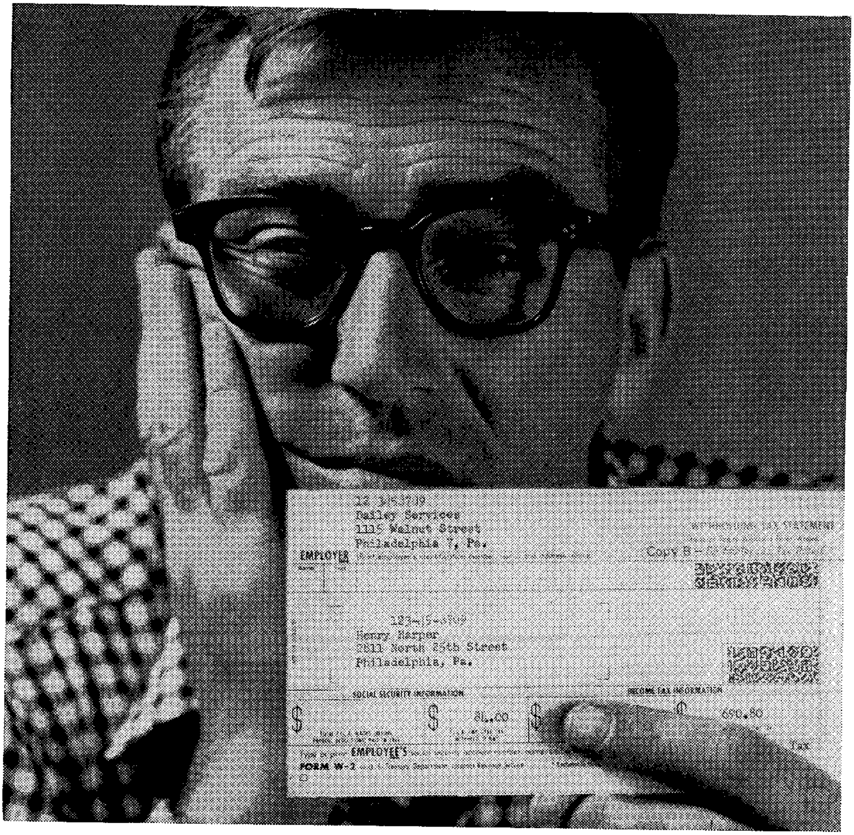
DOUBLE VISION: Next time you and your spouse come away from a movie disagreeing sharply about its merits, don't blame each other's lack of critical judgment. Blame it on sex. For two Harvard psychologists have discovered that you tend to identify with screen characters of your own gender—men watching the hero, women the heroine, and both thinking in a kind of dream fantasy, "That is me." Result: you exit with the memory of a different mental and emotional experience, even though you've both been sitting side by side watching the same film.

EDUCATED HANGOVER: Fascinating facts about college students and drinking were distilled by the Yale Center of Alcoholic Studies. Eighty-nine per cent of students from homes where both parents drink, themselves drink. Fifty-four per cent of students whose parents are teetotalers, themselves abstain. Most students, both men and women, gulped their first drink in their own home. But most girls reported hoisting it in the presence of their family while most men recalled downing it with other men. And family income has a definite influence on the students' drinking: the higher the family income, the more likely the student is to drink. Interestingly enough, however, drinking students frequently admire and approve those who don't, though they will turn up their noses at the non-drinkers who make an attempt to influence the behavior of others.



'WARE THE ROCK 'N' ROLLER! If you think it's just pure animal spirits that make youngsters rock 'n' roll, you're out of tune with science. Dr. George W. Kisker, University of Cincinnati psychologist, says those crazy rhythms appeal more to troubled youngsters than to stable, well-

(*Continued on page 12*)


EMPLOYER
Bailey Services
1115 Walnut Street
Philadelphia 7, Pa.
Copy B
Henry Harper
Philadelphia, Pa.
SOCIAL SECURITY INFORMATION
INCOME TAX INFORMATION
EMPLOYEE'S
FORM W-2

Where do your taxes go?

You may have a pretty good idea where taxes go. But did you know that some go to help pay other people's electric bills?

They're the families and businesses that get their electricity from federal government electric systems like the TVA.

While about 23¢ of every dollar you pay for electricity from your power company goes for taxes, those other people pay much less . . . only about 4¢ per dollar if their power comes from the TVA, for example. As a result, *you* are taxed *more* to make up for what *they don't have to pay.*

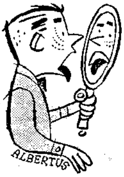
Don't you think this unfair tax favoritism needs study and discussion? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

*Company names on request through this magazine

(*Continued from page 10*)

adjusted ones. While the latter merely look on the controversial dance as spectators, the former use it to satisfy erotic urges, release aggressions and fill their need to feel important. For some young people, the dance seems to be a form of mass rebellion. So if you have a little rock 'n' roller at home, you would do well, Dr. Kisker suggests, to realize that his (or her) mania may really be a camouflaged cry for help in overcoming some kind of emotional problem. That's Dr. Kisker's studied view of rock 'n' roll music—*and it's obviously a dim one.*

PHYSIQUE AND DELINQUENCY: Is there a connection between body build and delinquency? Dr. and Mrs. Sheldon Glueck, Harvard's famed criminologists, report there is. Of 500 delinquent boys, they found 60 per cent to be solidly and muscularly built. But of 500 non-delinquents, matched boy-for-boy in age, intelligence, background, etc., only 30 per cent were husky specimens. As the Gluecks explain: the solid, athletic boy expresses himself in action. If he suffers tensions due to parental neglect or other factors, he takes those out in action, too. If no "approved" outlet exists—football, say—his actions may be anti-social. Why aren't roly-poly youngsters or fragile, sensitive boys likely to become delinquents? Because the first type are more passive, and the second tend to bottle up their frustrations. This doesn't mean that every muscular boy is headed for trouble, the Gluecks hasten to add. Physique, of course, is not the cause of delinquency. But, according to their tests, it apparently plays a part in the overall picture.



AHA! What do you care about most? Money? Health? Social standing? Think about it, then try to answer honestly, and you may catch a revealing glimpse of the real you. For investigators have found that the things people say they care about most are usually the things that they really feel the most insecure about. Is this so for you?

Has your child ever gone hungry?

Francesca's mother watches helplessly as her frail little baby grows weaker every day.

Francesca's father is a shoemaker. He works hard but cannot earn enough to feed his large family. They all live in a one-room hut without heat, without light, without plumbing. There is never enough to eat.

Francesca needs more food. Her mother is desperate. She wants her baby to grow up straight and strong. Her heart cries out for your help, *now.*

HOW *YOU* CAN HELP FRANCESCA

YOU can help Francesca or another needy baby through the Baby Sponsorship plan of **Save The Children Federation.** For $60 a year, just $5 a month, SCF will send "your" baby food, clothing, warm bedding, and many other essential items—in your name, in Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Korea. Full information about "your" baby and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with the family to add understanding and warm friendship to your generous gift. The cost of an SCF Baby Sponsorship is so small—the good is so great.

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS

(a partial list)

Faith Baldwin
Mrs. Mark W. Clark
Mrs. Sherwood Eddy
Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower
James A. Farley
Herbert Hoover
Henry R. Luce
Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin
Dr. Ralph W. Sockman
Mrs. Spencer Tracy

FOUNDED 1932
SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
Carnegie Endowment International Center
United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

I would like to sponsor a needy baby like Francesca in ....(Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy or Korea). I will pay $60 for one year. Enclosed is payment for the full year ☐, $15 for the first quarter ☐, $5 for the 1st month ☐. Please send me "my" baby's name, story and picture.

I cannot sponsor a baby, but I would like to help by enclosing my gift of $..................

NAME...

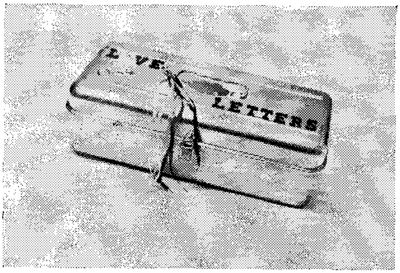
ADDRESS...

CITY.......................... STATE.......... CO2-7

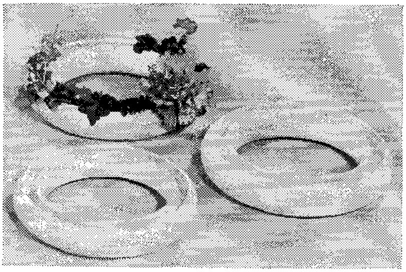
Contributions are deductible for Income Tax purposes.

Products

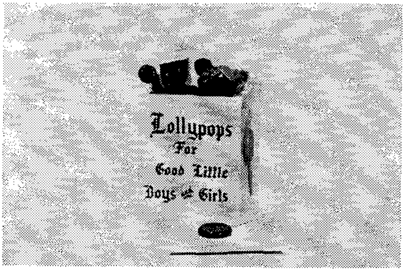
Edited by Florence Semon



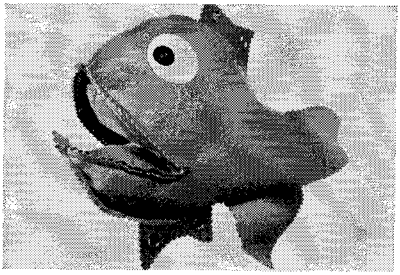
PRESENT YOUR VALENTINE with a metal strong box, painted gold, to hold those precious secret missives. Box is edged with starched white lace and words "Love Letters" are appliqued in red felt on cover. Complete with lock and key. $9.95 pp. Brett Winston Inc., Dept. 11, 10 E. 53rd St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



ENCHANTED FLOWER CIRCLES of highly glazed smooth white bisque will hold ivy, holly or any of your favorite short-stemmed posies. Made in Western Germany in three sizes: 5″ in diameter, $1.00; 6″ $1.50; 7″ $2.00; pp. Mail-Age, Dept. C, P.O. Box 109, Pratt Station, Brooklyn 5, N. Y.



FILL this Lollypop Box with sweet rewards for "good little boys and girls." Made of wood in white or maple finish. Measures 10″ x 5″ x 5″. Perfect for home, doctor's office; just anywhere children with a sweet tooth can be found. $3.20 pp. Elegant Pack Rat, Dept. C, South Paris, Maine.

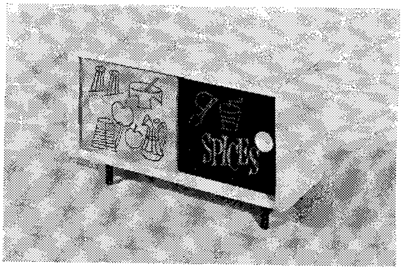


FISH MITT looks like a hand-puppet, is actually a practical pot-holder. Heavily padded red mouth allows you to grasp hot pots and pans, completely protecting hand. Fashioned of felt with bright color details. Show stealer at parties. $1.50 pp. Nob Hill House, Box 1592, C-2, San Francisco 1, California.

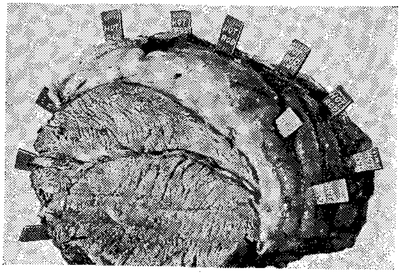
Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the sources indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

on Parade

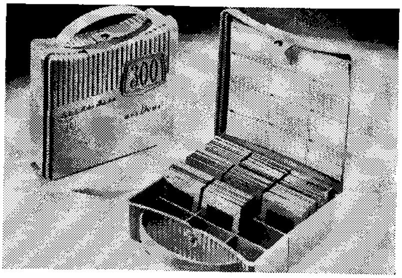
MODERN SPICE CABINET stands on removable legs or can be hung on wall. Sliding doors are hand-screened in contemporary motif. Hardwood in yellow and white combination. 18″ x 6″ x 5″, $3.40; 12″ x 6″ x 5″, $2.38; pp. World Wide Industries, Dept. CO., 123 Mercer Street, N. Y. 12, N. Y.



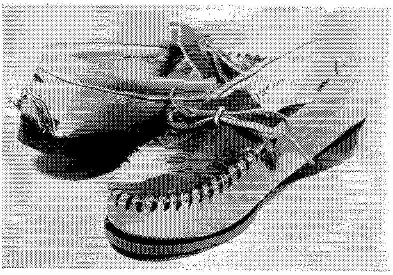
HOT RODS save ⅓ to ½ shrinkage of roasts, fowl, etc., as well as half the cooking time and fuel. Scientifically designed metal rods collect oven heat and pinpoint it in center of meat, making it tenderer and juicier. Package of 12 with full instructions, $1.00 pp. W. I. Stearns, Dept. C7, Arlington, Vt.



STORE your treasured 35mm slides in this handsome plastic composition file. Opta-Vue "300" contains new anti-bacterial agent for film protection. Handle for easy portability. Choice of yellow, blue, coral or marble. $3.20 pp. Central Camera Co., Dept. C, 230 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Ill.

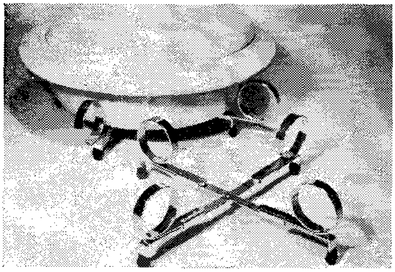


YOU'LL ENJOY the comfort of these genuine Deerskin Moccasins made for men or women. Hand-laced with rawhide laces. Toepieces trimmed with hair-on calf. Tan or dark brown deerskin. Men's sizes 5 to 11; ladies' 4 to 9. $6.95 pp. Joseph E. Bruchac, Dept. C, Greenfield Center 25, N. Y.

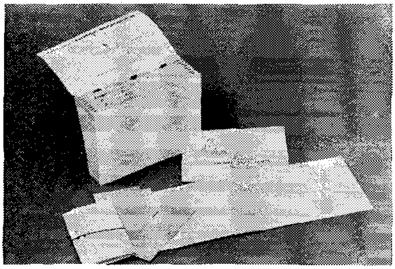


(Continued on page 16)

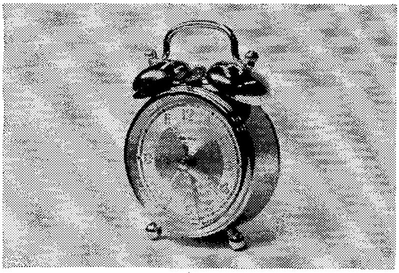
Products on Parade



ADJUSTABLE HOLDER fits small or large, square, round or rectangular shape casserole. Size adjusts easily by sliding rings in or out. Rubber feet prevent sliding. Made of steel with bright plated finish. Folds for storage. $1.49 pp. Aurora Electric Co., Dept. C, 323 Berry St., Brooklyn 11, N. Y.



HOME MANAGER FILE made of vinyl coated paper is efficient time-and-labor-saving organizer for important papers, etc. Comes with 2 books to record budgets and other family matters. Coral, ivory or green. $2.98 pp. American Recordata Institute, Dept. CM, 550 Fifth Ave. N. Y. 36, N. Y.



IMPORTED "BANG" CLOCK is miniature replica of an old-fashioned two-bell alarm. Case is highly polished brass. Two-tone luminous dial can be seen in dark. Reliable awakener, with alarm shut-off. 3½" high, 2½" wide. $4.95 pp. Matthew Day Co., Dept. C, 34-13 Broadway, Fair Lawn, N. J.

PERSONALIZED LICENSE PLATE glows in the dark and helps protect the night-cycling child. Reflectorized white on ebony-black enameled steel. Size 8" x 3". Up to seven spaces for name (no numerals or abbreviations). $1.00 pp. Cantor Enterprises, Dept. CO, 1831 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 154.

No Personal Medical Exam Required*

People 60 to 80 can apply for life insurance now!

Mail the coupon for full information on old line legal reserve insurance.

No One Will Call On You At Any Time

* **NO MEDICAL EXAM REQUIRED**

You are not required to go to a doctor and take a medical examination, but you must be in good health at time your policy is issued.

Because the company does require that you be in good health, it reserves the right to verify the information you furnish on your Statement of Health when a claim is filed.

This should be no problem if you answer the questions completely. We DO care about your state of health, but do not require the medical examination as a matter of convenience to you.

If you are under 80, you can still apply for the Old American Golden Eagle policy—the same kind of policy you would buy from an agent.

For Old American believes that people in the older age groups need and deserve insurance coverage just as much as anyone else.

Let us tell you how to add an extra $1000 worth of life insurance to your present program—to help take care of final expenses without burdening your family.

We Will Explain How To Put Policy Into Effect For First 30 Days For Only $1.00

Just mail the coupon right away, giving age. No obligation. NO ONE WILL CALL ON YOU! Simply fill in the coupon and mail it today.

TEAR OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY

No One Will Call on You At Any Time

You can depend on

Old American

AN OLD LINE LEGAL RESERVE COMPANY
1 West 9th Street Kansas City, Missouri

OLD AMERICAN INSURANCE CO., Dept. L 225M
1 West 9th St., Kansas City 5, Mo.

Gentlemen: Yes, please send me more information about your Golden Eagle life insurance policy—and how I may put it in effect for the first 30 days for only $1.00.
I understand that no one will call, and I am not obligated in any way

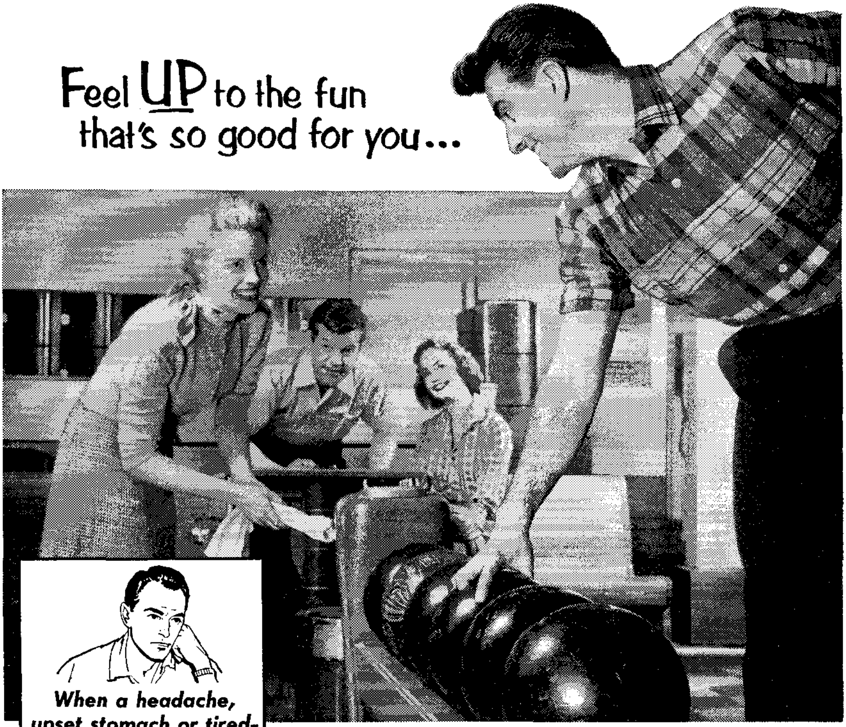
AGE __________

NAME ____

ADDRESS ______________________________________

CITY ____________________ ZONE STATE __________

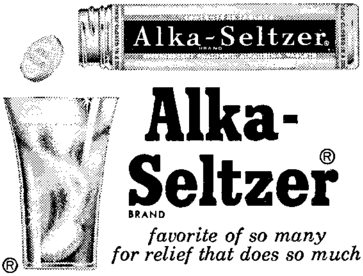
Feel UP to the fun that's so good for you...



When a headache, upset stomach or tired-achy feeling keeps you from having fun...

take the medicine that's so refreshing

Whether your fun is bowling, or something less active . . . when you have a headache, upset stomach and that "under-the-weather feeling" that goes with them, take ALKA-SELTZER to feel up to the fun that's so good for you. ALKA-SELTZER tablets fizz in the glass—this is the chemical action that causes the ingredients to change into an effective and fast-acting *solution* that gives *combination relief*—relief for headache and upset stomach, as well as the "out-of-sorts feeling" that's so much a part of them. To enjoy that feel better feeling, take ALKA-SELTZER!



Alka-Seltzer®
BRAND

favorite of so many for relief that does so much!

WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD . . . discover how pleasantly and effectively ALKA-SELTZER relieves the ache-all-over feverish feeling. Makes a soothing gargle, too. Let ALKA-SELTZER help you feel better while you're getting better.

MILES LABORATORIES, INC. . . . *for Better Health*
ELKHART, INDIANA

His Monument to Love

by LESTER DAVID

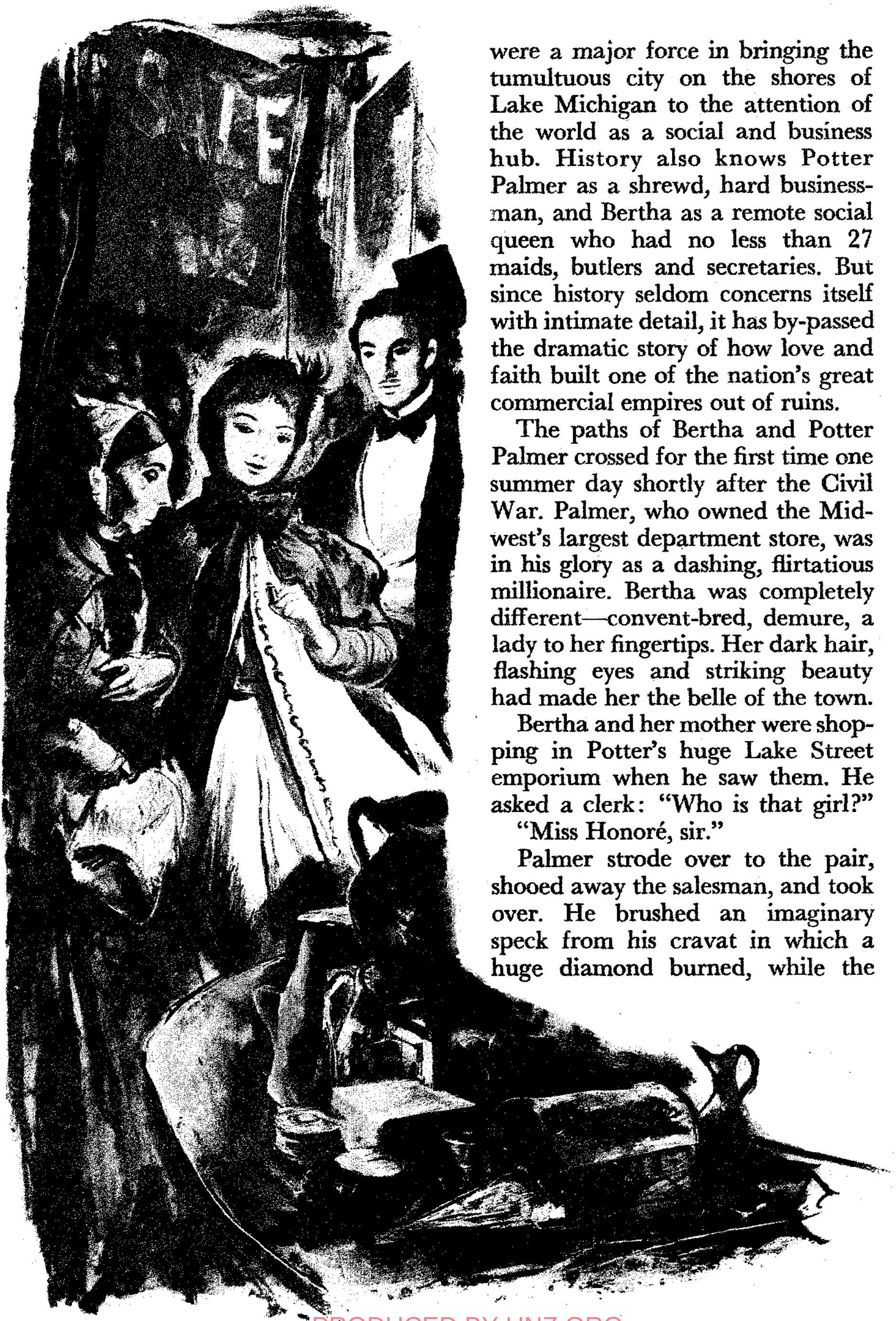
illustrated by BEN STAHL

On Chicago's lake shore he erected a Taj Mahal in tribute to the woman who gave him the strength to rebuild his fire-wracked empire

IN February, 1950, wreckers tore down a stone mansion at 1350 Lake Shore Drive in Chicago. Behind that old house lies one of the most unusual love stories in history—the story of how a famous American built a baronial castle of incomparable magnificence for the woman who saved him from disaster.

The man was merchant prince Potter Palmer, "Father of State Street," Chicago's great shopping center. The woman was beautiful, cool-voiced Bertha Honoré Palmer, who ruled for 40 years as unchallenged social empress of the Midwest. And the house was Palmer Castle, known at the turn of the century as one of the finest private dwellings in the world.

History records that these three titans of elegance—the house, the woman and the man—



were a major force in bringing the tumultuous city on the shores of Lake Michigan to the attention of the world as a social and business hub. History also knows Potter Palmer as a shrewd, hard businessman, and Bertha as a remote social queen who had no less than 27 maids, butlers and secretaries. But since history seldom concerns itself with intimate detail, it has by-passed the dramatic story of how love and faith built one of the nation's great commercial empires out of ruins.

The paths of Bertha and Potter Palmer crossed for the first time one summer day shortly after the Civil War. Palmer, who owned the Midwest's largest department store, was in his glory as a dashing, flirtatious millionaire. Bertha was completely different—convent-bred, demure, a lady to her fingertips. Her dark hair, flashing eyes and striking beauty had made her the belle of the town.

Bertha and her mother were shopping in Potter's huge Lake Street emporium when he saw them. He asked a clerk: "Who is that girl?"

"Miss Honoré, sir."

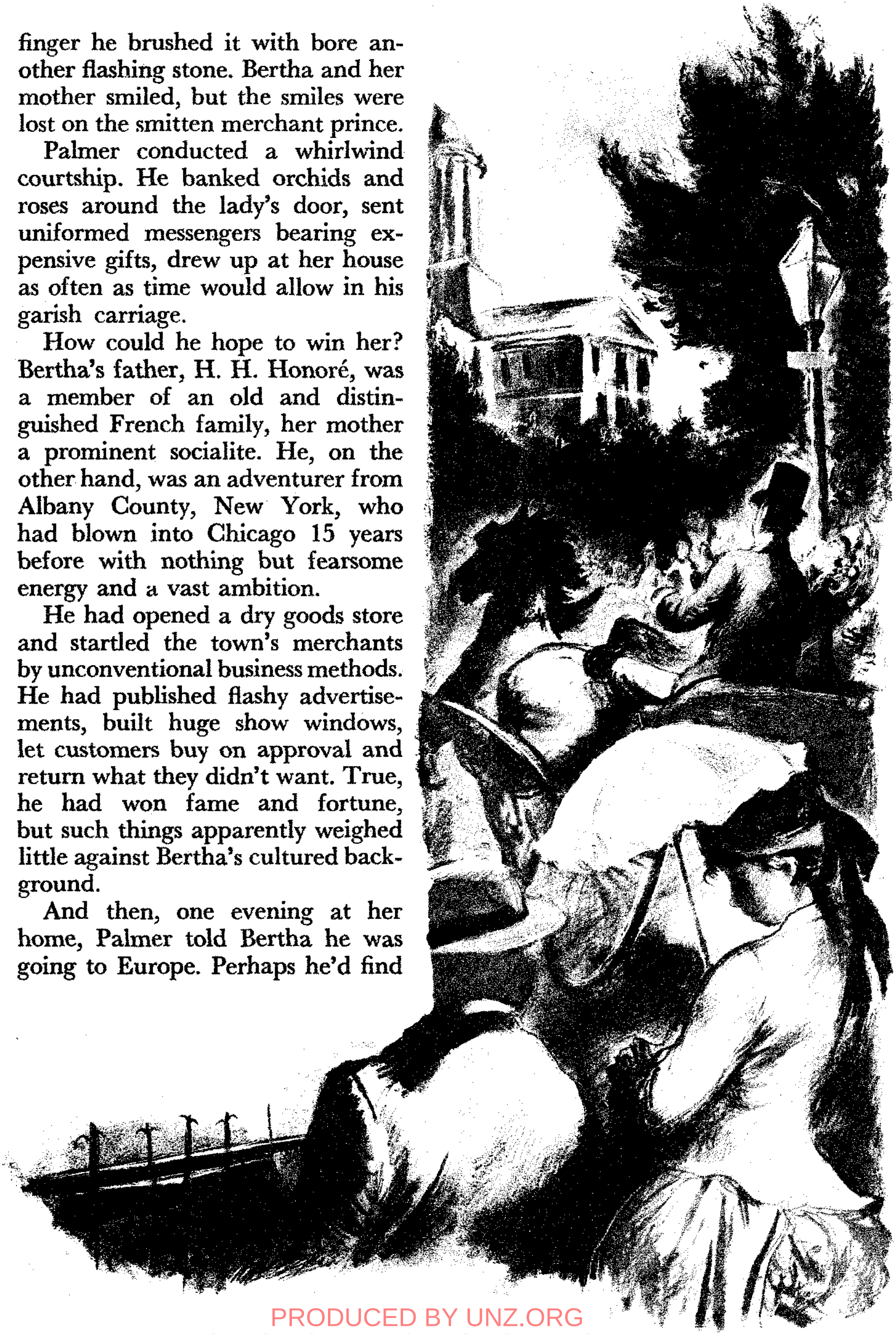
Palmer strode over to the pair, shooed away the salesman, and took over. He brushed an imaginary speck from his cravat in which a huge diamond burned, while the finger he brushed it with bore another flashing stone. Bertha and her mother smiled, but the smiles were lost on the smitten merchant prince.

Palmer conducted a whirlwind courtship. He banked orchids and roses around the lady's door, sent uniformed messengers bearing expensive gifts, drew up at her house as often as time would allow in his garish carriage.

How could he hope to win her? Bertha's father, H. H. Honoré, was a member of an old and distinguished French family, her mother a prominent socialite. He, on the other hand, was an adventurer from Albany County, New York, who had blown into Chicago 15 years before with nothing but fearsome energy and a vast ambition.

He had opened a dry goods store and startled the town's merchants by unconventional business methods. He had published flashy advertisements, built huge show windows, let customers buy on approval and return what they didn't want. True, he had won fame and fortune, but such things apparently weighed little against Bertha's cultured background.

And then, one evening at her home, Palmer told Bertha he was going to Europe. Perhaps he'd find



a nice girl who would marry him. . . .

A smile twitched Bertha's mouth. "What will you do with two wives?"

"Two! Who will be the other one?" he asked incredulously.

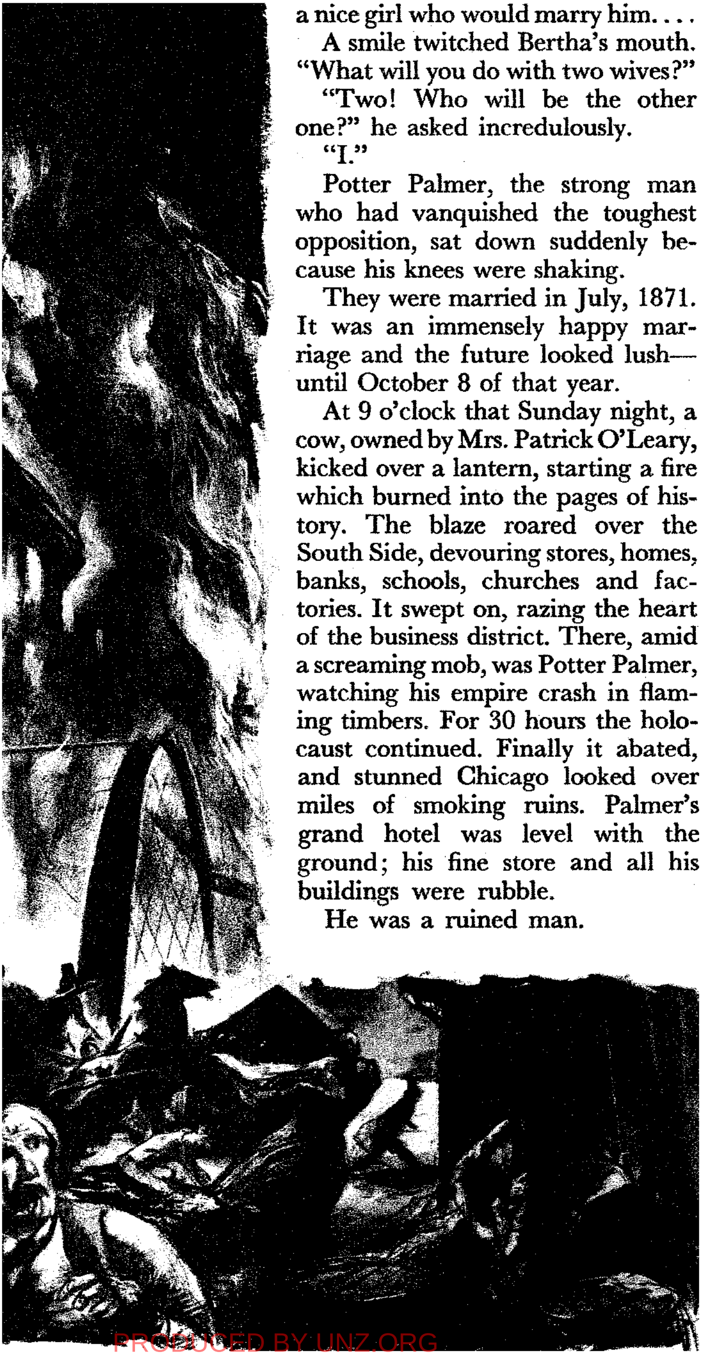
"I."

Potter Palmer, the strong man who had vanquished the toughest opposition, sat down suddenly because his knees were shaking.

They were married in July, 1871. It was an immensely happy marriage and the future looked lush—until October 8 of that year.

At 9 o'clock that Sunday night, a cow, owned by Mrs. Patrick O'Leary, kicked over a lantern, starting a fire which burned into the pages of history. The blaze roared over the South Side, devouring stores, homes, banks, schools, churches and factories. It swept on, razing the heart of the business district. There, amid a screaming mob, was Potter Palmer, watching his empire crash in flaming timbers. For 30 hours the holocaust continued. Finally it abated, and stunned Chicago looked over miles of smoking ruins. Palmer's grand hotel was level with the ground; his fine store and all his buildings were rubble.

He was a ruined man.



How could he hope to hold Bertha, now that he could offer nothing but virtual poverty? How could he expect this dazzling creature to put up with privation after having known opulence all her life?

She was strangely silent in the long evenings at home, and her silence meant only one thing to Palmer. She was waiting for him to release her. As a well-brought-up lady, she would not make the first move; that was up to him.

For a week Potter brooded. Then one night he faced his wife.

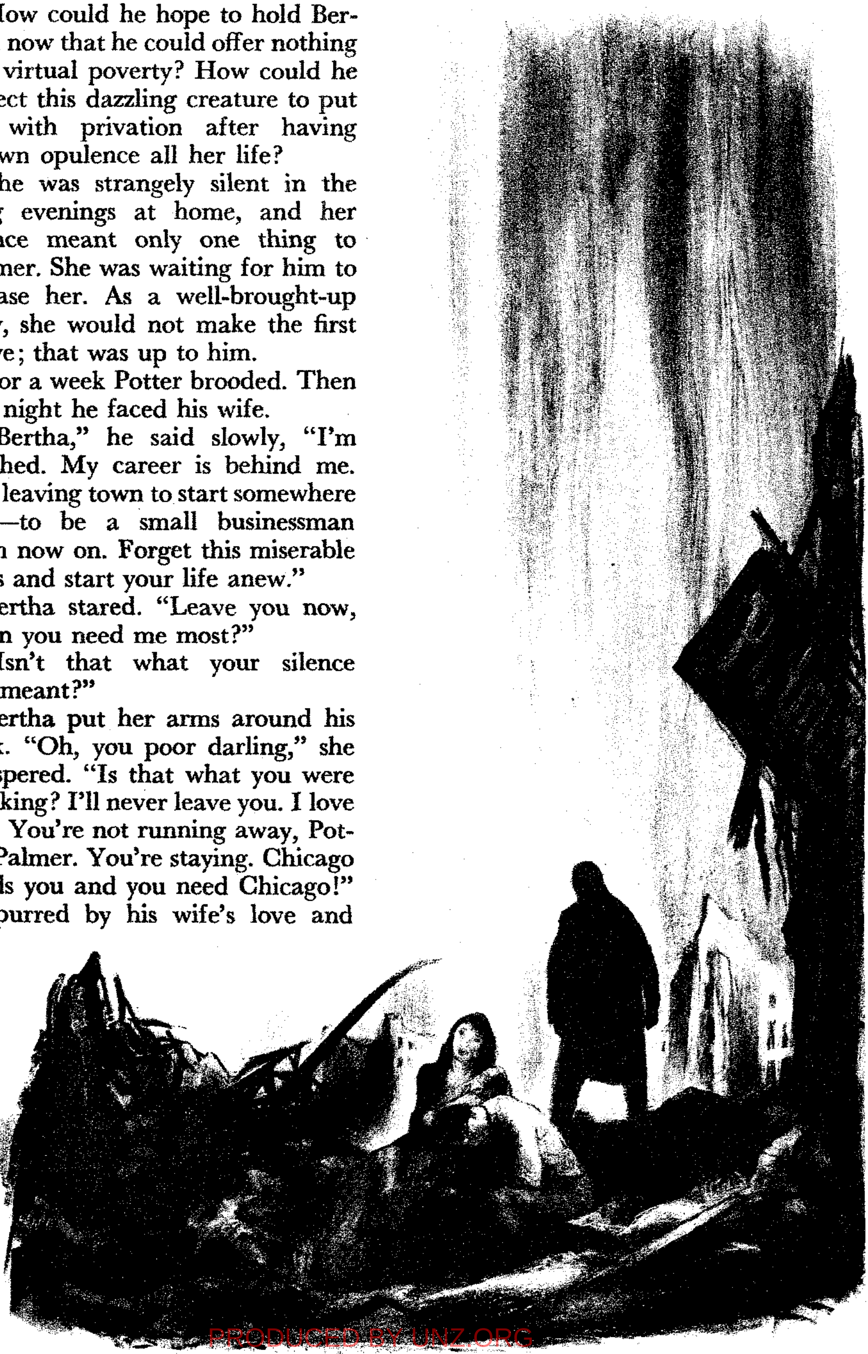
"Bertha," he said slowly, "I'm finished. My career is behind me. I'm leaving town to start somewhere else—to be a small businessman from now on. Forget this miserable mess and start your life anew."

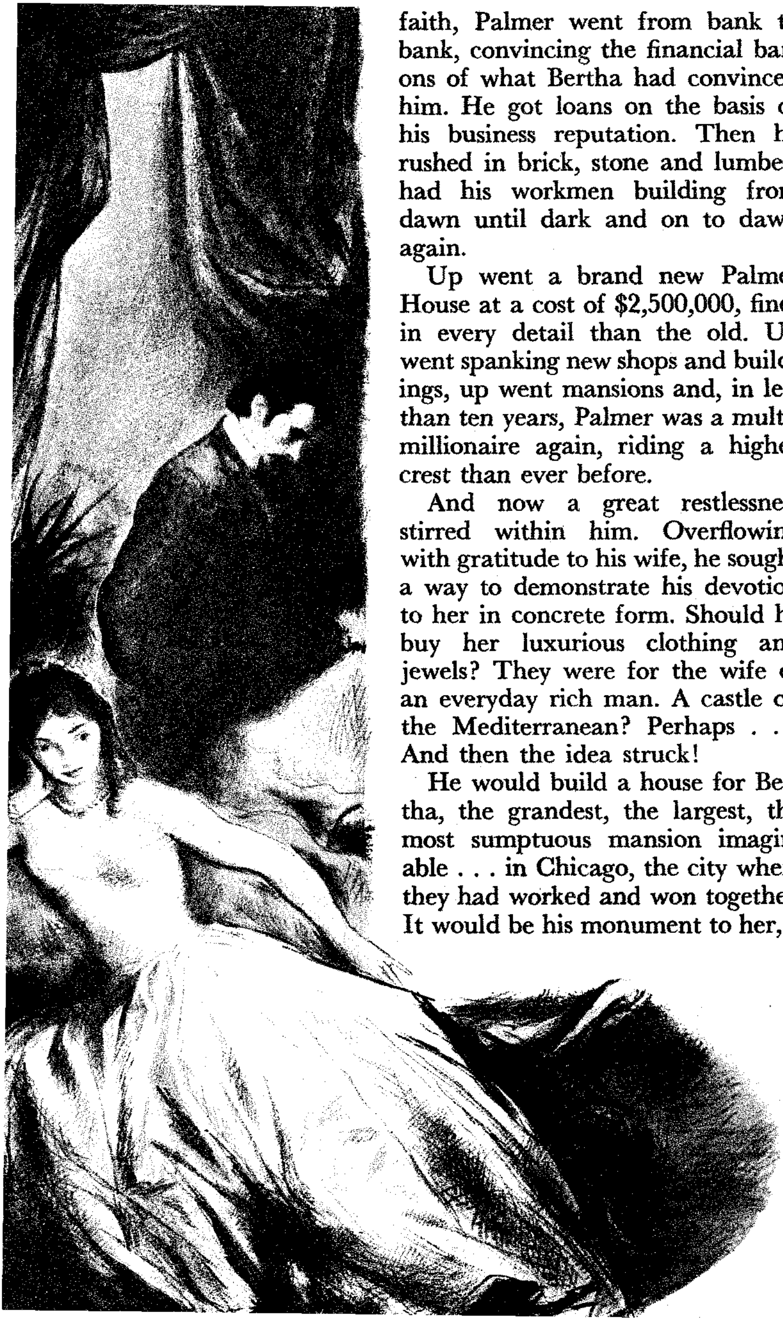
Bertha stared. "Leave you now, when you need me most?"

"Isn't that what your silence has meant?"

Bertha put her arms around his neck. "Oh, you poor darling," she whispered. "Is that what you were thinking? I'll never leave you. I love you. You're not running away, Potter Palmer. You're staying. Chicago needs you and you need Chicago!"

Spurred by his wife's love and





faith, Palmer went from bank to bank, convincing the financial barons of what Bertha had convinced him. He got loans on the basis of his business reputation. Then he rushed in brick, stone and lumber, had his workmen building from dawn until dark and on to dawn again.

Up went a brand new Palmer House at a cost of $2,500,000, finer in every detail than the old. Up went spanking new shops and buildings, up went mansions and, in less than ten years, Palmer was a multimillionaire again, riding a higher crest than ever before.

And now a great restlessness stirred within him. Overflowing with gratitude to his wife, he sought a way to demonstrate his devotion to her in concrete form. Should he buy her luxurious clothing and jewels? They were for the wife of an everyday rich man. A castle on the Mediterranean? Perhaps . . . And then the idea struck!

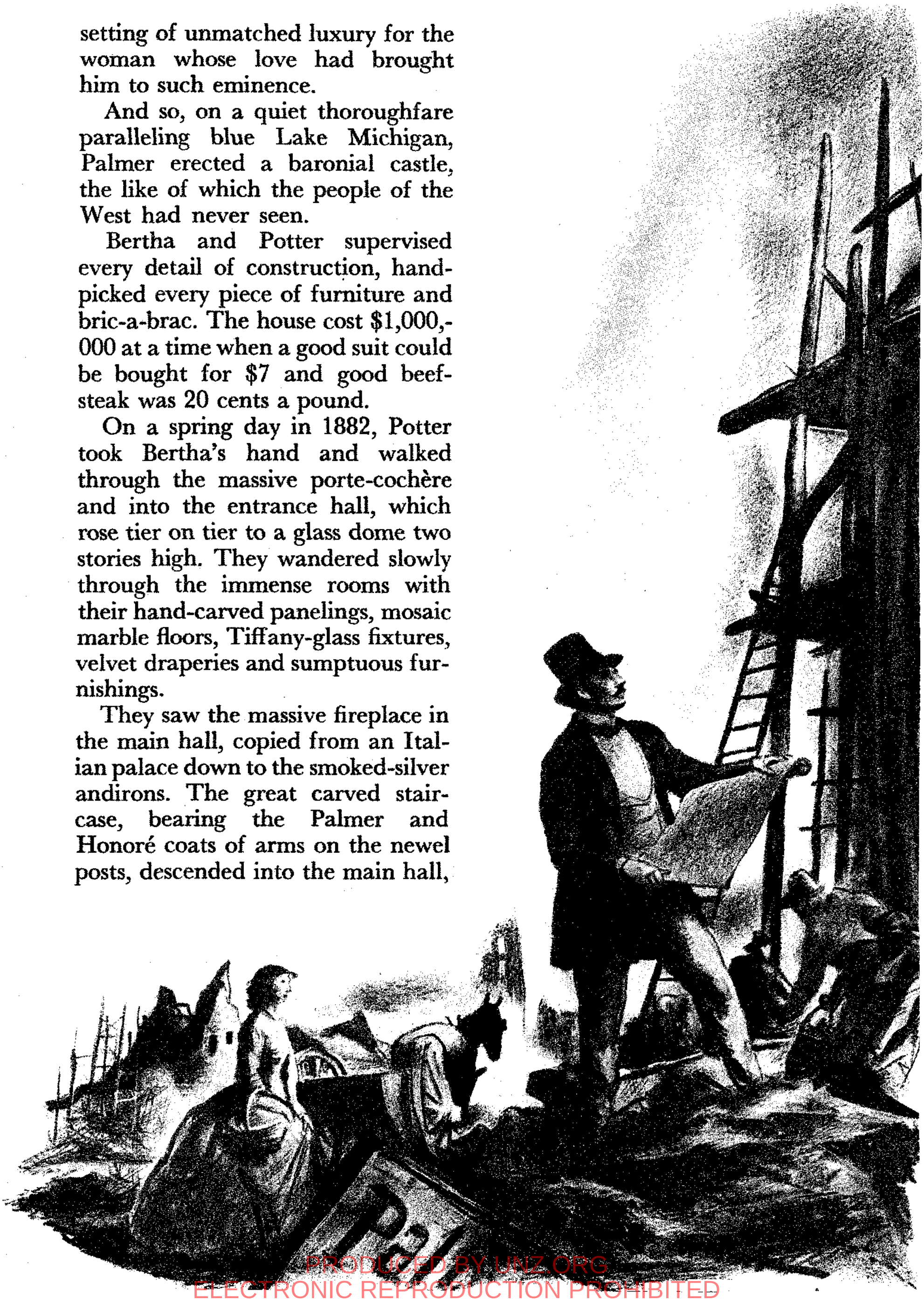
He would build a house for Bertha, the grandest, the largest, the most sumptuous mansion imaginable . . . in Chicago, the city where they had worked and won together. It would be his monument to her, a setting of unmatched luxury for the woman whose love had brought him to such eminence.

And so, on a quiet thoroughfare paralleling blue Lake Michigan, Palmer erected a baronial castle, the like of which the people of the West had never seen.

Bertha and Potter supervised every detail of construction, handpicked every piece of furniture and bric-a-brac. The house cost $1,000,000 at a time when a good suit could be bought for $7 and good beefsteak was 20 cents a pound.

On a spring day in 1882, Potter took Bertha's hand and walked through the massive porte-cochère and into the entrance hall, which rose tier on tier to a glass dome two stories high. They wandered slowly through the immense rooms with their hand-carved panelings, mosaic marble floors, Tiffany-glass fixtures, velvet draperies and sumptuous furnishings.

They saw the massive fireplace in the main hall, copied from an Italian palace down to the smoked-silver andirons. The great carved staircase, bearing the Palmer and Honoré coats of arms on the newel posts, descended into the main hall,



which was walled in glass-enameled Venetian mosaic. Near the entrance was a passenger elevator, the first to be installed in a private house in Chicago.

Paintings by Corot, Degas, Millet, Monet and Renoir hung on the walls. The rugs were impregnated with rare perfumes, and in profusion was the finest bric-a-brac the European salons could provide.

From this princely residence, Bertha Palmer firmly grasped the reins of Midwestern society and never let go. The aristocracy of the world came to her door and she greeted them in regal splendor, while Potter Palmer beamed in the background.

From 1882 until 1918, the mansion spelled the height of social glitter. Presidents Grant, Garfield, and McKinley dined in the paneled banquet hall. The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII of England; the nobility of the courts of Nicholas II of Russia; Alfonso XIII of Spain; Humbert I of Italy and Christian IX of Denmark danced in the velvet-hung ballroom. For sheer elegance, there was nothing to match it.

Potter Palmer saw his wife rise to the top in social eminence. At last he had repaid her for the devotion which had helped him become one of the nation's great commercial leaders.

Today, a huge, twin-towered apartment house has risen on the broad grounds by the lake where Palmer Castle once stood. Aren't there faint sounds coming from the site? Is that the crunch of carriage wheels on a graveled driveway? Is that the music of muted strings, the rustle of silken gowns? Perhaps, because although Potter and Bertha Palmer are long since gone, a love story never dies. The ghosts of a glorious past will remain forever at this site on Lake Shore Drive.

Excuses! Excuses! Excuses!

A MAN CHARGED WITH ROBBERY in Vienna, Austria, told the court he blamed it on the fact that he had two blood transfusions and later learned that the donor was a habitual thief.

NOW, BURGLARS are leaving excuses behind them. Employees at a loan office in Asbury Park, New Jersey, discovered one morning recently that somebody had tried—and failed—to chisel open the firm's safe during the night.

They also found a note: "Hard safe to crack."

A SERGEANT of the Lake George, New York, police department reported this explanation of a woman he stopped for driving 60 MPH. "My tires are bad, and I just want to get home before they give out."

A JUDGE asked a Chicago man why he stole a car when he had one of his own. "I was drinking," the man explained, "and too drunk to drive my own car." His caution cost him a year in prison.

—EDITH ROBERTSON

Unburied Treasure

Tucked away in some forgotten corner of your home you may have one of these items worth a fortune

by IRWIN PORGES

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! There may be an unburied treasure in some forgotten place in *your* home. It might come to light at any time.

You're getting together old junk to be thrown away, perhaps, when you discover a battered trunk in a heap of dusty odds and ends. The lid creaks protestingly as you force it back on its rusty hinges. Inside is a jumble of old papers, letters, receipts, theater programs—the sort of things people hate to discard.

Your eye is attracted to a small yellow-covered pamphlet. The faded print on the title page reads: *Tamerlane and Other Poems,* by a Bostonian. The author is Edgar Allen Poe; the date, 1827; and the printer, Calvin F. S. Thomas of Boston.

You feel a thrill of excitement. Is this something valuable? Mr. Edwards down at the bookstore should be able to tell you.

After a brief examination, Mr. Edwards informs you, his voice trembling with emotion, that you have made a tremendous discovery. The pamphlet is a first edition of *Tamerlane,* a story of the life of an ancestor of the great Genghis Khan, written by Poe at the age of 18.

This couldn't happen to you? A copy of *Tamerlane,* which at one time fetched $25,000, was discovered not too many years ago. And there is a good chance that other copies of the little yellow pamphlet are lying around in *somebody's* home. For, of the 40 originally believed to have been published, only 12 have been found.

Poe's book of poems is just one of the many unburied treasures waiting for a lucky finder. Like the man who walked into a Beverly Hills, California, coin shop and placed a $20 gold piece on the counter.

"Do you think this is worth $50?" he asked.

There was a quick look and a gasp. The gold piece was a Saint-Gaudens' 1907 "High Relief" issue, minted with a protruding figure of an American Eagle which prevents the coin from stacking evenly. It had been lying in a family drawer for years, its true value of $4,000 unsuspected.

Another rare coin, a United States nickel identified by an engraving of a head similar to the Statue of Liberty set in a circle of stars, has been sought by collectors all over the world. This Liberty Nickel of 1913 commands the fabulous price of $5,000.

Coin collectors have been puzzled for years over the mysterious disappearance of the small, silvery U.S. half-dime of 1802. Although 13,010 were issued, only about 40 are known to exist today.

What could have happened to the rest? Somewhere, possibly in a second-hand shop, in an old coin purse, or in a hidden corner of a drawer, an 1802 half-dime will be found. If you are the discoverer, this tiny coin, in top preservation, is worth more than $500.

Rewards are high for those who find missing documents, especially those of historical importance. Eighteen pages torn from a small red pocket diary could cause history to be rewritten. They are from the diary of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, and may be concealed in some southern farmhouse.

The diary was given to General Baker, head of the U.S. Secret Service, after Booth's death. Baker insisted the opening pages—preceding those of April 13 and 14, 1865, and containing a pencil sketch of a house—were intact.

No reference was made to the diary during the trial of Booth's fellow conspirators. Later, when its existence became known, it was disclosed that the pages describing the events leading up to Lincoln's assassination were missing.

This news created a sensation and led to a series of charges and countercharges. It was even rumored that Secretary of War Stanton had deliberately concealed the diary during the trial in order to suppress information about his own guilt in the plot against Lincoln.

Those 18 missing pages, if found, could throw new light on Booth's motives and the forces behind him.

Few people know that George Bernard Shaw, in his early creative days, wrote a detective story called *The Brand of Cain*. Shaw offered it to four publishers but it was rejected by all. The manuscript made its final trip to a printer in 1884, was never returned and has not been seen since.

Collectors of valuable musical manuscripts have been searching for years for the score of "Thespis," the opera which marked the debut of two of the world's most famous collaborators—Gilbert and Sullivan. Produced in 1871, it ran for about one month. All that has been found of the original score are two songs, and the hunt still continues.

Many old phonograph records have become collectors' items of great value. Among these are the famous European Red Label Records issued by the Gramophone Company. Recording history was made by a husband and wife team, Nicolai and Medea Mei-Figner, whose famous records are highly valued. The metal master records have been destroyed, but the original pressings are still to be found.

In the chaos of World War II, many valuable articles were taken from European museums and places of storage. Some of these were sent to the States by American soldiers as war souvenirs. The Stradivarius, *Emelie,* for example, vanished from Munich in 1945. This violin, made by the great master in 1732, is worth a small fortune, and may be in some American home today, its identity unknown.

In opening an old bundle of letters, the occupant of a Connecticut farmhouse came upon an unusual stamp. Red-orange in color, and printed on a background of blue-tinged paper, it bore a picture of Benjamin Franklin.

It was the first U.S. five-cent stamp and considered a find by collectors because of its color and the fact that it was unused. This stamp, issued in 1847, brought the price of $1,000.

Unburied treasures worth substantial sums may be tucked away in some forgotten corner in *your* home. You've been meaning to go through that pile of stuff in the attic, cellar or storeroom. Now is a good time to start. And remember: a clean-up can be enjoyable when you turn it into a treasure hunt!

Signs of the Times

TRAFFIC SIGN posted at the edge of a small town in the South: "20 Miles an Hour or $19.90." —*General Features Corp.*

IN THE WINDOW of a Chicago reducing salon: "Come in and Shoo the Fat." —GEORGE HART

LAWN SPRINKLER DISPLAY in hardware store: "Dew-it Yourself." —GEORGE HART

IN IOWA a hotel adjacent to a cemetery advertises: "For the Rest of Your Life." —W. W. COLGERT

IN FLORIDA, a road sign suggests: "Keep Florida Green—Bring Money." —*The Widen News*

20
MILES AN HOUR
or
$19.90

The Miraculous Mohave

by Reed Millard

California's desert stars a side show of nature's freaks—from 40-foot lilies to galloping rocks and an upside-down river!

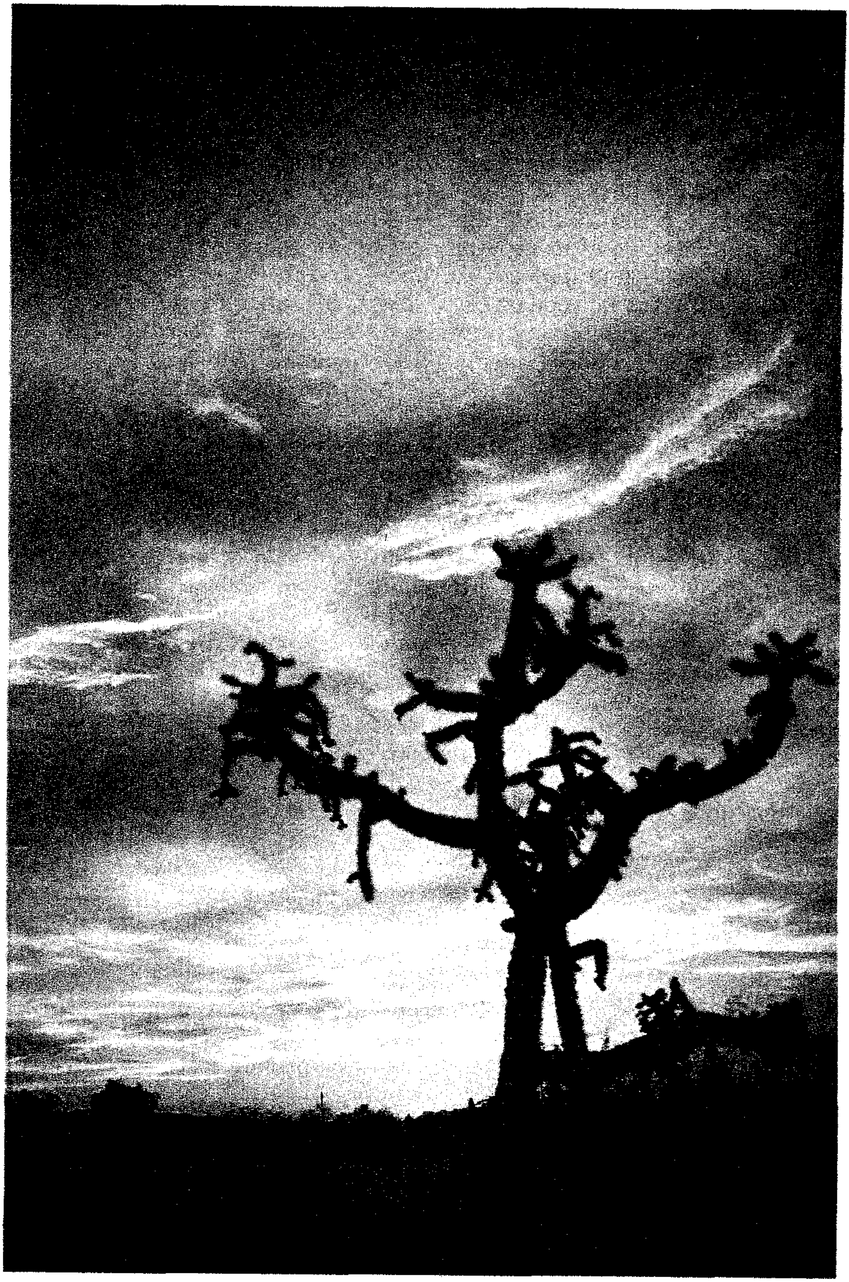
For years, tanks at the Army's Camp Irwin in the Mohave Desert had rumbled across the rock-hard bed of what had, in ancient times, been a lake. Planes had landed and heavy vehicles raced across its level reaches. Then one day in the summer of 1955 a cloudburst turned the ex-lake into an actual one—and this newly formed body of water was found to be swarming with millions of live shrimp!

Nor were these shrimp ordinary ones. Actually, they resembled a kind presumed extinct. Hastily summoned scientists, Professors Arthur Lockley, James Welsh and John Reardon of Los Angeles State College, explained that some of the eggs must somehow have lain dormant in the mud—possibly for several years—springing to life when water returned to the lake.

Those who know this amazing desert just shrugged and remarked, "That's the Mohave for you." For the Mohave Desert is a place where nature has outdone herself with a breathtaking side show of the unusual, including a lily 40 feet tall, rivers that run upside down and backwards, and a valley that boasts the amazing phenomenon of galloping stones.

It also contains one of the world's largest and richest mineral treasure-troves—a fabulous mine in a lake; the world's largest landing field—so long that one end is out of sight of the other; and the world's oddest real-estate boom—a boom in which men make fortunes helping the Government give away land.

The Mohave (a phonetic spelling; many still stick to the Spanish "Mojave") sprawls over a large part of southern California. Its arid reaches begin behind the San Gabriel Moun-



PHOTOGRAPH BY SHOSTAL

tains north of Los Angeles, march eastward to the Colorado River on the Arizona border and northward into Nevada; and could accommodate most of the combined areas of Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey.

The Mohave, also called the "high desert" because of its general 2,000- to 4,000-foot altitude, is a place of black volcanic mountains, endless reaches of shimmering heat waves, great tawny boulders, intense deep-blue sky, and mirages.

Its vegetation may be weird, but there is nothing more beautiful than a Joshua tree outlined against a flaming desert sunset. Actually this "tree" is a giant lily, the U.S.A.'s biggest, which, in the spring, bears great greenish-white blossoms. It can reach a height of over 40 feet, and may live up to 400 years.

One of the Mohave's curious animals is the desert antelope squirrel. Scientists observing the creatures never saw them drink. Studied in captivity, these squirrels turned out to be able to take water or leave it alone. One never drank a drop for six weeks. The scientists concluded that the antelope squirrel must get his water from the air, or from food, although this particular one ate only dry seeds.

One of America's largest National Monuments—Joshua Tree—is located in the Mohave. And another—Death Valley—is on the edge of the desert. But the curious rocks of the former and the strange sand formations of the latter are only the start of the Mohave's catalog of geological wonders.

There are, for instance, rivers: the Mohave and the Amargosa. The Mohave perversely chooses to flow north. Moreover, it flows along briskly enough, green cottonwoods rimming its banks, then suddenly it disappears, winding its way thereafter in an underground bed.

The Amargosa flows in a more proper direction—but it is an almost invisible river; most of its length is underground and, for a good part of the year, only geologists know it's there.

Another concealed Mohave marvel may become one of its greatest attractions. One day, some 30 years ago, a prospector named Jack Mitchell was scrambling around the rocky, treeless Providence Mountains in mid-Mohave when he noticed a strange crack in the earth. Mitchell peered down into it and felt a moving current of air. Convinced that somewhere underneath must be a great cave, he combed the mountain slopes until he found a larger opening.

Alone as he was, Mitchell boldly crawled into a twisting shaft. When he reached a ledge perhaps a hundred feet down, he kicked a stone loose and listened for the sound of its striking bottom to come back to him. It never came.

MITCHELL resolved that he would someday, somehow, get down into that pit that seemed to have no bottom.

With the help of two friends, he placed a huge log across the top and attached to it a winch on which was 1,200 feet of manila rope. Then they lowered him slowly.

Mitchell never reached the bot-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DUNCAN EDWARDS

Some of the plant life on the Mohave is grotesque. But there is a simple beauty in the profusion of cactus blossoms (*above*) which abound.

tom of what he called the Cave of the Winding Stair; but in 1949 spelunkers with better equipment finally did; and the Cave of the Winding Stair proved to be only one of a dozen immense caverns, some of which are being included by California in a State Park.

No one will ever see the inside of one of the world's oddest, and quite probably richest, mines—not even the mining engineers who run it. Geologists rate it the greatest Mohave marvel. Its history began millions of years ago when streams roared down into a huge lake which had no outlet.

In 1849, a party of thirsty gold seekers rushed toward a glittering body of water, only to find that they had been the victims of the desert's cruel hoax, the mirage. Angrily they trudged on across the hard, baked surface of the dry lake.

Around 1862, John Searles, a frontiersman who next saw the dry lake and gave it his name, investigated the white stuff on its bed and discovered it was borax. But Searles, and successive owners up to the turn of the century, never guessed that the lake held a secret treasure-trove even more valuable than borax.

At various times, in a search for water, wells were drilled in the lake's bed. Always they brought up a witch's brew of minerals in an evil, undrinkable brine.

This was regarded as a nuisance until a mining expert advanced the idea that the brine could be pumped up and the chemicals it contained separated.

Today, geologists believe $1,000,000,000 is a conservative estimate of the value of the still-untapped riches lying in this strange Mohave lake.

Another dry lake could play a role in the most sensational news story in all man's history—the take-off for outer space. Next to the 65-

square-mile expanse of Rogers Lake, where Edwards Air Force Base is located, is the world's biggest natural airfield. Its concrete runway, 15,000 feet long and 300 feet wide, is a monster in itself. Yet nature has provided an addition stretching straight out beyond this man-made one for *22 miles.*

The desert, too, is the home of an astonishing boom in which real-estate men make money by helping prospective land owners. This came about when the Federal Bureau of Land Management found itself the possessor of several million acres of useable land. Why not make it available to private individuals for development?

Thousands of people swarmed to land offices in Los Angeles—to find that the Bureau had practically no information on the condition of the land. That was when astute real-estate operators stepped into the picture. For a small fee—say $15—they will tell you just where to find a desirable five-acre plot, and will help you file on it. The result has been an astounding influx to the desert. In many areas, whole new towns have been set up.

And, in the lonely valley in the Panamints known as Racetrack Playa, scientists have stumbled upon the desert's most amazing phenomenon.

Scattered over the surface of the dry lake which made up the valley's floor were hundreds of rocks, large and small. Leading to each rock was a trail gouged in the dried mud, indicating that—though it seemed impossible—the rocks had moved, one traveling a distance of 786 feet. An earthquake? No earthquakes had been recorded for this region at times when some of these rocks had skidded across the plain.

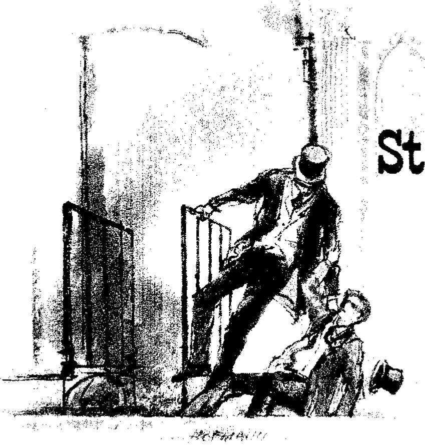
Had they become frozen in ice floes, which moved as they melted? There just couldn't have been low enough temperatures in this valley to create sufficient ice.

The wind, then? Wind, scientists agree. It's the best explanation they can offer. After all, "That's the Mohave for you."

"I Love You"

ACCORDING TO LEGEND, the Valentine takes its name from a young Christian who once lived in ancient Rome. Like so many of the early Christians, Valentine had been imprisoned because of his faith. Often and longingly he thought of his loved ones and wanted to assure them of his well-being and of his love for them. Beyond his cell window, just within reach, grew a cluster of violets. He picked some of the heart-shaped leaves and pierced them with the words, "Remember your Valentine," and sent them off by a friendly dove. On the following days he sent more messages that simply said, "I love you."

Thus did the Valentine have its beginning. And so it has remained through the ages. —*Guideposts Magazine* (Rust Craft Publishers)



Stranger at the Station

by DAVID A. WEISS

THE DAYS following President Lincoln's assassination were black ones for Edwin Booth. Shocked and sickened by the horrible deed of John Wilkes Booth, his brother, the famous American actor went into seclusion, seeing only a few loyal friends. His one consolation in this, his darkest hour, was a letter he clutched in his hand. . . .

It had happened earlier in the war. The actor, having completed his evening's performance in New York, was en route to Philadelphia. Crossing over to Jersey City on the ferry, he rushed into the Pennsylvania Railroad station to board his train.

The train, already standing in the station, was filling up rapidly. As he reached the end of one coach, the train started with a jolt. Momentarily thrown off balance, Booth recovered himself to see with horror that a well-dressed young man, pressed by the crowd, had lost his footing and fallen between the station platform and the moving train.

Holding to a handrail, Booth reached down, grabbed him by the collar and pulled him back to safety.

The young man could not have been more appreciative. Recognizing the famous actor, he shook his hand warmly. "That was a narrow one, Mr. Booth." The actor smiled and turned away, without realizing that he had not asked the young man's name.

Several weeks later a letter arrived from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. General Adam Badeau, chief secretary to General Ulysses S. Grant, thanked Booth for his heroic deed and informed him whom it was he had saved.

Booth thought little more about it until the night of April 14, 1865, when his brother slipped into the box at Ford's Theater in Washington and sent his fatal bullet into the brain of Abraham Lincoln.

Edwin Booth's only consolation in the dark hours that followed came from that letter, which he kept clutched in his hand. For, while a Booth had taken a Lincoln life, it revealed that another Booth had saved one. The young man had been Robert Todd Lincoln—the President's son.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WEBBER

A Housewife's Unforgettable Story:

"My 15-Year Nightmare with Narcotics"

as told to
LEONARD WALLACE ROBINSON

FOR 21 YEARS I have been the wife of a respected doctor, and for 15 of them a drug addict of the worst kind, a woman who plotted, lied, cheated and stole to obtain relief from her insatiable craving. And during those 15 years, unbelievable as it may seem, I led what appeared to be a normal existence in the rural section of Mississippi where we live.

I had been educated in a leading Methodist college in the South and had been at the top of my class. I was an attractive, vivacious brunette with a good deal of restless energy and had been seriously thinking of becoming a dramatic actress.

But that was before I met my husband, a handsome, wonderfully gentle, open-faced man whom I have never once heard say a mean

A respected doctor's wife, a mother of two, she lied, schemed and stole to satisfy the relentless craving. Then, miraculously, the door to recovery opened

or unkind thing about anybody. We were very much in love and perfectly compatible. I went with him on hunting and fishing trips and we shared the same deep love for music.

And then, in the sixth year of our marriage, I was going to have a child. Suddenly everything changed. It was a difficult pregnancy and a long, hard labor. Perhaps it was thoughtless of Clay (that name is close enough to my husband's real one) but, at any rate, two weeks after my son was born Clay went on a six-day hunting trip with two of his friends and left me alone.

I was dreadfully hurt. Like a million women in a minor domestic difficulty, I felt that my husband was heartless and unthinking, that he no longer loved me. Remembering the codeine that had eased my menstrual distress, I went to Clay's office and searched for his supply. When I found no codeine I settled upon morphine and swallowed a half-grain tablet.

I forgot all about the trouble with Clay, and floated blissfully in the unreal world of the drug. When the pill began to wear off I took another. And then another.

I told myself that I needed them to calm myself down from the anger and hurt at Clay's leaving me alone, but in my heart I knew that I was doing a sick and dangerous thing. By the end of the week, in the slang of the addict world, I was "hooked."

That was the official beginning of the "big lie." My husband, who had meant everything to me, now came to mean just one thing: the innocent source of my precious morphine.

Clay saw patients in his dispensary, a two-room white building directly across the way from our home. At 11 in the morning he would leave for his rounds. Feverishly, I would wait for him to leave.

Fighting every screaming nerve to appear casual, I would go across and take my daily supply from the large brown bottle. I dared not take more for fear he would miss it.

This went on for four months, and then came the inevitable morning that Clay's supply of morphine was missing from its accustomed shelf. He had begun to suspect that somebody had been stealing it!

Frantically, I ransacked the drawers of his desk. But there was nothing. Not even a grain of codeine.

Trembling and panicky, I put the baby in our second car and on the barest hunch drove 40 miles to the residence of a retired physician whom I had heard Clay mention.

"I have the most awful kidney colic," I told him. "And Clay's out of town. The pain is really fierce."

"I know," he said. He looked at

me for a long moment, then sat down at his desk. Without hesitating he wrote out a prescription for morphine.

Two days later I returned and told him I had lost the prescription. Again, without questioning me, he made out another. He smiled conspiratorially as he handed it to me. That smile told me this supply was to be a constant one.

"You must get very lonely," he said insinuatingly, "a young woman left to herself all day."

The implication of his remark was clear and I would have prostituted myself for this supply without thinking twice. That I didn't have to was only because of the doctor's senility.

IT IS HARD for people to realize that an addict, unless his enslavement is suspect, can keep his addiction a secret from those closest to him. But he can *if* he has a sufficient supply of his drug. Sometimes Clay would worry about my "listlessness" but never did he suspect the truth.

Even when I had my second son I was able to conceal a supply of powdered morphine I had stolen from him in two empty lipstick tubes and came through undiscovered. The child was sick for a few days but it passed off and nobody suspected that he was having a reaction from the morphine I was taking.

How long I would have gone on undetected I do not know if it had not been for the sudden death of the old doctor. Cut off unexpectedly from my supply, it was impossible to find another source before I was overwhelmed by the horrible seizures that come when an addict cannot get his drug. I was forced to tell Clay my awful secret.

His face a greenish white, he yielded to the insane urgency of my pleading and gave me a hypodermic which stopped my misery long enough for him to drive me to a sanitarium.

That place was a suburb of hell. It is impossible to convey to the non-addict the awful torment of the so-called "withdrawal symptoms." A single hour is a lifetime. My eyes streamed continually, I could not breathe, convulsive twitching gradually increased in tempo until I was a jittering marionette dancing helplessly on the end of a string.

Even worse were the psychological feelings of unimaginable terror and dread. I screamed for morphine.

But the worst was over at last. I was still sick, but now I did not care what was happening to me. Then the shame over what I had done became so unbearable that I felt I could not go on living.

I resolved—I swore absolutely to myself—that I would never *never* again touch the drug.

It took me exactly 68 hours after my release to break my resolution.

Clay was out on calls and I went again to his office. This time my magic potion was in its proper place. Trembling in every limb, I took a handful.

In the ten years that followed it is hard to decide which is the more difficult to believe—my own inward disintegration or my husband's heroic gentleness and patience. Six different times he discovered that, once more, I had gone back on my solemnly sworn word. And each time, although shaken to the very core with fear for me and the children, he withdrew me from the drug.

Yet, within a few days, the same relentless craving would return and I would be powerless before it. I stole drugs from his bag, even from his pockets.

I set up a regular route of doctors to visit. I had 30 on the list. On these calls I would simulate everything from a sudden violent toothache to an intractable pain caused by kidney stones. My early desire to be an actress was finding an outlet.

Occasionally, I made a real killing on such rounds. If by chance the doctor left the room, I quickly searched out the morphine and filled my pocket. Once I was caught, but by shedding a few convincing tears I was able to make the doctor believe that I was stealing for a friend.

Then I discovered, quite by accident, a never-failing source of morphine—and how I cursed myself for not finding it before. One of the boys had diarrhea, and the druggist told me he found paregoric much faster in its action than the medicine I had come to buy.

Knowing paregoric contained morphine I said, "But don't you have to have a prescription?"

"Oh, no," the druggist said. "Not in this state. You just sign the register and you can have up to two ounces."

I had all the supplies I needed by simply visiting a few drugstores every other day, getting two ounces of paregoric from each one. At home I boiled the paregoric down and the residue of morphine left was enough for my needs. It is shameful that the law still allows such purchases.

But my addict's paradise turned into a hell. I was cut off from my vitally necessary paregoric when I contracted pneumonia and was unable to replenish my supply.

This time, I could not face the terrible ordeal of being withdrawn from my drug again. I knew finally and completely that there was nothing left for me but suicide.

I managed to get into a housecoat and, trembling so from illness and craving that I was unable to walk, I crawled—yes, crawled—to the front door. There I pulled myself to a standing position and gathered myself for the journey across the street and the thing I was about to do.

I opened the door and Curtis, our younger son, was standing there. I looked at him and it was as though I were seeing him—*realizing* him for the first time. Suddenly the enormity—the terrible soul-crushing enormity of all I had done struck me.

Alarm on his young face, Curtis said, "Are you all right, Mother?"

I slumped to my knees and with my hands in the almost forgotten attitude of prayer I heard my voice saying again and again, "Heavenly Father, have mercy on me! Help me! Help me!"

That it was a miracle is beyond doubt to me. Curtis had gone out for recess and for no reason at all decided suddenly that he wanted to come home.

For me he was God's messenger, and involuntarily an appeal to His goodness and mercy had come to my lips. And from that moment His help continued; it went on and on, strengthening my will and restoring my reason and my self-respect.

Since that morning I have taken no drugs whatsoever. It was not simple or easy. At times I was so tempted that only by going on my knees and praying desperately was I able to save myself.

I know in my heart that I could not have broken the habit if I had not turned to God. I am certain that the will necessary for a cure cannot be achieved by an addict until this essential step is taken.

And when, in my case, the agony and illness of withdrawal was over, I sought other help. As soon as I was able, I had Clay take me to the minister of the Methodist Church, the faith I had been reared in.

For months he phoned me every day and many times he came and sat with me until the fear of temptation had passed. You see, only when I was able to put myself in God's hands could I stop my fatal secrecy, my willful aloneness, and accept the protection I needed.

Now I am at peace within myself and profoundly grateful. I pray that other men and women as miserable and, seemingly, as totally lost as I was, will turn to the same Great Goodness. I know they will receive the same help.

Translations from the Children

"I'm all dressed" *—he has his undershirt on.*
"I'm all dressed except my shoes" *—he does not have his undershirt on.*
"I'm just tying my shoelaces" *—he's looking for his shoes.*
"I don't know why, he just hit me" *—he hit his brother.*
"I didn't hit him, just sorta pushed him" *—he hit his brother.*
"I didn't do anything" *—he hit his brother.*
"M-o-m-m-y!" *—his brother hit him.*
"It's awfully cold in here" *—he doesn't feel like going to sleep.*
"It's awfully warm in here" *—he doesn't feel like going to sleep.*
"There's an awful lot of bears in here" *—he doesn't feel like going to sleep.*
"All the other kids are going" *—some kid is going somewhere.*
"Miss McPhetridge is mean" *—he's being taught to read.*
"Miss McPhetridge hates me" *—he is not learning how to read.*
"Miss McPhetridge is peachy" *—he's learned how to read.*

—Welfarer

A Fortune in a Bottle

by BRUCE LEE

FIFTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Jack Wurm was on the beach, literally and figuratively, that March day in 1949. Broke and discouraged, his life savings lost in a dismal restaurant failure, he was killing time on a San Francisco beach between interviews for a job—any kind of a job.

As he plodded along, eyes downcast, he noticed a bottle half-buried in the sand. Idly he kicked it loose and saw that there seemed to be something inside. Curious, he broke the bottle on a rock, drew out a bit of paper and read: "To avoid confusion, I leave my entire estate to the lucky person who finds this bottle and to my attorney, Barry Cohen, share and share alike. Daisy Alexander. June 20, 1937."

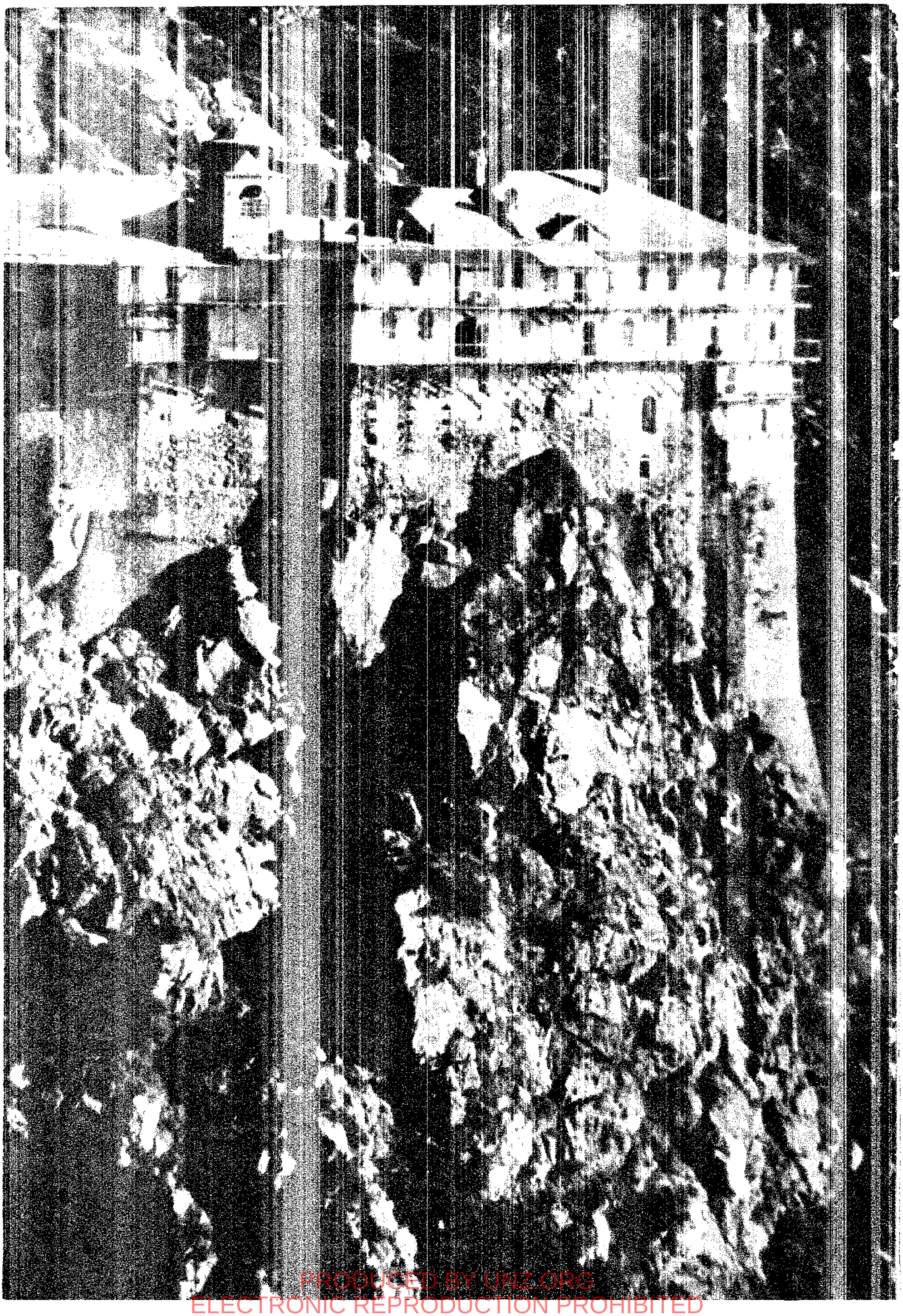
The name "Daisy Alexander" meant nothing to Wurm, and he passed his find off as some kind of a joke. Then, three months later, through a casual conversation with a serviceman who had been in England, Daisy Alexander, nee Daisy Singer, was identified to him as an eccentric heiress to some $12,000,000 of the Singer Sewing Machine fortune. In 1939, Daisy, then 81, had died of a stroke and no final will could be found.

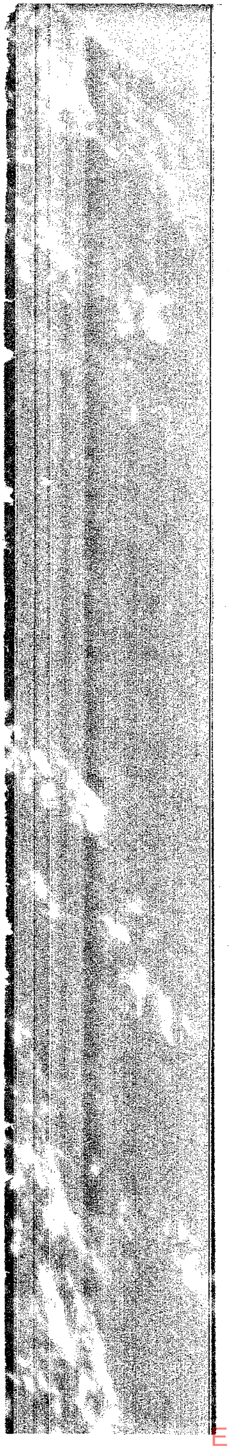
After Jack J. Wurm, in California, broke the case of the missing will, Daisy's intimates remembered that one of her eccentricities was throwing bottles into the water and wondering where they would go. An ocean-current expert testified that a bottle dropped into the Thames River could wash to the English Channel, then to the North Sea, through the Bering Straits, into the North Pacific, and finish in either California or Mexico. "It would take approximately 12 years," the expert estimated. It took 11¾ actually. It has taken another seven years so far for the case to travel through the courts. No final settlement has yet been made.

Wurm will not get $6,000,000, for federal and local taxes will take about 75 per cent. But he will do all right, and from Singer Sewing Machine stock he will receive half of an annual dividend of $160,000.

He has a two-column list of beneficiaries: one headed by brothers, sisters and friends he would like to do something for; the other a list of organizations—the Cancer Fund, the Heart Fund, Community Chest, and so on. What remains he plans to spend on travel and living expenses.

"When I'm through with this life, I don't want a lot of people squabbling over what I leave," he says drily. "So I won't leave anything."

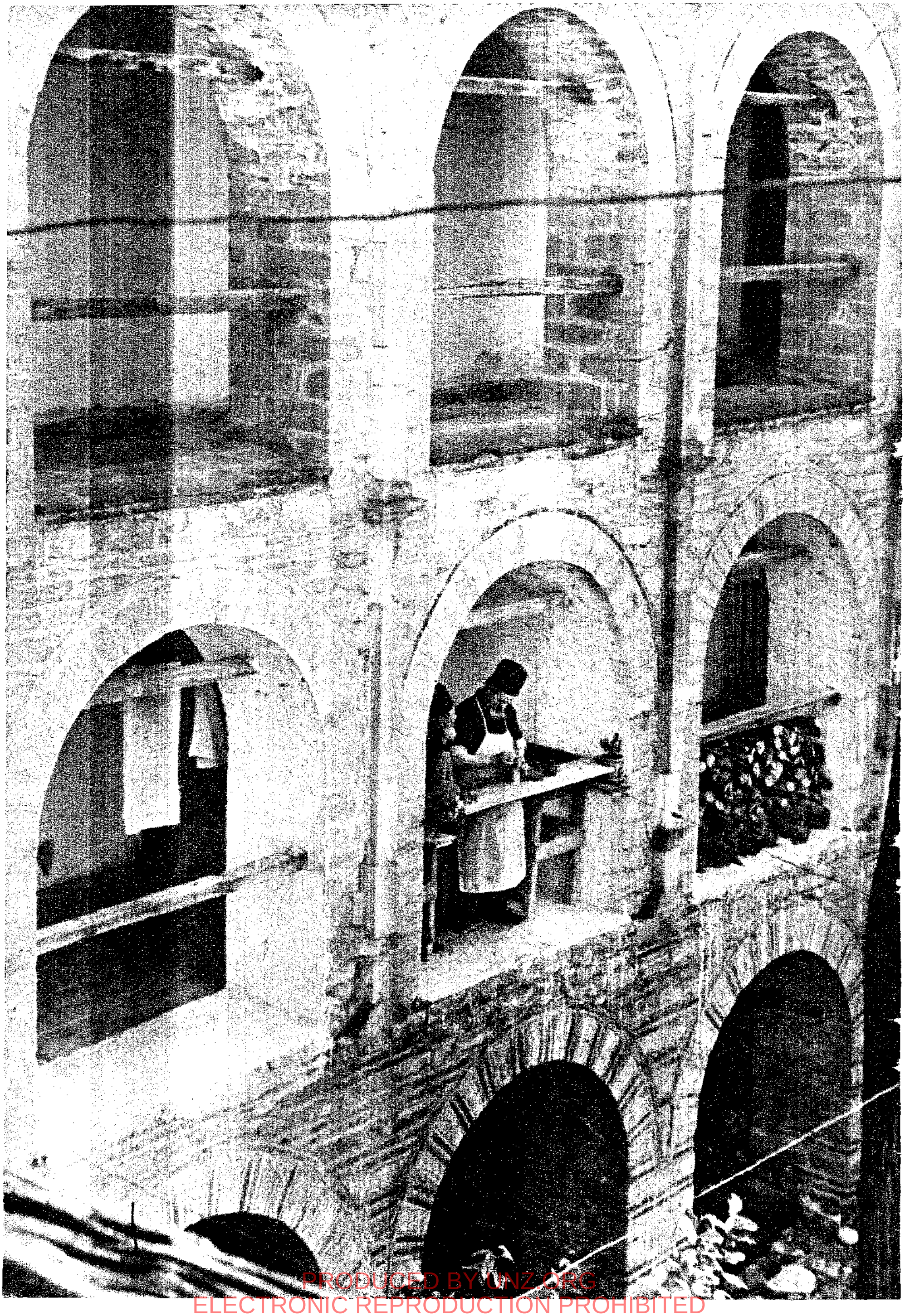


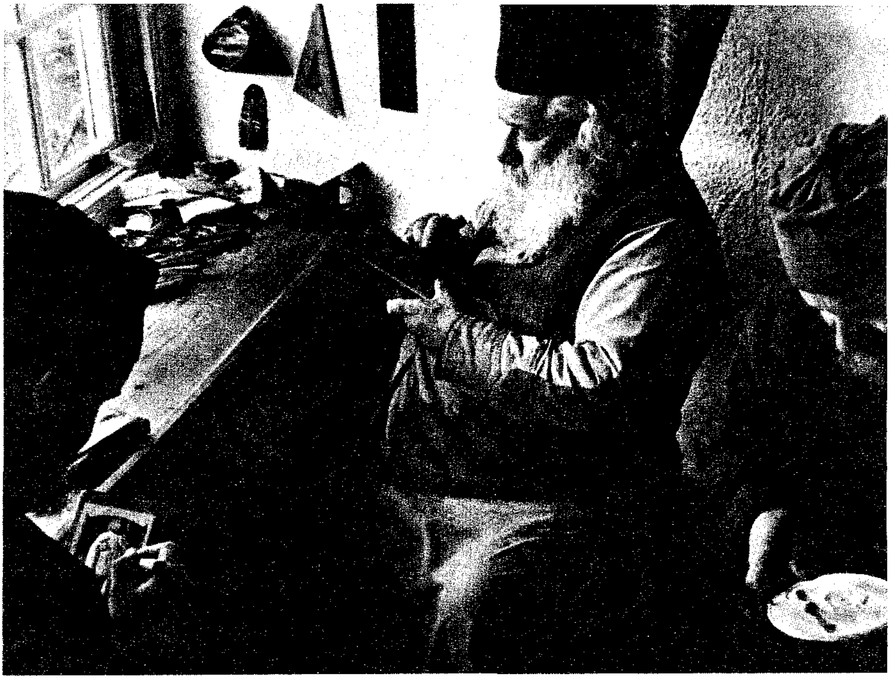


A LAND WITHOUT WOMEN

BY GEROLD FRANK
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM NEUFELD

ON a craggy, 40-mile peninsula jutting into the Aegean Sea from Greece, dwell the monks of Mt. Athos. Devoutly Greek Orthodox, they believe the Virgin Mary once set foot on their soil. So for 1,000 years they have barred all womankind, even female animals, from Athos, deeming it hallowed. The following pages picture the lives of these dedicated monks.

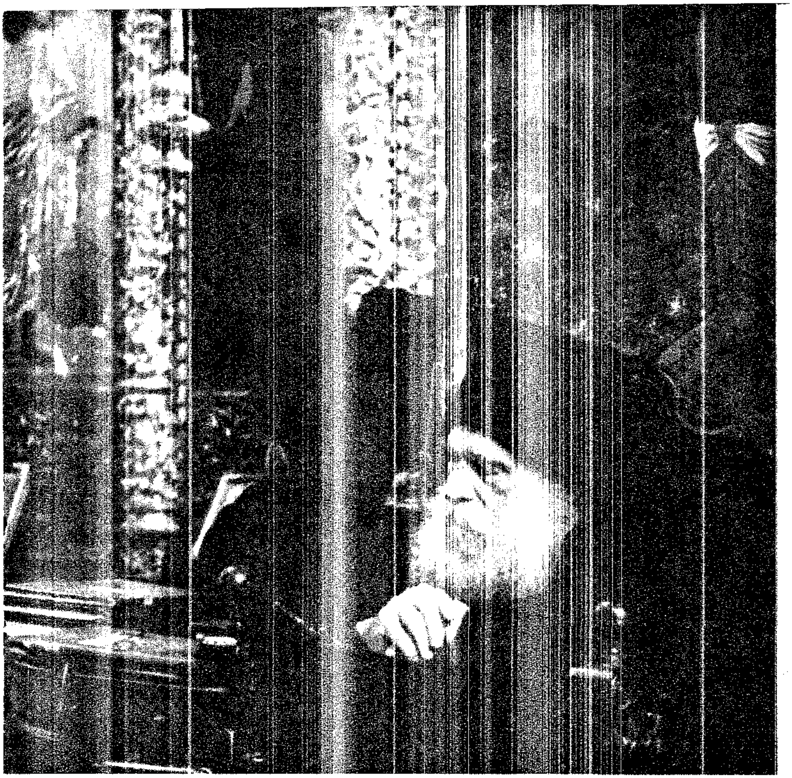




MT. ATHOS is unique—a mountain, a land, and a way of life. Known as the Holy Athonite Republic, its population consists of some 4,000 monks and several hundred laymen. The monks live mostly in monasteries, some dating back to 968 when Athanasius, a holy man, founded the community. Other monks live in towns—complete even to shops—but all without women. Until recently no female dog, cow or ewe was permitted. Lately, however, hens were brought in to supply fresh eggs. Within the monastery walls the men of God, when not in contemplation, work at mundane tasks.

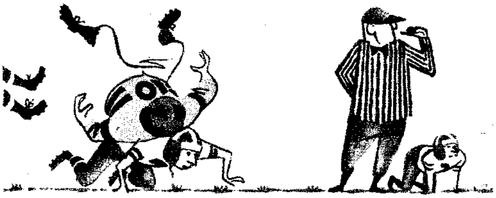
NO MAN asks a new brother at Mt. Athos whence he comes—or why. Many begin as novices in their teens. But others take up orders in middle age, men who have come to escape the torments of life outside, who come to live in anonymity—and peace of soul. Their monasteries are of two kinds, cenobitic and idiorrhythmic. In the first, a brother owns nothing, not even his clothes; all belongs to the monastery. In the other, he is permitted to keep personal possessions, and may even own land.

MT. ATHOS'S capital is Karyes, seat of a governing congress of 20 monks, each a delegate from a monastery. Some monasteries are extremely wealthy, drawing revenues from real-estate holdings in various parts of the world. Others are poor (many suffered confiscation of property behind the Iron Curtain), and take their sustenance from the fields and the sea. They eke out what they can, not only by selling the work of their artisans, but also by exporting timber, fruit, nuts and charcoal to Greece.



WHEN Mt. Athos was founded, the Byzantine Empire was in its glory. Everywhere that glory still shines in priceless works of art—in the ikons, illuminated manuscripts and frescoes which adorn the chapels. But the wonder that is Mt. Athos is slowly passing. Fewer and fewer are the men who come from the outside to the Holy Mountain. And in time this last vestige of Byzantium, of a once golden era, will vanish to live only in ancient chants and orisons, to be found only in the pages of dusty histories.

GRIN AND SHARE IT



FOOTBALL COACH Glenn "Pop" Warner's favorite player was Jim Thorpe because the big Indian had such a great love for the game. One day, Warner was scolding Thorpe for failing to break up an opponent's pass.

"You could have stopped that easily," he shouted. "Why didn't you?"

"I didn't have the heart," Thorpe replied. "It looked so pretty."

—*Minutes*

"HOW DO YOU like my hat?" asked a young wife innocently, as she preened herself before the mirror.

"It looks silly," said her tactless husband. "Why don't you return it?"

"Oh, I can't return it," was the reply. "You see it's my old one. But since you don't like it I can go buy another."

—*Wall Street Journal*

WHEN THE TELEPHONE numbering system for Des Moines and several small towns nearby was changed, the telephone company put out a new directory which uses a number of abbreviations.

The company soon afterward received this letter from a subscriber in the small town of Commerce:

"Gntlmn: Yr abbr of our town of Commerce as Comre in yr br new tel drctry is unfr, unclr, unplsnt, unecsry."

—*Associated Press*

A TELEPHONE OPERATOR answering a call with the usual "Number, please?" heard a voice reply "Duston."

"What number, Duston?" asked the operator.

"No number. Just Duston," replied the voice impatiently. And then, since the operator still obviously failed to understand, the voice added: "I'm dustin' the telephone."

—*Long Lines* (A.T.&T. Co.)

TWO MEN who hadn't seen one another in several years met on the street one day.

"How are you getting along?" asked one.

"Fine," said the other. "Except I'm having trouble with my wife."

"That's too bad; what seems to be the matter?"

"She seems to think money grows

on trees, I guess. She's always pestering me for money. If it isn't a dollar for this, it's a dollar for that."

"What on earth does she do with all the money?"

His friend shook his head.

"To tell you the truth, I don't really know. I've never yet given her any." —*Time Out*

A STOREKEEPER in a small town was greeted by a neighbor who consoled him on the loss of some merchandise in a fire.

"Did you lose much?" he asked.

"Not as much as I would have a few days ago," answered the storekeeper. "I'd just marked most of my stock down 25%." —*By Gum*

"GRANDPA," asked the little boy, "were you ever a prizefighter?"

"Yes," said Grandpa, "and a good one."

"Were you ever champion of the world?"

"No, but I would have been if I wasn't the victim of my delayed-action punch."

"What's a delayed-action punch?"

"I'll explain, son. Many years ago in Cripple Creek I fought a rugged 20-round fight with Jolly Roger McGee. In the 19th round I hit him smack on the chin with my delayed-action punch, but that fellow didn't fall down on the canvas until six months later when he was fighting Jack Dempsey in Toledo under a different name." —LUCKY DODGE

THE DENTIST told the millionaire Texas oil man that his teeth were in perfect condition. "But I feel lucky today," pleaded the Texan, "drill anyway!" —*The Lion*

THE CRYSTAL-GAZER who collected twenty-five dollars for a reading, informed her visitor, "My fee entitles you to ask me two questions."

"Isn't that a lot of money for only two questions?" the startled sitter queried.

"Yes, madam, it is," answered the fortune-teller gravely. "And now, what is your second question?" —*Tracks*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

June Taylor: TV's First Lady of the Line

She vowed: "If I must die, I want to die on my feet—dancing." Conquering her illness, she went on to fame as a choreographer

by HERB DALMAS

A PRETTY blue-eyed Irish girl who 16 years ago was under sentence of death is today one of the best-known choreographers in America. Her weekly audience numbers at least 60,000,000—yet few of them know what she looks like. They have seen her name flashed on their TV screens before every Jackie Gleason show in the last five years, have heard the announcer's: "The—June—Taylor—Dancers!" But which one of them is June Taylor?

Say she is blonde, with an exotic, high-cheek-boned beauty. Say her figure meets all the requirements for a place in the June Taylor troupe and that her technique is second to nobody's in show business. Would you be able to pick her out?

You wouldn't, of course, because she isn't in it. Officially, she is the choreographer who puts together the dance numbers that have become identified with Jackie Gleason's productions. She was the innovator of those overhead shots in which the dancers form swiftly changing fluid designs that suggest a human kaleidoscope.

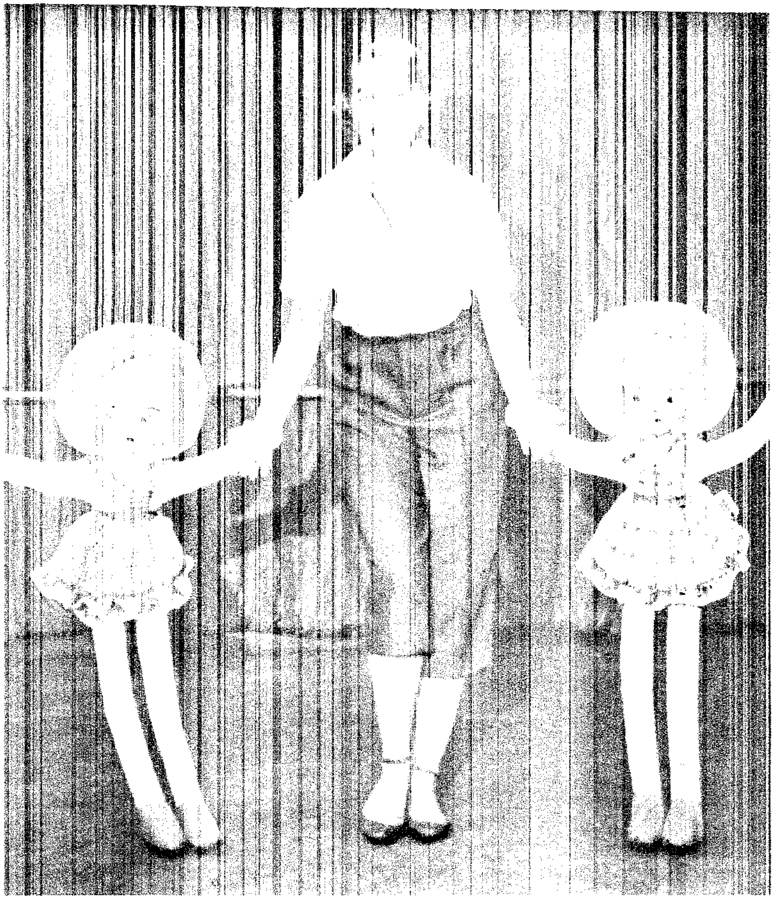
Back in 1938 Alexander Korda, British movie producer, signed her to a seven-year contract and made plans to build her to movie stardom. A few weeks later, at the Palace Theater in Chicago, the bottom fell out of her world.

"I just sort of crumpled in the wings as I left the stage, and somebody caught me," she recalls. "After that it was as if everything were happening on the other side of a heavy transparent curtain."

They carried her to her dressing room. She remembers a voice that pierced the confusion like a needle to her brain: "Get this girl to a hospital right away."

"At first," she says, "I couldn't believe it was happening. But finally, the doctors made me understand that I had an advanced case of tuberculosis. When I realized all the implications of that, I wanted to die."

But as the days went by, she saw patients in the hospital who



Props such as these dancing dolls help highlight the clever technique.

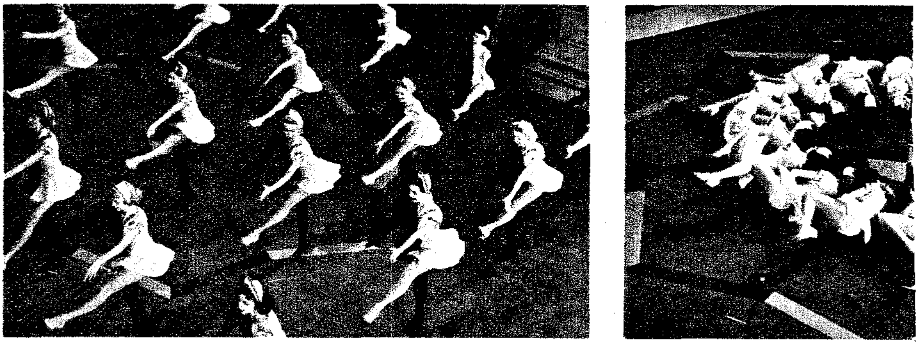
were in even worse condition than she. And they weren't giving up.

"I began to have an understanding of what courage meant," she says. "I was ashamed for wanting to quit—I was going to fight my way back somehow.

"I was in bed for over two years before I felt well enough to think about going home—but then, when I talked to the doctors about it, I could never get a direct, definite answer. Finally, I got the point. They meant I never *was* going to get well."

A month or so later, she came to a decision. She got out of bed, put on a bathrobe and went down to the office of the head doctor. "I have decided to go home," she told him. "I can get just as much rest there, and I'll have more of a feeling that I'm making progress."

"As long as you've brought the subject up," the doctor said, "I



Imagination, insistence on perfection, an infinite capacity to take pains . . .

guess you'll have to know. It is our opinion, Miss Taylor, that if you leave the hospital now, you will be dead within three months."

"It's strange," Miss Taylor said recently, "but I hardly hesitated. If anything, what he said seemed to make me even more determined. If I was going to die, I wanted to die on my feet— dancing."

She has rarely let this story appear in print before; even now she is reluctant to do so.

"I can't tell you exactly what happened," she says, "or how. I've heard it called a miracle, and I guess it was. I believe people have a large part in making such miracles—but I don't know how I was able to make mine. All I know is that I had a conviction that was stronger than anything else."

She got a job as receptionist in the Palmer House in Chicago and took care to get plenty of sleep and the right food. She says she felt better as soon as she got back into the outside world. But it wasn't long before she grew restless. She wanted to dance again.

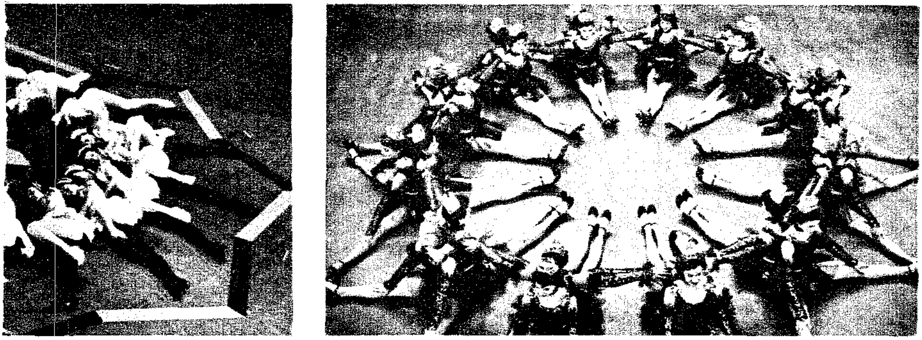
This was perfectly natural, for June Taylor can't remember a time when she didn't want to dance more than anything else in the world. Born in a cold-water flat on Chicago's dingy South Side 36 years ago, little June made up her own dance routines to the scratchy music of an asthmatic Victrola. When she was ten, she talked the head of one of the best dancing schools in Chicago into letting her earn lessons by helping teach the younger children.

One day when she was 13, she read in the paper that *George White's Scandals* was coming to Chicago for two weeks and was issuing a call for chorus girls. She created a sophisticated hairdo out of her own imagination; borrowed silk hose, spike-heeled shoes and a dress from one of the older pupils; made up with care and set out for the audition.

"That poor director—" she says. "When he saw me, his mouth fell open. I must have been quite a sight."

But when the director saw her dance, he hired her immediately.

After *Scandals,* June left high



these lie behind the amazing effects achieved weekly by the June Taylor Dancers.

school and became a night club chorus girl. At 16, she was already a seasoned pro. And, at 20, June was appearing in London with the Ted Lewis band when Korda saw her dance and suggested the screen tests that resulted in her contract with him. Before she could start movie work, however, she collapsed.

Back on her feet again, she took an early lunch hour one day from her Palmer House job and went to a rehearsal hall she had known in her dancing days. Facing herself in the rehearsal mirrors for the first time in over two years was like facing a stranger.

Experimentally, she went through a few steps of a routine. But she had been at it for only a couple of minutes when, while she had an inner certainty that her physical condition in general would improve, she knew she would never have the stamina to dance for audiences again.

"The funny thing about it was," she says, "that I never once thought about the warning that I had only a very short time to live. Instead, I found myself thinking—thinking with my feet. Ideas kept coming to them as they moved through the steps, and pretty soon it began to look like a pretty good routine."

When Miss Taylor got home she showed the dance routine to her sister Marilyn. Together (Marilyn is still her first assistant), they added to it. Next day they called up five friends, took them to the rehearsal hall and showed them the steps. They were the first "line" of June Taylor Dancers.

During the time she was in the hospital, Miss Taylor had received four or five letters a week from Sol Lerner, a personable young lawyer she had met in New York. His clients were mostly in show business, so she wrote and asked if he could find a place for her girls in New York. He did. And the following year he and June Taylor were married.

After he left the Army in 1944, Lerner took over management of his wife's business affairs. He arranged an engagement for her line at the Chanticleer Club in Baltimore, where they met a struggling night club comic named Jackie Gleason.

June Taylor's entry into television

took place one Sunday night in 1948, when a New York newspaper columnist named Ed Sullivan presented his first variety show. It may be hard to believe now, but at that point Ed Sullivan had to save a penny wherever he could. He hired the June Taylor Dancers because they had their own costumes.

In 1951, Jackie Gleason had reached the modest eminence of a spot as featured guest on a Dumont program called "Cavalcade of Stars." It was a variety show, and Gleason wanted to try something new: he wanted girls on the show. He told the producer he had seen exactly the kind of dancers he wanted—years before in Baltimore. If they were still working—but they probably weren't.

"Well," said the producer, "there's a pretty good line I've seen once or twice about town that might work out—the June Taylor Dancers."

"That's them!" Gleason said, and he and June Taylor have been together ever since.

Miss Taylor works 12 hours a day every day except Sunday preparing the numbers for the Gleason show and running her dancing school that enrolled over a thousand pupils the first four months of its existence. In addition, she stages big industrial shows.

She arrives at the rehearsal hall at nine Tuesday morning with only a general idea of what the next Saturday's number is going to be. It may be something sparked by a piece of music—or its inspiration may be less obvious. Once she had to detour around a man on a stepladder and the following Saturday the girls did one of their most successful numbers in which each had to do a series of complicated rhythms up and down a stepladder.

The girls never know what it is going to be until they learn it. They line up behind her, facing the mirrors, and she starts the process of thinking with her feet. As the pattern takes form, the girls start to dance with her, following the movements of her feet and body as she makes them.

While the dance number is going out over the air, she stands in front of a TV set backstage and does an abbreviated version of everything the girls do—kicks, turns, every step—exhorting them constantly in a tense undertone.

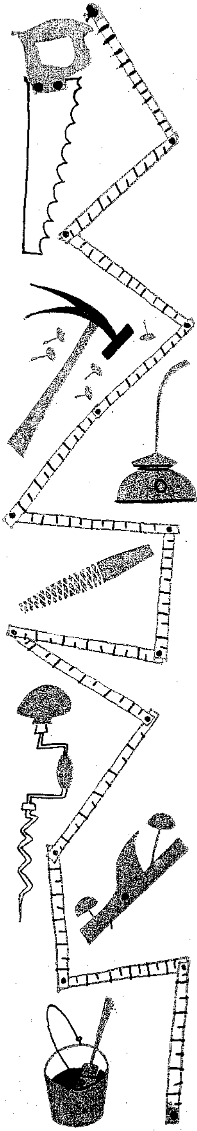
"June Taylor is the greatest," Gleason told a reporter recently. "Nobody works as hard or as fast or as well as June does. Her kids set the beat for the show and I ride it from then on in. She's the best thing that's happened to me in show business. I'd be lost without her."

Cover-up

Architects cover their mistakes with ivy, doctors with sod, and brides with mayonnaise. —*Keever Jester*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Handyman's Helpers



EVERY HOME should have music—and a handyman, says Quizmaster Sammy Kaye, host on "Sammy Kaye's Sunday Serenade" (ABC-Radio, Sundays, 3:10 P.M. EST). But no handyman can function without helpers. From the words on the left, Sammy has borrowed the tools and articles needed for home work. Now he defies you to put them back in their proper niches, to match the definitions on the right. Take item 1: Hang HOE in the blanks to get SHOE, a foot covering. The swing-and-sway expert suggests relaxing with his records while you ponder these hammer-and-saw puzzlers. (Answers on page 78.)

1. s---	foot covering
2. ------head	fierce fish
3. ---yer	timber worker
4. -----t	heavenly body
5. s----	small mollusk
6. -----er	used to tie ships
7. ad----	counsel
8. -----off	unlawful profit
9. re----d	cemented again
10. b------	part of the body
11. t---d	imposed duties
12. at----	assault
13. -----s	card suit
14. -----ball	eccentric person
15. ----et	article of clothing
16. Robert -----ley	well-known humorist
17. ----bine	a vine
18. de----	narrow passage
19. c----n	selected
20. isin-----	mica
21. fer----	metal cap
22. ---wing	a bird
23. cr---	move slowly
24. ------er	a swindler
25. ----us	heavy plate for throwing
26. ----less	radio
27. Point------	northern location
28. -----wood	thick undergrowth
29. g----	search blindly
30. ------- -hip	sailing vessel

15 Ways to Save

by Mark Marcosson, C.P.A.

The time of year is rapidly approaching when millions of Americans begin the annual struggle with their Federal income tax returns.

Here is what you can do to take full advantage of your rights and to avoid pitfalls that can cost you money.

1. Consider a Separate Return

Although a joint return is usually advantageous, it is better for husband and wife to file separate returns when both have an income and a large medical-expense item rules out using the standard deduction. Since medical expenses are deductible only to the extent that they exceed 3 per cent of adjusted gross income, a larger deduction may be secured on separate returns.

For example, the husband has a $3,000 gross income and the wife, $2,000. They have paid $800 in medical expenses. If these deductions are claimed on the wife's separate return, a larger deduction becomes possible.

2. Understand Dependency Exemptions

Where several members of a family jointly furnish more than 50 per cent of support for a dependent with a gross income of less than $600 per year, no one person contributing more than one-half of the total support, it is still possible for one of the group to claim an exemption if the others agree. They will have to sign a form attached to the return of the one claiming the exemption.

Remember that it is not necessary that a dependent be living throughout the year. A full exemption may be claimed for a child born on December 31st, or even for one which lived only a few days. A parent or other relative who died at any time during the year may be listed.

3. Check Your Withholding Statement

With the millions of withholding tax statements employers make out each year there are bound to be errors, so make sure your own withholding slip is right by comparing it carefully with your records.

4. Keep Track of Sick Pay

The law allows you to exclude from taxable income any salary

on Your Income Tax

which your employer pays you as part of a plan or policy while you are out sick. This exclusion is limited to $100 per week and applies only to pay received after the first seven calendar days of illness, unless you have been in the hospital at least one day.

5. Take Advantage of Home-Work Provisions

If you have any income from work which you do outside a regular job as an employee, you are in business; this income should be reported on the business schedule, Schedule C. This applies only to work which is not done on a salary basis, but where you get paid by the job. On the business schedule you deduct expenses for supplies, auto expense or any other expenses in connection with this work, as well as depreciation on the equipment you use.

If you use part of your home or apartment you can deduct a fair proportion of such things as rent, insurance, repairs, light, maid service and depreciation. Make sure you preserve careful records of how you determined the deductible amounts.

6. Know Your Dividends

Some dividends are not income at all, but a reduction of cost of the stock. Usually the company paying the dividend will tell you about this; if in doubt, consult a broker's research department. Other dividends are reportable only as long-term capital gains and, therefore, only one-half of them wind up in taxable income. Most of these are dividends from investment companies.

Dividends received in stock instead of cash are usually not taxable. But if you sell the new stock received as a dividend, you may have taxable gain; part of the cost of the old stock must be assigned to the dividend stock. Mutual savings banks call the interest which they pay on depositors' accounts "dividends," but these are not dividends for tax purposes and should be included in your interest income.

7. Remember Rent

If you rent out part of your home, a proportionate part of all the expenses of the home are deductible in reporting the net income from rents. This can include things like heat, repairs, gardening, insurance, maid service and anything else connected with upkeep. You can also deduct a part of depreciation on the house. In figuring depreciation on property that you have rented, do not forget to add cost of improvements to the original cost of the house.

8. Capitalize on Sales and Purchases

Gain on the sale of almost anything is taxable income, but loss frequently is not deductible. The outstanding example of this is a personal residence. If you sell one at a profit, the profit is taxable, but if sold at a loss, the loss cannot be deducted from income. However, if you sell your home at a profit and use the money for another home, then the profit is not reportable.

But if you sell jewelry, or furniture, or anything that is personal, at a profit, the gain must be included in taxable income. Most of the time, though, such gains will be reportable as capital gains, which means that if you have owned the thing sold for more than six months, only 50 per cent of the profit will be added to taxable income.

9. Include *All* Charitable Contributions

Don't forget to include in your charitable contributions any which have been made in property, like clothing, canned goods or other food, bandages, books, etc. This also includes actual expenses in performing services free for a charitable or similar organization, such as the cost of telephone calls, traveling expenses, etc., for which you were not reimbursed.

10. Add Up Interest and Tax Payments

All interest paid on indebtedness is deductible, regardless of whether the debt is business or personal. This includes interest on tax deficiencies, Federal or state; interest on loans on insurance policies where actually paid in cash.

Unlike most Federal taxes, most state and local taxes are deductible. Aside from income and property taxes, the principal state and local taxes that you can deduct are gasoline and sales taxes. In some states, there are liquor and cigarette taxes which are deductible. In states where employees pay unemployment insurance, these payments are deductible.

11. Understand the Medical Provisions

The part of medical expense that is deductible is that portion which is in excess of 3 per cent of your adjusted gross income. However, if either you or your wife is over 65, the 3 per cent rule doesn't apply; you deduct all your medical expense to a top limit ranging from $2,500 for a return with one exemption to $10,000 for one with four or more exemptions (the extra exemptions for those who are blind or over 65 do not count for this purpose).

Under the terms of the law, almost anything that is spent for diagnosis, cure, mitigation, treatment or prevention of disease or illness is treated as medical expense, including health and hospitalization insurance, travel costs to and from doctors or hospitals, abdominal supports, hearing aids, false teeth, etc.

One of the troublesome questions which arises concerns nursing or convalescent homes for older people. If such an institution supplies constant medical care, and the dependent goes there primarily because he or she suffers from some disease or illness, then the entire cost is equivalent to a hospital bill.

12. Don't Forget the Baby-Sitter

Expenses for baby-sitting, or other expenses for child care are deductible, but only if they are incurred in connection with a job or self-employment. They are only allowable to a widow or widower, a divorced or separated person, or a married woman filing a joint return. The expense must be for a child under 12, or a dependent incapable of caring for himself. And the most you can deduct in any one year is $600.

13. Turn Bad Luck into Good

The storm that knocked down your chimney last winter was certainly not welcome at the time. But you can deduct the loss, along with any other casualty losses, such as from fire, flood or earthquake, or losses by theft. The amount of the loss is the difference between the value of the property before and after the casualty, and the cause of the loss must be sudden and due to chance or natural causes.

If you have anything stolen, report it to the police. You may have to prove that your property really was stolen and was not just lost. The fact that something of value disappears does not by itself indicate a theft.

14. Avoid Alimony Pitfalls

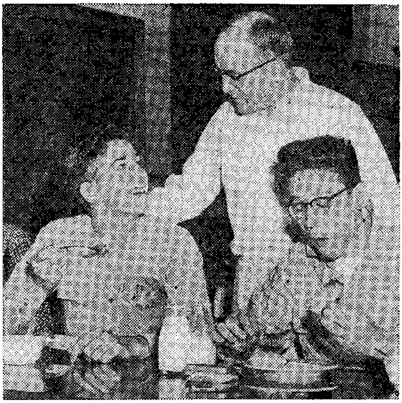
Alimony paid to an ex-wife is deductible in any amount, if paid, and is taxable to the ex-wife. However, the alimony must be paid under a decree of divorce or separation. A separation agreement will also qualify alimony as a deduction, if the agreement was made after August 16, 1954. Alimony paid before a court decree or separation is not deductible. Payments for the support of children are not deductible, nor are payments which are part of a property settlement.

15. Make Use of Retirement Privileges

If you are 65 by the end of the taxable year, you may be entitled to a retirement-income credit. This means that you can get a reduction of your tax by 20 per cent of your retirement income, up to a maximum of $240 per taxpayer. But the only kinds of income classed as retirement income are: pensions and annuities (if taxed), interest, dividends (after deducting the $50 exclusion) and gross rents.

The amount of retirement income which may be used to compute the 20 per cent credit is limited to $1,200, and this limit is reduced if you have other income of certain classes, such as Social Security or railroad-retirement payments, earned income over $1,200 or nontaxable pensions or annuities.

If you mail your return, do so with ample time for it to reach the office of the District Director of Internal Revenue well before the last filing date. The penalty for failure to file on time is 5 per cent of the amount due, for each month or part of a month the return is late, up to a maximum penalty of 25 per cent, plus 6 per cent interest. ♛ ♛ ♛



The Principal

By serving his students free

by Mark Feinberg

Bill Dean's alarm clock startles him out of bed at 4:30 A.M. An hour later, this 57-year-old principal of the Holyoke, Massachusetts, Trade High School is cracking open and scrambling 20 dozen eggs, frying 26 pounds of bacon, toasting ten loaves of bread.

William J. Dean is not an underpaid educator who had to take a part-time job in a diner; he is cooking free breakfast for his students in the school cafeteria. His unique hot breakfast approach to education has virtually eliminated tardiness, absences and suspensions among the school's 275 male students, including 40 veterans. It has made a respectable place out of one which used to take mostly students who couldn't get along in other high schools.

Learning to make a living with their hands at Holyoke Trade are some of the toughest kids in the metropolitan area. Many come from homes where both parents are mill workers and hot breakfast is an impossible luxury.

This year, for instance, a 14-year-old entered Trade and didn't know about the free breakfast. After ten days, he became such a behavior problem he was sent to Dean's office.

The principal questioned him and learned that he had no chance for breakfast at home and didn't have the necessary quarter to buy lunch in school. His parents were separated and, because his mother squandered her support checks on herself, he stole food to eat at night.

Beginning with breakfast on the house next morning, and a special system Dean has for free lunch if a boy doesn't have money for it, the youngster soon became an eager, untroubled student.

Bill Dean says with a sparkle in his eye, "That boy was just too hungry to behave normally. Give a boy a full stomach before he goes to class and he'll think of his work in positive terms. On the other hand, if he's hungry, a kid will be irritable, unable to concentrate and dissatisfied with school."

Dean's free-hot-breakfast idea probably stems from problems he himself faced as a high-school student. He had tough going when his mother died, and he held down two jobs—one after school and the other from one to five in the morning on a milk route. He wanted an education

Is a Short-Order Cook

breakfast—and often lunch—he dulls their taste for misbehavior

and worked to get it, receiving his B.A. from Fordham and his M.A. from Columbia University. He sees many of the problems he himself faced as a youth repeated in his own students.

The idea came to a head one cold morning in 1951 when Dr. William R. Peck, superintendent of schools, and Dean were watching the boys arrive.

"Some of those youngsters look as though they could stand a big bowl of hot cereal," Peck remarked.

A week later, lean, blue-eyed, graying Bill Dean—in white apron and chef's hat—was cooking and serving orange juice, cereal and milk in the school cafeteria. Since then he's gone on to include French toast, bacon and eggs.

The breakfasts cost the taxpayers nothing. Funds for the food come from admissions charged at the annual student minstrel show; from two bean suppers a year; and from advertising revenue of the monthly student newspaper. Two students wash the dishes.

When Dean starts serving breakfast in December each year, absences at Trade drop 60 per cent, according to school records. Tardiness is nil and so are disciplinary problems. (Prior to 1951 an average of six boys a week were sent home not to be readmitted until a parent came to school for a conference with authorities.)

Thus, with skillet and understanding, this gentle, soft-voiced principal seems to have stemmed the tide of wise guys in black leather jackets and Hollywood haircuts who are making a shambles of many of the country's schools.

Too, the 100 to 120 boys who eat breakfast in school show definite improvement in classroom marks, especially those who usually get low or average grades. "When you meet one of them in the hall," Dean grins, "you're not running into a sourpuss—you get a big hello from a smiling boy."

Dean is the father of three sons—William, an Air Force officer; John, studying for the priesthood; and Philip, a Navy doctor. He carries on his early morning breakfast chores in spite of the fact that on five nights a week he is in school until 10 P.M. directing Trade's 450-student night school.

Several times this year, Dr. Peck has suggested a cook be hired to prepare the breakfasts; but Principal Dean always protests that the work is his and he wants to continue.

"In fact," he added recently, "I'm thinking of expanding the menu to include pancakes and sausage. I think the boys would like that."

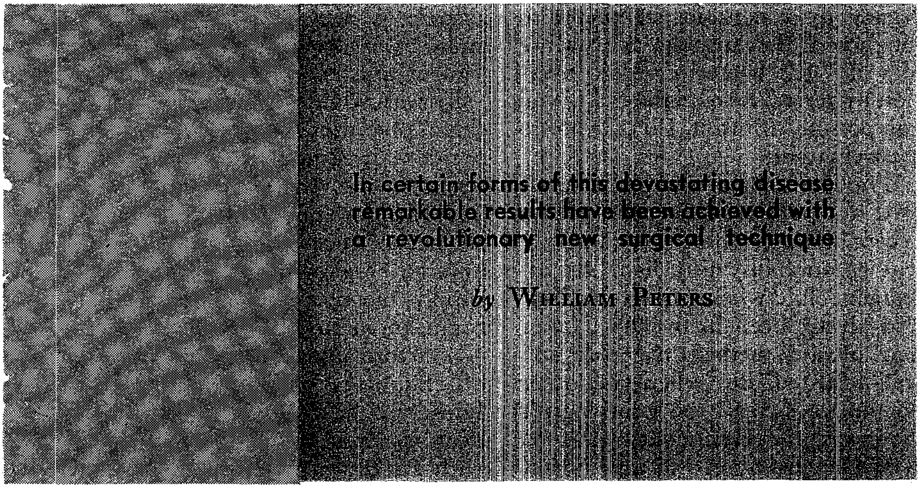
Progress in the Fight Against Cerebral Palsy

NANCY HAMMOND (though that is not her real name) was ten when she complained to her mother one afternoon that there was something wrong with the little finger of her left hand. She had bent it backward accidentally the day before, and now she said it "felt funny." Mrs. Hammond assured her daughter it would soon be all right.

That was more than three years ago. And while Mr. and Mrs. Hammond know now that the accidental bending of the finger had nothing to do with what happened later, they will probably remember Nancy's first complaint as long as they live. For the nightmare of doubt and fear which soon engulfed their lives dated from that first symptom of one of numerous disorders medically classified as cerebral palsy, a disorder exceedingly difficult to diagnose in its early stages.

Some weeks later, Nancy, a bright, happy child and the oldest of the Hammond's three daughters, became the excited possessor of a new piano. Her mother arranged for her to take lessons from a teacher in their Long Island, New York, community.

From the beginning, Nancy had difficulty with that little finger. There was no pain—there never had been—but the finger was weak and hard to control. Almost unconsciously, Nancy slipped into the habit of



In certain forms of this devastating disease remarkable results have been achieved with a revolutionary new surgical technique

by William Peters

striking keys with that finger in an awkward, sideways motion.

"It feels funny," she explained. "And sometimes it moves all by itself."

Her parents were concerned, though neither was seriously worried. But when there was no improvement over the next few weeks, they took Nancy to an orthopedist.

After examining the little girl, he told the Hammonds, "There's nothing physically wrong with the finger. It's psychological, I'm afraid. Your daughter must have injured it slightly and begun to compensate for it while it was still tender. For some reason, she's retained the habit. I'd encourage her to use it normally and reassure her that it's really all right now."

The Hammonds took his advice. But during the next months the finger, instead of improving, began to twitch perceptibly. They consulted other doctors, who all came to about the same conclusion as the orthopedist. Then the Hammonds began to notice a tendency for Nancy's whole left hand to remain closed in a fist.

In September, 1954, about a year after their first visit to a doctor, Mr. Hammond looked up from his evening paper to see Nancy sitting on the couch with her left leg curled under her in what seemed an unusual position. "Why are you sitting on your leg, Nancy?" he asked.

"It jumps, Daddy, just like my hand. I have to sit on it to keep it still."

This time, the Hammonds took Nancy to a neurologist, who also diagnosed the trouble as psychological. "It's what we call conversion hysteria," he explained. "If you can possibly afford it, I'd take her to a psychiatrist."

The Hammonds could neither afford a psychiatrist nor could they accept the idea that their daughter was emotionally disturbed. An intelligent child whose grades in school had always been in the 90s, Nancy had always seemed cheerful and well-adjusted. But when two other doctors confirmed the neurologist's diagnosis, the Hammonds gave in. A psychiatrist agreed to take Nancy as a patient and after several sessions with her told Mr. Hammond, "Your daughter is slightly disturbed. I'm sure we're on the right track."

Nancy, however, kept insisting that the psychiatrist wasn't helping her at all.

SOME SIX MONTHS before Nancy Hammond first complained of a funny feeling in her left little finger, Dr. Irving S. Cooper, then a 31-year-old neurosurgeon at New York University-Bellevue Medical Center, in New York, was preparing to perform for the first time a dramatic new operation which he hoped might alleviate the symptoms of Parkinson's Disease, sometimes called shaking palsy, an incurable crippler characterized by uncontrollable shaking of the limbs.

An operation, in which nerves on one side of the brain were severed to weaken deliberately the muscular power of the limbs on the opposite side of the body, was sometimes performed in far advanced stages of the disease—under the theory that paralysis was often preferable to the violent and exhausting tremors.

It was while performing one of these operations that Dr. Cooper accidentally stumbled on the idea for the new one. (See CORONET, May, 1956.) Before he had begun to sever the nerves, an artery—one of the two anterior choroidal arteries which supply blood to a portion of the brain known as the globus pallidus—was torn and had to be clamped off. Knowing that the globus pallidus had been assumed by many doctors to have some connection with Parkinson's Disease, the operation was stopped immediately.

As the patient recovered, the young neurosurgeon was astonished to find that the tremor and rigidity of the patient's right side—to which the disease, in this case, had been confined—had virtually disappeared. More significant, there was no sign of paralysis. It seemed probable that the accidental damaging of the left anterior choroidal artery was responsible, and after months of study and preparation, Dr. Cooper was finally ready to attempt deliberately what he had first done accidentally.

The results of the new operation were as strikingly successful as those of its predecessor.

Still cautious about his results, Dr. Cooper, by this time director of a new department of neurosurgery at St. Barnabas Hospital for Chronic Diseases, in the Bronx, began a long series of operations. A great majority of those surviving the surgery showed tremendous improvement, and the mortality was roughly ten per cent, comparing favorably with other kinds of brain surgery.

Later, Dr. Cooper developed a safer means of destroying the globus pallidus and accomplishing the same results. The improved operation—chemopallidectomy—called for injecting absolute alcohol into the globus pallidus.

The mortality of this second operation was only three per cent. It could be performed under a local anesthetic. Most important, it gave the neurosurgeon an opportunity to first inject Novocain, a local anesthetic, into the globus pallidus to see if the tremor and rigidity were relieved without paralysis. If they were, he could predict that alcohol would have the same—though longer lasting—effect.

While Dr. Cooper was perfecting his technique in the new operation, Nancy Hammond continued her visits to the psychiatrist. Yet her condition grew steadily worse. Her left hand, foot and leg became more and more involved, their tremors and twisting more violent.

Almost in despair, her parents took her to a neurological clinic in New York City, where they learned that her symptoms were similar to those of an involuntary movement disorder known medically as dystonia musculorum deformans. This progressive disorder, one of a number falling under the general heading of cerebral palsy, was caused, they were told, by some kind of damage to brain cells, though its specific cause and cure were unknown. The doctor asked that they leave Nancy in the hospital for observation and tests so that he could be sure of his diagnosis.

The day the Hammonds took Nancy home was the most depressing they had yet known. The tentative diagnosis of dystonia musculorum deformans had been confirmed. There was little they could do for their daughter. Meanwhile, they had nothing to look forward to but a steady deterioration of her condition.

"We were heartsick," Mr. Hammond says. "In a perverse way, it was almost worse than not knowing what was wrong with Nancy. The doctors at the hospital suggested that we continue taking her to the psychiatrist to help her adjust to what was happening to her. The psychiatrist was amazed at the diagnosis, but we had learned enough to know that the early symptoms of dystonia are easily confused with those of other physical and psychological conditions, and we certainly couldn't blame any of the doctors who had been mistaken about it. Our only hope now was that someone, somewhere, somehow would discover a cure."

As the months went on, the shaking and trembling spread to Nancy's whole left side. Her back began to take on a twisted posture. At times, her left arm and leg flailed out in grotesque, twisting, shaking movements. Little by little, her left hand, arm, foot and leg twisted into distorted positions.

The local Board of Education arranged for Nancy to be tutored at home. Somehow she managed to keep up with her class and maintain her high grades. But as her condition worsened, her formerly bright and cheerful disposition changed. She became increasingly demanding and difficult to please. The younger children, sensing that their parents were devoting more time to Nancy than to them, clamored for attention. Soon, strain and tension in the family grew.

WHAT'S EATING MIDDLE-AGED MEN?
What fears haunt nearly 35,000,000 American males? What causes the sudden tide of erratic behavior that is a source of pain and mystery to the men and their families?
IN MARCH CORONET

It was almost five months after Nancy had come home from the hospital when, in the early spring of 1955, one of the doctors there telephoned Mr. Hammond. He spoke of an operation which Dr. Russell Meyers, a distinguished neurosurgeon at the State University of Iowa School of Medicine, had used in cases of dystonia. The Hammonds made the trip to Iowa in May.

After he had examined Nancy, Dr. Meyers recommended against an operation. Her case, while it was growing more severe by the month, did not appear to be at the stage at which Dr. Meyers felt the operation was justified. He said frankly that he would delay any such surgery as long as possible in the hope that a better treatment might be discovered in the meantime.

The Hammonds returned to New York appreciative of the advice but bitterly discouraged. . . .

By that fall, Dr. Cooper had performed one or the other of his two new operations more than 150 times on patients with Parkinson's Disease. In roughly 80 per cent of his cases, he had succeeded in alleviating rigidity; in 60 to 70 per cent, tremor had been relieved.

A number of his Parkinson's Disease patients had exhibited symptoms other than tremor and rigidity. Some, who had shown the typical deformities of the hands and feet associated with dystonia musculorum deformans, had come out of the surgery with the deformity completely reversed. Others, exhibiting the purposeless, rapid, jerking movements of chorea or the slower, gross, snake-like movements of athetosis were relieved of these symptoms by the operation.

It was natural, then, that the doctor should consider the possibility that the operation might be helpful to victims of these involuntary movement disorders. That thought led directly to the group of disorders categorized as cerebral palsy.

Among the symptoms of these disorders are the three which Dr. Cooper had succeeded in relieving when they appeared in his Parkinson's Disease patients. No two cases of cerebral palsy are exactly alike. But among the symptoms frequently found are speech defects; visual and hearing impairments; mental retardation; convulsions; and spasticity, a tendency for the muscles to contract when under tension, giving an appearance of stiffness. Dr. Cooper was sure, even if his operation were successful in helping patients with the three involuntary movement disorders whose symptoms had been reversed in the Parkinson's Disease patients, that it would do nothing to help those who exhibited these other symptoms.

Carefully he chose for his first cerebral palsy patients children in far advanced stages of the three disorders he hoped to help, patients who almost literally had nothing to lose. . . .

THAT SUMMER, the Hammonds lived in an emotional nightmare. No longer could Nancy lie in bed, for fear of tumbling to the floor in the midst of her violent thrashing movements. It was only while she was asleep that she had any real freedom from them, and to sleep at all she required sedatives.

During the day, she was unable to sit in a chair without falling. Her mother arranged a mat on the living room floor, and on warm days it was moved to the back yard. For long periods of time, the mat became Nancy's whole world.

More and more her needs had to be taken care of for her. She could no longer comb her hair, and often, after a particularly exhausting attack, she was too weak even to lift her head. Sedatives helped somewhat, but even with their help, Nancy had to be fed on the floor. When she was able to walk a few steps, she walked with an awkward, crabwise gait. Usually, someone had to carry her.

The summer was nearly over when the Hammonds' family doctor telephoned one evening and talked about an article he had read in a medical journal concerning the work of a New York neurosurgeon with Parkinson's Disease patients. He pointed out the relationship between Parkinson's Disease and Nancy's symptoms, and urged them to take her to see the doctor. His name was Irving S. Cooper.

Reluctantly, and certain that it would mean but another disappointment, Mr. Hammond telephoned St. Barnabas Hospital. When he reached the surgeon, he asked only one question, "Have you ever done any work with dystonia patients?"

The neurosurgeon said he had, and an appointment was made. Mr. Hammond had little hope that anything positive would come of it.

When the day of the appointment arrived, the Hammonds gave Nancy a large dose of sedative and carried her to the car. She almost invariably suffered severe attacks after being cooped up in the car; but this time the sedative seemed to work better than ordinarily, and the ride to the hospital was not as bad as they had expected.

At the hospital Nancy was examined. Under the heavy sedation, her condition seemed less severe than it might have, though it was clear to Dr. Cooper that she suffered from all three of the symptoms which he hoped his operation might help.

But because Nancy's condition, masked somewhat by the sedative, seemed not too severe, he advised the Hammonds to wait until he had more experience, until he knew more about the results of the operation in cases like Nancy's. The Hammonds agreed.

Nancy grew much worse. At the height of one of her attacks in mid-

February, her parents took her to the hospital, this time without sedation. It required only a few moments of observation to confirm the severity of the case. Nancy's twisted arms and legs flailed as though the muscles had been stimulated by electric shocks.

Dr. Cooper told the Hammonds frankly that he had only performed his operation on four other children with the involuntary movement symptoms of cerebral palsy. One of the operations had been successful. One child had died. Two others had shown little improvement.

Despite everything, the Hammonds were convinced that it was Nancy's only real hope. When the neurosurgeon said that if she were his child, he would have the operation performed, they asked him to go ahead.

Because of the violence of her movements, Nancy was given sodium pentothal, a general anesthetic. Then, in the green tile operating room, Dr. Cooper made the first incision on her shaved scalp. With the skull exposed, a small hole was drilled two inches above the ear. Then, by means of a metal device which was clamped onto her head, a catheter was guided carefully through the brain tissue until it reached the globus pallidus. X-ray pictures, developed within minutes by a portable developer, were used to check and double-check the position of the catheter.

Because Nancy seemed to be taking the operation extremely well, the doctor decided to do both sides at one time. With the incision still open on the right side and the catheter intact, he moved to the other side. When both catheters were in place, Nancy was allowed to waken. The movements of her arms and legs began almost at once.

Then Novocain was injected through each catheter. The effect was dramatic. The movements ceased. Asked to move her arms and legs, her feet and hands, her fingers and toes, Nancy showed no sign of paralysis.

A small amount of alcohol was injected through each catheter and the wounds were closed, leaving the catheters in place for further injections later, if necessary.

That evening, when the Hammonds saw their daughter, her head swathed in bandages, she was awake but still groggy. Something about her shape under the blankets struck both of them at once. It was the first time in two years they had seen her lying straight in a bed. They left with a feeling almost of rebirth.

Next day, Nancy was more alert, though her speech was somewhat slurred. Again, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond were struck by the sight of her lying straight in bed. Her arms and legs were perfectly still except when she herself moved them. She was weak, but her face was lit by a wide grin. Later that day, she fed herself.

On the fourth day after the operation, small additional injections of alcohol were given on both sides and the catheters were removed.

The next day, Nancy was out of bed and sitting in a chair without assistance and without involuntary movements. Her left foot was still slightly twisted and her back retained some of its distortion, but all movements save for a mild twitch in her back were gone.

As the days went by, the foot began to straighten with use. Her back became less twisted, but the twitch remained.

Thirteen days after her operation, Nancy went home. She walked out of the hospital to her parents' car. In a few weeks she was walking and running. Later, she began to ride her bicycle again. Today, she helps her mother around the house, goes to school and does all the things any eighth-grade girl does. A friend has been teaching her to jitterbug.

"We have our daughter back again," Mrs. Hammond says happily. "As her physical condition improved, so did her disposition. It would be hard to put into words the gratitude we feel. The only reminder we have of those awful months is that slight twitch in her back which has a tendency to give her a more than normally erect posture. Dr. Cooper tells us he used the smallest possible amount of alcohol in Nancy's operation, and I guess that might be the answer. He also says that only time will tell if the results will be lasting.

"But even so, we think we can see improvement every week, and our confidence in the operation is so great that if, after several years, the twitch is still there and bothers Nancy, we wouldn't hesitate to have it performed again."

Dr. Cooper, in a report of his first 20 operations on juvenile patients

"I EARNED $134.50 IN ONE MONTH!"

"In just one month I earned $134.50 working in my spare time," writes Michael Cooper.

YOU CAN HAVE THE SAME EASY SUCCESS

The Coronet Agency will start you in your own spare time business, without investment or experience needed. As a Coronet Representative, you'll be able to offer your friends, neighbors—your entire community—lowest authorized prices on *all* their favorite magazines. And for performing this helpful service, you keep a substantial cash commission on every sale. And that's not all—you'll also "be in on" these special advantages:

SPECIAL OFFERS . . money-saving customer prices that prompt sales.

VALUABLE PRIZES . . personal and household items for your family.

CASH BONUSES . . a sure way to increase your profits.

FREE SALES AIDS . . to make order-taking easier and more enjoyable.

Don't delay . . . during the next few months you can easily make enough money to buy the special things you want. Get started by sending me a postcard and I'll rush your free 1957 selling material to you.

Write: J. Foster, Coronet Agency, Dept. 289,
488 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

with the involuntary movements of chorea, athetosis and dystonia presented last April at the 37th Annual Session of the American College of Physicians, stated: "These 20 operations were performed in 12 patients, four having had a unilateral chemopallidectomy (one side) and eight a bilateral chemopallidectomy (both sides) . . . Of the 12 cases operated upon, eight obtained alleviation of the involuntary movements...without sacrifice of motor power. In two other cases, alleviation was obtained but the relief did not persist. There was one case complicated by hemiparesis (weakness of the extremities), and one fatality."

In a more detailed report of Nancy Hammond's case, published in the December, 1956, issue of the *Journal of the American Geriatric Society,* he wrote: "One must be very circumspect regarding the future course of this patient and of others who have had similar results from chemopallidectomy. *Although the patient has been relieved up to the time of this report of her very severe hyperkinetic and dystonic manifestations . . . no one can state whether or not these symptoms will recur in the future.* Several patients in the juvenile series have been relieved of hyperkinesis and dystonia for 18 months and longer. However, long-range results remain for future evaluation."

It is obviously too early to make a final evaluation of the results of the operation in cases of the involuntary movement disorders classified as cerebral palsy. Nor can it be stressed too much that the operation offers nothing to many of the victims of cerebral palsy. It cannot help the mentally retarded or those whose symptoms include spasticity.

The most reasonable estimate of the number of cerebral palsy patients in the U. S. is slightly more then 500,000. Of these, about half are thought to suffer mental retardation. What percentage of the rest might be helped by the new surgery, if time and experience prove it is indeed an answer to the involuntary movement disorders, no one can say.

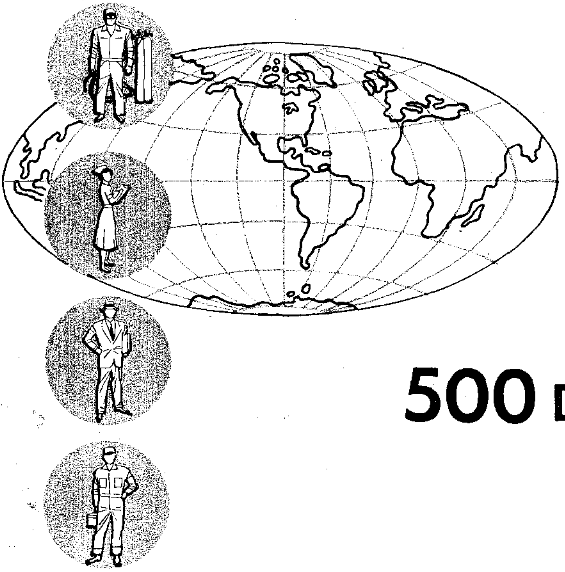
The one positive statement which can be made is that, thus far, in some eight out of 12 cases, the operation has returned young children to their roller skates and bicycles.

In Nancy Hammond's case, it has made a happy, smiling child again out of a girl who not long ago was almost completely helpless.

A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

The case discussed at length in this article is one of dystonia musculorum deformans, in itself a rare disorder of unknown origin. In addition, the patient exhibited some symptoms of two less rare involuntary movement disorders—chorea and athetosis—both also classified under the general heading of cerebral palsy.

While the use of the surgical technique described in the article seems promising in such cases, it must be emphasized that other disorders also categorized as cerebral palsy, to the best of our present knowledge, do not respond to surgical treatment.



500 Dream Jobs Waiting

by DAVID LANDMAN

Want to see the world—live and work with peoples of other lands? Uncle Sam may have just the spot for you

FRESH OUT of secretarial school, Nancy W. Brown of Oil City, Pennsylvania, started work on her first job recently. And she's mighty well pleased. For she gets $75 a week, plus free rent, plus a paid trip to Europe and the Orient.

Nancy's dream job is in the U.S. Government's foreign-aid program. And there are plenty more where it came from, job-openings from Bogota to Baghdad, from Monrovia to Manila. They include two-year overseas assignments as top administrators and file clerks, county agents and diesel mechanics, policemen and businessmen, nurses and economists, educators and engineers, writers and welders. They pay from $3,390 to $13,325 a year, and are festooned with fringe benefits.

The International Cooperation Administration, the Government's foreign-aid agency (often called "Point Four"), carries economic aid, technical assistance and other elements of the mutual security program to 77 nations on five continents. Its people overseas are mostly technical specialists: instructors and advisors. A smaller group studies the economy, culture, and potential of a country and then works with local officials to plan development and assistance programs. About 15 per cent are administrative and office workers who run the overseas headquarters and keep the others going.

THE ENTIRE ROSTER of ICA overseas totals about 4,000 men and women. Not a very big crew to operate a two-billion-dollar program, so it must be a good crew.

Handsome, mustachioed ex-naval captain Will L. Gates, ICA's chief of recruitment, is responsible for finding the stenographer needed for the ICA headquarters in Guatemala City, or the irrigation engineer for the dry steppes of Afghanistan. Nine recruiters assist Gates by actually enlisting the prospective members of the ICA team, interviewing them, and checking their references. They tour the country hunting prospects.

Miss Beulah Welch, one of these talent scouts, visits the big cities seeking young women for the office and secretarial jobs. She always has a list of 60 to 100 openings. This year she plans to visit state employment offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Boston, New York, Chicago and Denver.

Many apply on their own. Like Marcellus G. Boss, for 30 years an attorney in Columbus, Kansas, who figured, "It's about time I saw this shrinking world. I want to find out if I can live in another part of it." He wrote in, stating his experience and asking if there was a place for him in the Point Four program. Last month ICA sent him to the capital of Jordan as an expert on contracts.

How can a man or woman qualify for one of these 500 dream jobs?

Most Point Four workers are average Americans with somewhat above-average skills—and with ideals. "We try to send out truly qualified people who are honest above all, and who know how to get along with people. And they must be motivated down here," Will Gates says, patting his heart. "We must know that an ICA man wants to help."

Recent vacancies included: three secretaries for Saigon, a clerk for Ankara, a typist for Seoul, a couple of secretaries for Addis Ababa, a statistical assistant for Vientiane (the capital of Laos), a mail clerk for Teheran and one for Baghdad, a staff assistant's job worth $6,400 a year in Monrovia.

Nancy Brown's qualifications which got her the job in New Delhi, India, were: shorthand at 96 words per minute, typing at 50 words per minute, good references from hometown people, and a pleasing personality. Her two years of college weren't required, but of course they helped. Much more important was the evidence she gave that she'd put up with whatever mildly uncomfortable conditions she found in her job.

There were also overseas jobs open in administration, transport, supply and accounting. Almost 400 vacancies were in the fields of technical-assistance and planning: such as, a chemical engineer in Colombia, a business manager in Haiti. In Laos, there was a vacancy for a banker who could speak French. In Cuttack, India, an agronomist and an agricultural engineer were needed to help develop mechanized rice-farming.

The fields of public health, food and agriculture had vacancies for specialists. And there were jobs for printers, automotive maintenance instructors, pier superintendents, railroaders, and aquatic biologists.

Many of these men go into villages in far corners of the world as one-man Point Four teams. If the villagers have a problem, they try to advise on how to solve it. If they don't know enough, they get in touch with someone in ICA who does know.

Tom Jones, for instance, is a husky ex-pilot who works as instructor in the agricultural machinery pool in Ecuador. It sounds like a hot, dull, grease-smeared chore, but Tom Jones makes it the most interesting job in the world.

His mission is to help the Ecuadorians train their own maintenance men and get the best use from the tractors and other farm-machines which are kept at the seaport of Guayaquil. Not long ago he heard there were surplus landing craft for sale in the Canal Zone. Perhaps one of these could be used to transport equipment to cities along the Ecuador coast—so Tom Jones took off for Panama.

The landing craft were there, all right, but so surplus that in order to get any of them to run, Jones would have to take parts from two or three others. He went to a U.S. Army base to borrow a mechanic and a jeepful of tools. On the way back to the boats, they passed rusting yellow tractors lined up in a motor pool.

"What are those?" Jones asked.

"Surplus. Going to be sold."

The Ecuador government's new LCT chugged into Guayaquil harbor two weeks later with $6,000 worth of tractors aboard. The whole lot—boat and all—had cost the Ecuadorians only $1,500. Jones was as proud as a new father.

ICA jobs pay well, but not spectacularly. They list a base annual wage of from $3,390 for a clerk to $10,700 for a project administrator or top-flight professional advisor, to which is added as much as 25 per cent in so-called hardship countries. This brings the top pay to $13,325. In cities where the cost of living is notoriously high—Manilla, for example—there is a "post allowance" of $520.

Everywhere, either rent money or suitable housing is provided. For example, in Bogor, Indonesia, where a number of agricultural-aid projects are centered, suitable housing for a family consists of an airy, well-designed house with verandah, plenty of bedrooms, cool tile floors, and servants' quarters in the rear. In Saigon, suitable housing for a group of girls who work in headquarters consists of a sprawling, many-roomed apartment with two balconies.

A married ICAer's family accompanies him to his post at Government expense; so do his car and household goods. The embassy doctor is ordinarily responsible for providing medical care.

For many, the fringe benefits are more attractive than the pay. First there is travel. For anyone who yearns to see far, romantic places, ICA is the employer who will take him there.

ICAers who are posted to Africa or the Middle East travel by way of Europe. Aid workers heading for the Far East go via Tokyo and Honolulu. Those fortunates whose posts are halfway round the globe can go out by the Pacific route and come home across the Atlantic—a round-the-world cruise with Uncle Sam picking up the ticket.

Perhaps the most important fringe benefit is the chance to live in a new country and a new culture. ICA posts, from the Andes to Zamboanga, are in lands where the language, local arts and customs offer new vistas to the American who retains his curiosity.

Every Point Four job carries a surprise somewhere in the package. In Indonesia, for instance, entomologist Ed Dressner was embarrassed to find that it didn't make sense to advise native farmers to spray their crops with insecticide when the only sprayer available cost as much as a half-ton of rice.

So Dressner tinkered with local materials and finally built a sprayer from a length of bamboo, a section of old inner-tube and an empty margarine can. It cost 20¢, and it worked. Any Indonesian farmer can make his own sprayer now, and talking about insecticides makes sense.

Each month, Will Gates makes up a new list of dream jobs available. He admits he's worried about filling some of the vacancies. But for most of them he knows that, if alerted, there are waiting skilled Americans who have ideals and will travel.

WHERE TO APPLY

Men and women interested in overseas job opportunities in the foreign-aid program are advised to write, stating their qualifications and experience, to:

Will L. Gates, Chief of Recruitment
International Cooperation Administration
Washington 25, D.C.

Handyman's Helpers

(Answers to quiz on page 59)

1. sHOE; 2. HAMMERhead; 3. SAWyer; 4. PLANEt; 5. sNAIL; 6. PAINTer; 7. adVISE; 8. RAKE-off; 9. reGLUEd; 10. bLADDER; 11. tAXEd; 12. atTACK; 13. SPADEs; 14. SCREWball; 15. JACKet; 16. Robert BENCHley; 17. WOODbine; 18. deFILE; 19.cHOSEn; 20. isinGLASS; 21. ferRULE; 22. WAXwing; 23. crAWL; 24. CHISELer; 25. DISCus; 26. WIREless; 27. Point BARROW; 28. BRUSHwood; 29. gROPE; 30. CLIPPER Ship.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

by ROGER B. GOODMAN

HAVEN'T YOU often thought, "If only I had the proper words to express what I feel!" Well, here's a quiz to sharpen your word sense. Below is a passage from the works of a noted author, with certain words missing. Fill in the blanks with *your* choice from the list below. Then check them with the writer's words on page 151.

HOW CAN the 1——————English Cathedral tower be heard! . . . Maybe it is set up by the Sultan's orders for the 2—————— of a 3—————— of Turkish robbers, one by one. It is so, for cymbals 4——————, and the Sultan goes by. . . . Ten thousand scimitars 5——————in the sunlight, and thrice ten thousand dancing-girls 6——————flowers. Then, follow white elephants 7——————in countless 8——————colors. . . . Still, the Cathedral tower rises in the background . . . and still no 9—————— figure is on the 10——————spike. Stay! Is the spike so low a thing as the rusty spike on . . . top of . . . an old bedstead that has 11—————— all 12——————? . . .

Shaking from head to foot, the man whose 13——————consciousness has thus 14——————pieced itself together at length rises, 15—————— his 16——————frame upon his arms, and looks around. He is in the 17——————and 18——————of small rooms. . . . He lies, dressed, across a large, unseemly bed. . . . Lying, also dressed and also across the bed . . . are a Chinaman, a Lascar, and a 19——————woman. The two first are in a sleep or 20——————; the last is blowing at a kind of pipe, to 21——————it . . . its red 22—————— . . . serves in the 23—————— morning as a lamp to show him what he sees of her.

"Another?" says this woman in a 24——————, 25——————whisper. "Have another?"

Choose one word from each line on this list:

1. ancient, old, tidy
2. punishment, destruction, impaling
3. horde, swarm, band
4. bang, sound, clash
5. wave, start, flash
6. strew, throw, sprinkle
7. decked, caparisoned, tricked out
8. glaring, fetching, gorgeous
9. spinning, writhing, uncomfortable
10. sharp, purposeful, grim
11. moved, become, tumbled
12. over the place, awry, down
13. bare, memorable, scattered
14. strangely, hardly, fantastically
15. holds, supports, maintains
16. trembling, little, weakened
17. crummiest, dirtiest, meanest
18. closest, stuffiest, hottest
19. haggard, mild, tuckered out
20. unconscious state, fog, stupor
21. sharpen, kindle, dowse
22. flicker, spark, glow
23. dim, dusky, unwholesome
24. boisterous, baffling, querulous
25. rattling, harsh, strange

As a weather prophet the furry little woodchuck's all wet. But as a snoozing laboratory he furnishes science with fascinating information about man's appetite, sleeping habits and body temperature

What the Groundhog

by JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

THE GROUNDHOG can tell us many things—but very little about the weather. For on Groundhog Day, when everybody expects him to come out of his burrow and tell us if winter is over, actually he'll still be curled up there in sleep so profound it can only be called "out of this world." (If Rip Van Winkle had slept in the same way, his 20-year nap would have aged him only 2½ months.) In this drowsy state, the furry little groundhog (or woodchuck) is no great shakes as a weather prophet; but he reveals much about the mysterious body mechanisms controlling sleep, body temperature and appetite.

Cold-blooded animals like snakes and lizards are dependent on the temperature of their surroundings; hence they can barely stir in cold weather. Warm-blooded animals, on the other hand, have a thermostat in their brains which keeps their body temperature constant despite extreme variations of heat and cold outside. Hibernators like the groundhog are warm-blooded animals; but they have the mysterious faculty of turning down this thermostat during half the year and letting the outside temperature cool them off and slow them down to a point approaching suspended animation.

From a pulse rate of 80 in his warm-blooded phase, the groundhog's heart slows down to as little as four or five beats a minute during hibernation. In the waking state, he breathes 25-30 times a minute—up to 100 when he's excited; but in the wintertime his breathing slows down to a mere trickling of air in and out of the lungs at the rate of about one breath per minute. And his body temperature drops from 96.8° to as low as 37.4°—not far above freezing. The wick of life, dipped in the fat of a summer's gourmandizing, burns with a very low flame.

If human metabolism could be slowed down proportionately, a person who went to sleep say at the age of 17 could sleep a century before reaching the biological age of 18. If, like the groundhog, humans hibernated half the year, the average life expectancy would hypothetically extend well over 3,500 years.

Recently, scientists of the U.S. Public Health Service used the groundhog in experiments dealing with the effects of X-radiation on

Really Tells Us

living tissue. They found, surprisingly, that exposure to X rays in amounts lethal to any animal in the waking state had no effect on the circulating blood of the hibernating groundhog. Only after it awakened did the lethal damage to the blood become apparent. However, radiation damage was observed in certain tissues during the period of hibernation.

Drastic operations have been performed on the groundhog during hibernation. It feels no pain and goes right on sleeping even after some vital organs have been removed. As with lethal doses of radiation, it remembers to die only after it wakes up.

Yet throughout his sleep, the groundhog keeps open certain lines of communication with the outside world. One of them is his sense of hearing. A groundhog which stirs only gradually while a scientist is inserting electrodes into its brain or thermocouples under its skin has been known to wake up if someone sneezes loudly enough. Throw a hibernating groundhog into water and he will immediately begin to swim.

If left to himself, however, the groundhog takes several hours to awaken. This is very fast when you consider that he must speed up his metabolism 100 times. Human beings, on awakening from the deepest slumber, increase their rate of metabolism approximately 10 per cent. While the groundhog wakes up, the scientist has time to study chemical and nervous changes which happen too fast and too faintly in non-hibernating animals.

The location of the thermostat which keeps body temperature constant in both hibernating and warm-blooded animals (including humans) has been traced to the hypothalamus, a part of the brain stem where nerve impulses from all over the body enter the brain. This cluster of nerve cells, in association with the nearby pituitary gland, controls sleep and appetite. Certain types of damage in this area result in continual sleep or insatiable appetites.

Final solution to the mystery of how the groundhog's hypothalamus is turned down in the fall to send him into his deep repose and how it is turned up again in the spring to reawaken him, may tell us much we don't know about normal sleep in human beings. It may also tell us why some people have so much greater appetites than other people.

The "chuck" in the groundhog's other name, woodchuck, is an old English dialect word meaning little pig. But except for his enormous appetite, the groundhog has little in common with the pig. He is a muff-shaped member of the rodent family, about two feet long with yellow, black and rust fur, short legs, a short, bushy tail, and a shrill cheerful whistle.

He rarely picks a fight with other animals but defends himself to the death if attacked. Wolves and wildcats used to molest him but wolves have all but disappeared in most parts of the country and today, apart from dogs and boys with .22 rifles, he fears mainly the fox who hunts him in pairs, one hiding near his hole while the other lures him out.

In the spring it's the male groundhog who moves around first, and the first thing he does is find a mate. He lives with her in the same burrow for just under a month. The gestation period is 28 days, and just before it's time to give birth, the expectant mother chases the male away.

The little ones, born in litters of four or five during late April or early May, emerge from the burrow in mid-June, traipse after their mother for five or six weeks, after which they, too, light out to dig for themselves.

Mealtime is early morning and late afternoon. Ordinarily the groundhog doesn't stray more than a few hundred feet from his burrow, but he'll go out of his way to sample a well-cultivated garden patch. If he has to he'll eat grass, but he much prefers a heart of lettuce or cabbage topped off with a juicy melon. Incidentally, he's the only member of the rodent family who eats onions. As for drinking, he never touches the stuff. His liquids all come from the leaves he chews.

Good Questions

A LITTLE OLD LADY stood at a box office of a large New York movie house.

"Is it really $1.80?" she asked the cashier.

"Yes, Madam. There's a very wide screen."

"Is it a good picture?"

"Oh, yes, Madam. It's 3D and there's Stereophonic Sound."

"What is it about?"

"A doctor," answered the girl, a little impatiently.

"$1.80," the old lady mused. "Tell me this, at these prices, is he at least a specialist?"

INEZ KARMA, *New York Times*

A CANNY MAINE FARMER who made it a rule to think before speaking, was approached by a stranger one day and asked, "How much is that prize Jersey heifer of yours worth?"

The farmer thought a moment, then asked, "Are you the tax assessor, or has she been killed by a train?"

—PATRICIA WHITE

A SMALL BOY was dolefully practicing his piano lesson when a salesman knocked on the door.

"Son, is your mother home?"

"What do you think?" answered the boy.

—*Texas Public Employee*

tempo '57

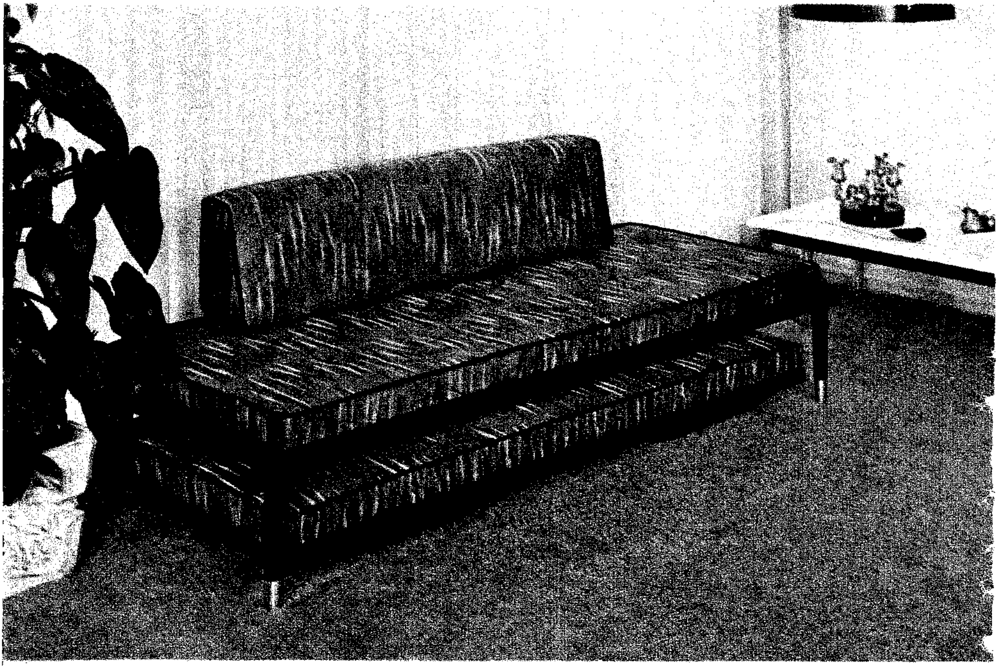
by Englander

This is the story of how two Young Americans learned the secret of a successful "double life." Their problem is one shared by millions of Americans (whether newlyweds or home-makers of long standing): a home-furnishings budget that doesn't budge! Like Jerri and Frank W., today's families find themselves looking longingly at furniture with advanced styling, superb fabrics and exciting design and asking: "Does really good contemporary furniture ALWAYS have to carry such forbidding price tags?"

The Englander Company, Inc. says an emphatic "no!" . . . and creates a whole new furniture group to prove it! TEMPO '57 demonstrates that *no* home need represent a dreary compromise with quality, simply because the owners have more taste than money! In the picture story on the following pages, Mrs. Jo Bull, nationally famous Home Decorating authority, helps Jerri and Frank solve some of the problems faced by millions of American home-makers . . . dramatically and with distinction!

Problem: **Limited space in apartment, den or family room**

Solution: **Tempo '57 Tuk-A-Bed . . . the double-duty beauty!**

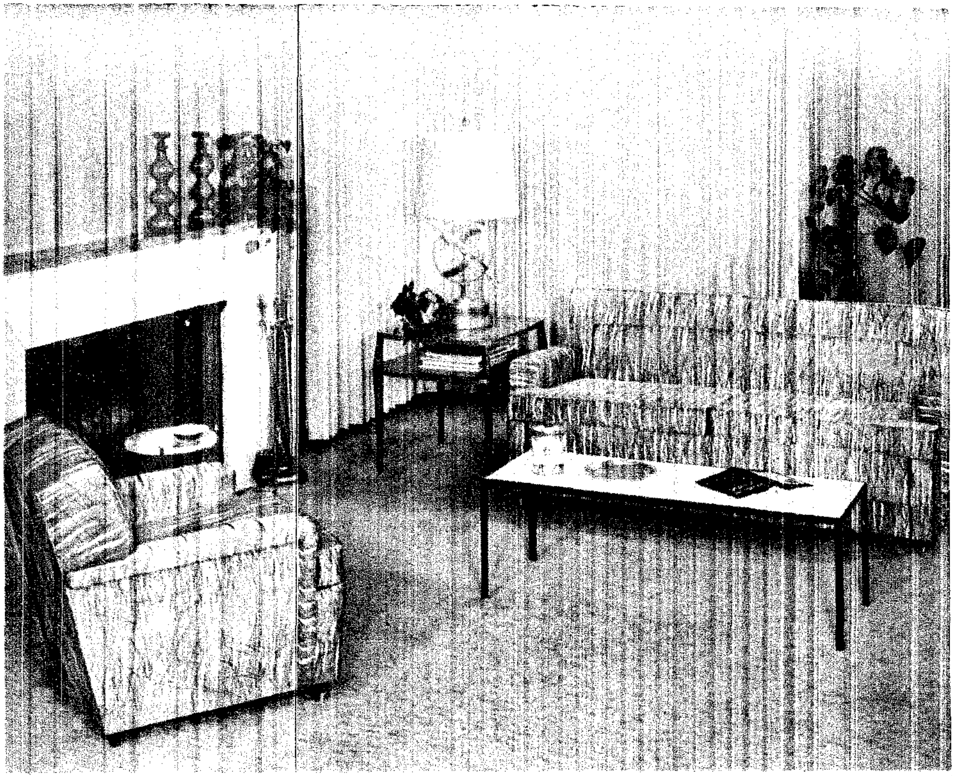


Never before such a versatile "two-timer" as the Tempo '57 Tuk-A-Bed . . . "2 twin beds in 1 smart sofa!" Luxury-crafted mattresses, all dressed up in elegant Tempo '57 Cerulean Blue or Sandalwood Brown and mounted on sleek, "black satin" metal frames! Modern as Hi-Fi, sleek as a Turbo-Jet, the Tuk-A-Bed is at home in any room, as a smart sofa, tuned to modern needs!

Jerri was delighted with the Tuk-A-Bed's easy "Double Life." Simply pull out the "stowaway" section, flip it into position . . . and there's another twin-size bed, Englander-crafted for deep, relaxing sleep. In the A.M., off come the sheets and blankets, and the second twin bed retracts its legs and stores away under the first! Luxury lounge by day, twin beds by night . . . no wonder Jerri looked at the price tag incredulously!

Tempo '57 Tuk-A-Bed*: $129.95 (higher with Foam Rubber Mattresses) (Either section available separately at $69.95)
Bolster: $15.95

tempo '57 by . .

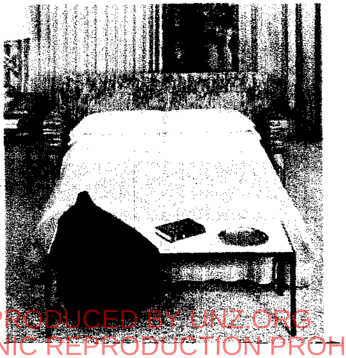


Problem: A real living room suite to give the whole house a "new look"

Solution: The Tempo '57 Fairview Bed 'n Sofa with Coordinated Chair (another double-duty beauty!)

Low, lovely, contemporary lines, echoed in the luxury-lounge chair, meld with many periods, complement nearly every color scheme. Here's a superb sofa-by-day that no one would guess is "convertible." Add the chair, and you have a suite that can't be beat for looks, wear and Budget-Coddling!

. . . Englander



A flip-of-the-wrist "converts" the TEMPO '57 Fairview into a big, full-sized double bed-by-night . . . sleeps two generously with unmatched Englander comfort! And wait until you see how easily it tilts to let you vacuum under it!

Tempo '57 Fairview Bed 'n Sofa: $269.50

Coordinated Chair: $99.50

Problem: Truly fine mattresses for every member in the family . . . at a price the family budget can stand!

Solution: Englander's sensational Tempo '57 introductory sale! . . . Famous Englander $69.95 Super Properest reduced all the way down to $44.95!

"Englander rates an 'A-Plus' in feminine psychology for this", says Jerri. "A fabulous $25.00 SAVING on a genuine 'luxury' item!" The deluxe ENGLANDER SUPER PROPEREST MATTRESS, which sold for years at $69.95 . . . . now, for a very limited time, only $44.95! What a mattress! Englander Tempomatic Spring Unit, deep-tufted for extra comfort . . . sag-proof, pre-built borders for years of extra wear . . . dressed in the most beautiful cover in America, the elegant Tempo '57 fabric! It's a once-in-a-lifetime INTRODUCTORY SALE to acquaint everybody with Englander's terrific Tempo '57 Furniture. Save $25.00 . . . and see the world's first contemporary styled double-duty furniture at pin-money prices. Matching box-spring, only $44.95.

tempo '57 . . . .

Problem:

Extra seating capacity, extra sleeping capacity, very little money!

Solution:

Tempo '57 Divan (still another double-duty beauty)

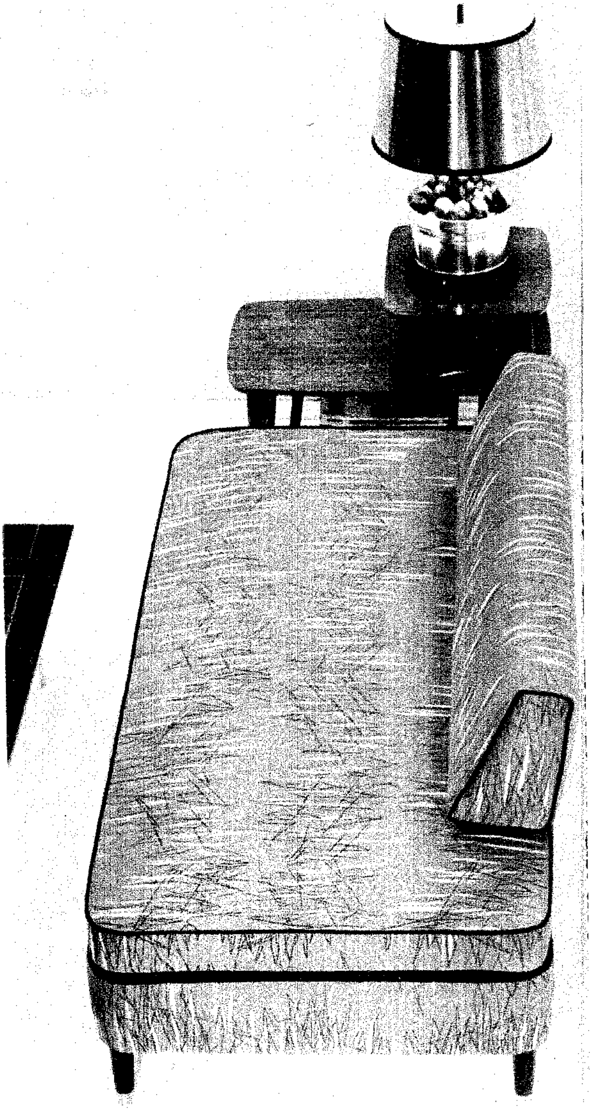
Hospitality and really gracious living, unlimited . . . when the TEMPO '57 Divan makes its entrance! Sleek Foam Latex . . . so elegantly compact, so magnificently versatile! Englander makes it in 30-inch, 33-inch and 36-inch width models . . . and one is just right for every room! A deluxe lounge with its streamlined bolster . . . or, add sheets and blankets, and presto! . . . it's a guest-room-on-legs! (Frank's folks found it the supremely economical answer when they re-did his bed-room into a den for his Dad.)

Tempo '57 Divan: $99.95
Matching REMOVABLE Bolster: $15.95

If you really love to coddle yourself: invest in Englander's FOAM LATEX ENSEMBLE . . . superb mattress of foam latex by Goodyear matched to specially-engineered ENGLANDER FOUNDATION . . . the perfect pair!

(This item not illustrated)

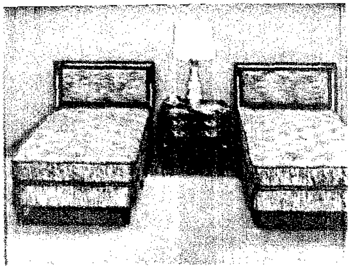
Twin size: $99.95
Double bed size: $119.95



. . by Englander

Prefer conventional twin bed arrangement? The TEMPO '57 Hollywood Set is yours with standard Twin Size "Mirror-Frame" Headboard. Choose Pumice or Ebony wood frame with color-coordinated Mirror-Frame.

Tempo '57 Hollywood Bed—(each bed complete . . as shown): $99.95.

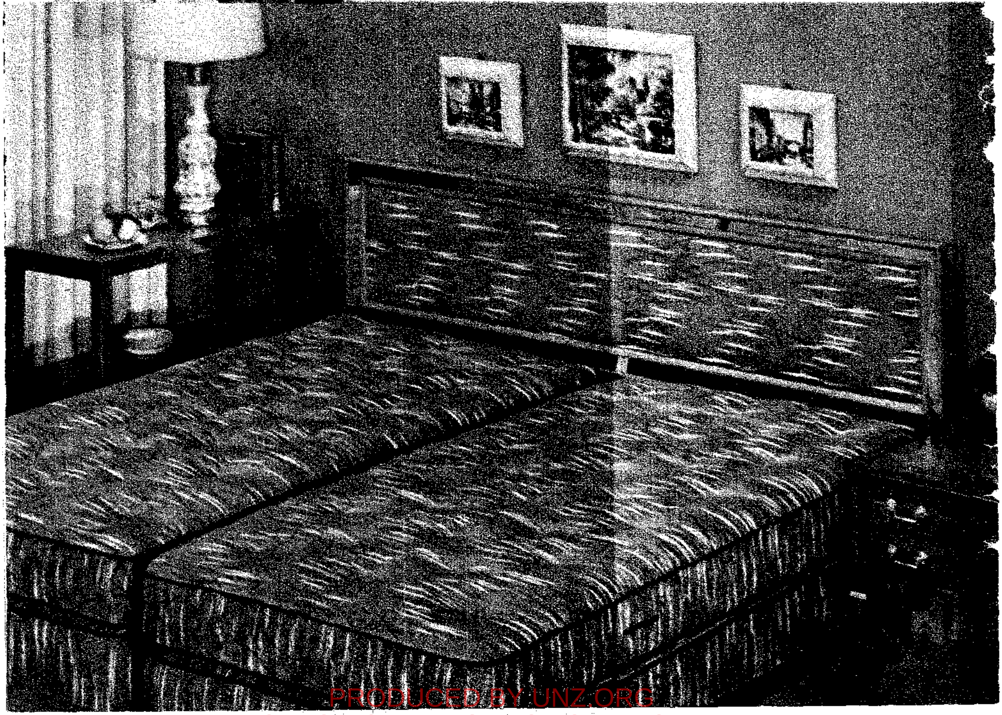


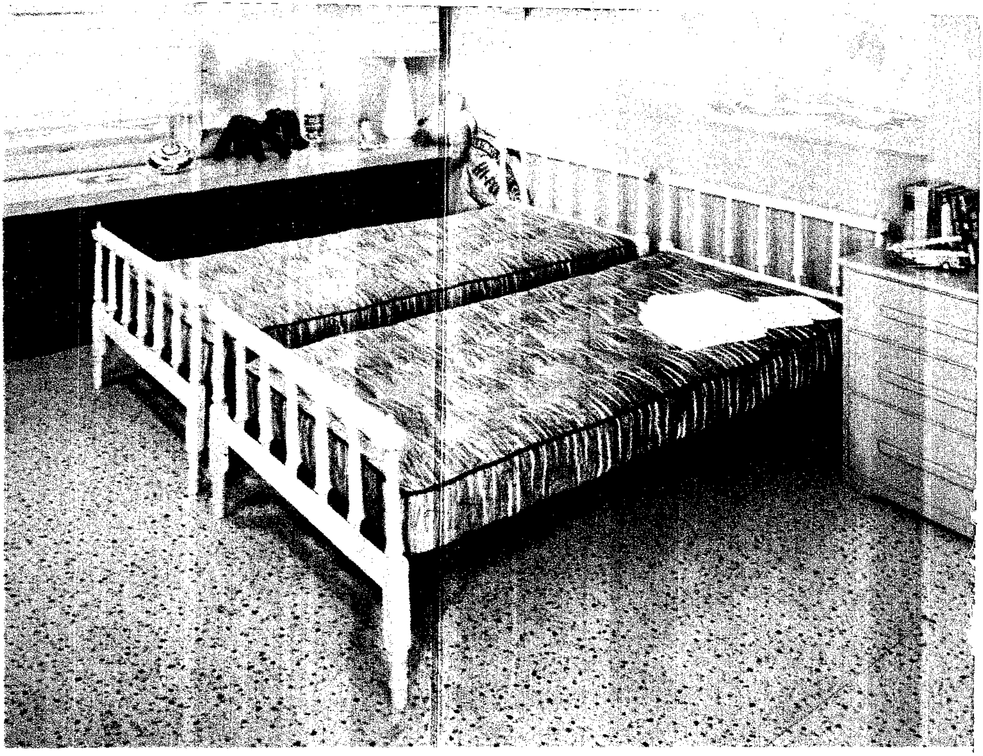
Problem: A dream of a bed room . . . (and the price, no nightmare!)

Solution: Tempo '57 Hollywood Swing Set

Think of it . . . a 78-inch wide headboard, richly framed in smoky Florentine-like glass, with twin beds and matching box springs, set on precision-designed frames . . . 7 fine pieces of sleep equipment for the cost of most single twin sets! *Neatest trick of the year: the fabric panel on the headboard is removable!* Try adding a piece of your own drapery or spread fabric for a true "decorator" touch! (Englander thinks of everything! The TEMPO '57 Swing-board lets each twin bed "swing" away separately for easy bed-making and cleaning!) Pumice or Ebony.

Tempo '57 Hollywood Swing Bed—7 pieces: $219.00

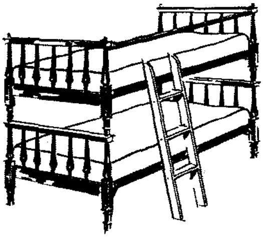




Problem: **Beds that are truly versatile**

Solution: **Tempo '57 Twin Sleepers (they "Double Up" so gracefully!)**

There'll come a day . . . indeed there will, and almost before you know it! . . . when Jerri and Frank will have to furnish a children's room. Current parents are certain to applaud loudly Englander's new TEMPO '57 solution: twin-beds with footboards and headboards, in rich Pumice wood finish. (Why reserve them for the kids? The young-in-heart from 7 to 70 will love these twin wonders!)



Twin Sleepers illustrated above convert easily to bunk beds as shown here.

Need room for bouncing buckaroos and cavorting "spacemen," junior grade? Englander's TEMPO '57 Twin Sleepers "double up" so easily! . . . release floor space for games and romping!

Tempo '57 Twin Sleepers: Complete with 2 Innerspring Mattresses, 2 Springs, 2 Headboards, 2 Footboards, 1 Lee Rail and 1 Ladder: $149.95

All TEMPO '57 furniture, shown in these pages in Cerulean Blue, is also available in rich, warm Sandalwood Brown . . . for dramatic mix-or-match effects.

tempo '57 by Englander

The bride breathlessly planning her first home (for our Jerri and Frank, it's a one-room apartment!) . . . the wife anticipating Anniversary Number 10 . . . the grandmother choosing new, smaller quarters, now that the "children" are married and have homes of their own . . . whoever the woman-of-the-family is, she will find in TEMPO '57 an exciting answer to a personal need. American Home-Makers today cannot afford to be satisfied with furniture that serves only 1 purpose! Englander meets this demand with the most exciting, the most dramatic, the most advanced double-duty furniture ever created. Enjoy this beauty-on-a-budget . . . choose: ENGLANDER TEMPO '57!

tempo '57

by Englander

the world's first
contemporary-styled
double-duty furniture
at pin-money prices!

See the TEMPO '57 group now at your favorite fine furniture or department store. Or, for more details write to Englander, Space 1720, Merchandise Mart, Chicago 54, Ill.

©1957 The Englander Company, Inc.

Human Comedy

A FRIEND of ours has two teen-age daughters. One, after a rather late party the night before, had been ordered to bed early. Sure enough the phone rang and her sister answered. It was the sleeping beauty's heavy date.

Next morning at breakfast there was quite a little scene. "You surely didn't tell him I had gone to bed!" wailed the sleeper.

"Of course I did."

"That's the meanest thing I ever heard of in my life! Everybody will think I have to go to bed at 9 o'clock just like a child!"

"That's all right," was the comforting reply. "I told him you had an awful hangover." —*Montrealer*

WHILE ON VACATION last summer at a lake in Indiana we got into conversation with an old-timer who rented boats. When we asked him if many people used his boats for fishing, he drawled, "Well, yes, some people fish." Then: "And some people *catch* fish." After a pause he added, "And *some* people just drown the worms."

—MRS. JOSEPH MESICH

A SMALL Pennsylvania boy—who later became a very, very successful businessman—once asked a neighbor farmer the price of a fine, big melon.

"That's 40 cents," said the farmer.

"I have only four cents," the boy told him.

"Well," smiled the farmer, and winked at his hired hand as he pointed to a very small and very green melon, "how about that one?"

"Fine. I'll take it," the boy said, "but don't cut it off the vine yet. I'll call for it in a week or so."

—*Palace Model News*

MY HUSBAND AND I had carefully prepared our four-year-old daughter, Vicki, for the arrival of a new brother or sister. So when James William was brought home from the hospital, Vicki was delighted.

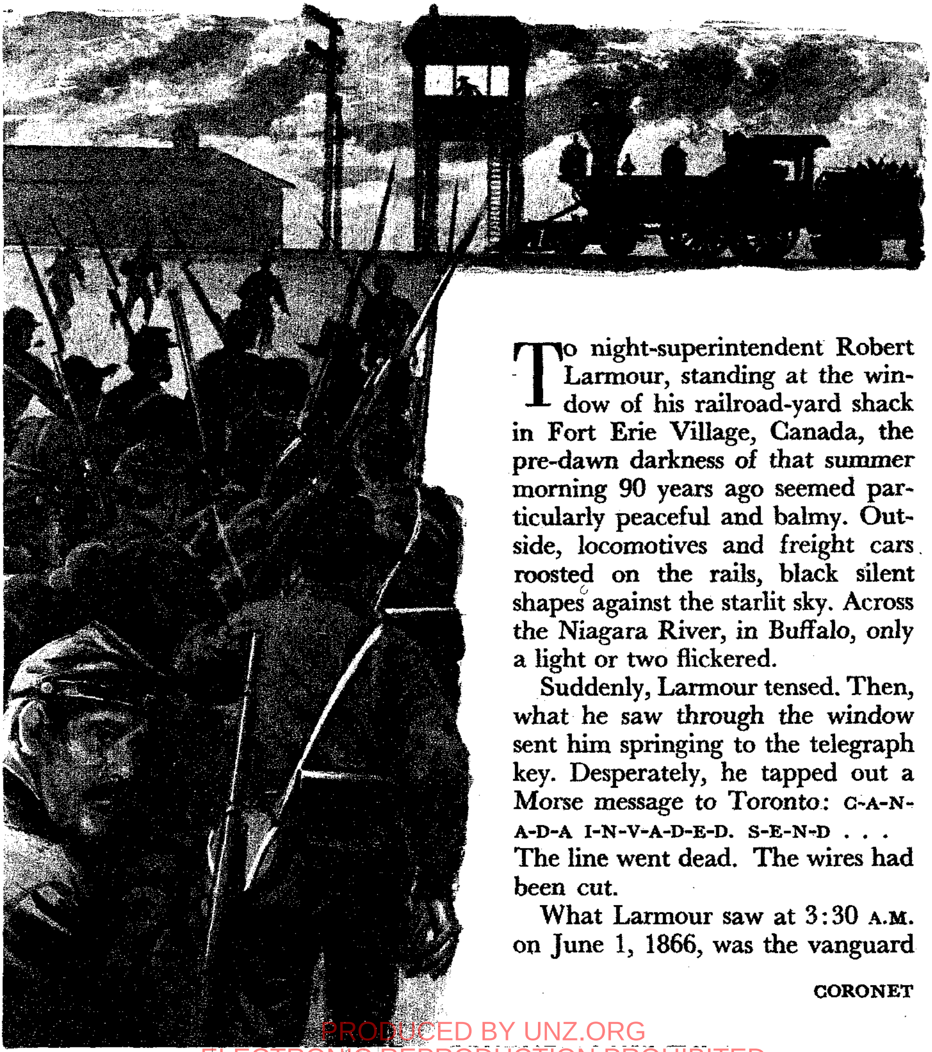
All was going well until the paternal grandparents came to visit. After a brief word to Vicki, they both rushed to the crib to coo at the new baby brother. Later, I found Vicki sulking in her room. When I asked what was the matter, she said with much disgust, "I don't mind sharing you and Daddy, but it does look like he could have at least brought his own grandmother!"

—MRS. W. V. HEARNE, JR., (*Catholic Digest*)

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

Canada's 'Impossible' Invasion

by DAVID WISE



To night-superintendent Robert Larmour, standing at the window of his railroad-yard shack in Fort Erie Village, Canada, the pre-dawn darkness of that summer morning 90 years ago seemed particularly peaceful and balmy. Outside, locomotives and freight cars roosted on the rails, black silent shapes against the starlit sky. Across the Niagara River, in Buffalo, only a light or two flickered.

Suddenly, Larmour tensed. Then, what he saw through the window sent him springing to the telegraph key. Desperately, he tapped out a Morse message to Toronto: C-A-N-A-D-A I-N-V-A-D-E-D. S-E-N-D . . . The line went dead. The wires had been cut.

What Larmour saw at 3:30 A.M. on June 1, 1866, was the vanguard of a 1,500-man army of hotheaded Irish-American patriots who had actually crossed the border from the United States and set out to conquer Canada. Using Canada as a base, they planned to attack Great Britain and free Ireland from British rule.

As ambitious and audacious as it sounded, this was no crackpot scheme. Its leaders, members of an independence movement known as the Fenians, had recruited into their ranks hundreds of restless young veterans of both the Union and Confederate armies. They fully expected Canadians to throw down their arms and join the Irish cause.

Commander-in-chief and mastermind of the invasion was Gen. Thomas William Sweeny, a hard-as-nails West Point graduate who had distinguished himself as a Union Brigadier-General and been badly wounded four times in the Civil War.

On February 13, 1866, the Fenians staged a mass rally in New York attended by 10,000 persons. They re-elected a president and named General Sweeny Secretary of War.

Two weeks later, Fenian military experts met at Pittsburgh and developed plans for the attack. These called for 30,000 men to launch the invasion at points along the Canadian border from Vermont to Michigan.

The British minister in Washington officially protested the liberty being allowed the Fenians. But the U.S. Government, rankled by Britain's pro-Southern sympathies during the Civil War, did nothing to stop the shillelagh-rattling.

On Thursday, May 31, some 1,500 Fenians assembled in Buffalo in green shirts and black belts and armed with rifles. They appeared at the appointed hour of 3 A.M. for the crossing. The operation took less than an hour and was completed without being discovered by the U.S. gunboat *Michigan* on patrol along the river.

Gen. John O'Neill, whom Sweeny had assigned as field commander, landed the Irish army about a mile south of Fort Erie and quickly captured it. Then he roused the town, and demanded and got food for his men. Towards evening, he moved north and encamped for the night along the Niagara River. The invaders had been on Canadian soil for 18 hours without encountering any organized military resistance.

But, meanwhile, a young Canadian lieutenant colonel named Booker, with 850 men, was impatiently awaiting battle orders at Port Colborne, a railpoint due west of Fort Erie. To the north, at Chippewa, 1,500 more Canadians were advancing on the invaders under Colonel George Peacock. Peacock sent orders for Booker to join forces with him at 11 A.M. Saturday morning at Stevensville, a point midway between them.

Without waiting for orders, Booker dispatched an 80-man expedition to reconnoiter the Irish positions at Fort Erie and, with the main body of his troops, entrained for Ridgeway where he planned to march north to Stevensville. He assumed that General O'Neill was still camped on the banks of the Niagara River.

But O'Neill wasn't. Early Saturday morning, the Fenians had begun moving south toward Ridgeway. As they approached the town, O'Neill's scouts heard the bugles and saw the flags of the Canadians as they detrained. Startled, but quick to take advantage of the situation, the Irish general deployed his men under cover along the road.

Booker marched into the ambush and a vicious, hand-to-hand fight ensued. A panic-stricken soldier yelled, "Cavalry!" and Booker's men broke and fled, leaving behind ten dead and 36 wounded. Fenian casualties numbered nine dead and 21 wounded.

The elated Irish marched victoriously back to Fort Erie, where they found the reconnoitering force dispatched by Booker that morning. In the short-lived battle that followed, the Fenians lost seven men and many were wounded before they took 59 of the Canadians prisoner. Many of the Canadians escaped.

By noon the next day, Sunday, not one Canadian had moved to join the Fenian cause. John O'Neill knew his invasion was over. With wistful glances in the direction of Ottawa, the Irish army discreetly started retreating back across the river to Buffalo.

Two days later, President Andrew Johnson issued a proclamation ordering the Fenian raiders arrested. It was a little late. Many of the men of the Irish army had scattered and returned to their homes.

General Sweeny, however, was arrested at St. Albans, Vermont, three days after President Johnson issued his order. The arrest prevented him from leading another invasion of Fenians assembled along the border at St. Albans and Malone, New York.

O'Neill, too, was arrested but later released. He led another abortive and unsuccessful invasion attempt in 1870 with 176 men.

The Fenians did not capture Canada. But they did accomplish one thing: by drawing the Canadian provinces closer together to face a common danger, they helped bring about formation of the Dominion of Canada. And, many years later, their dream of Irish freedom did come true.

Lincolniana

"I HAVE BEEN DRIVEN many times to my knees," he explained, "by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go."

HIS REACTION to the political turmoil was typically humorous and wise: "The people will decide. If they turn their backs to the fire and get scorched in the rear—they'll find they have to sit on a blister."

—WALTER WINCHELL

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S RETORT to bigots who abused foreigners: "I know a man who wanted to be born in this country—but his mother wouldn't let him."

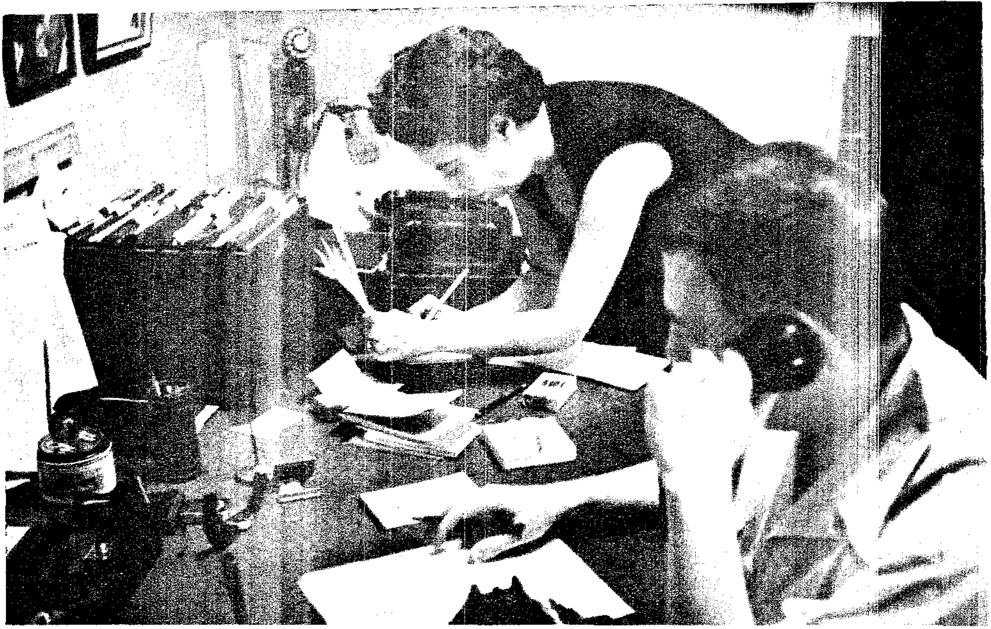
—WALTER WINCHELL

Broadway's Nite Errant

CHOLS

BOSWELL of Manhattan's busy night life is Ohio-born Earl Wilson, whose column, syndicated in 150 newspapers, intrigues 30,000,000 readers. Much of this attraction stems from Wilson's flip style and the naïvely brazen questions he likes to shoot at celebrities. But friends say this brashness is really a cloak for his small-town awe of famous people. In the glow of a marquee, below, Wilson pauses to check his working schedule—a hectic, 18-hour stint of footwork, brainwork and homework, depicted on the following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LA



Morning work begins with phone interview for Earl, as his "B.W." (Wilsonese for "Beautiful Wife") jots appointments on calendar in his office at home.

A 1,000-word column daily takes legwork as well as brainwork

***Variety* and *Billboard* help Earl keep posted on theatrical personalities.**

SHORTLY after 11 A.M., Earl Wilson gulps orange juice and coffee as he strides through his apartment kitchen to his "office"—two converted maids' rooms. "I'm at work in 30 seconds," he boasts.

With two assistants and one legman, Wilson plans the daily program of phone calls, rounds and interviews that will keep him on the prowl until before dawn.

The seemingly withdrawn and morose-looking Wilson, 49, is one of New York's hardest-working columnists. He usually drives himself 18 hours a day. Last year he traveled 75,000 miles in search of news. But the pace pays off. He earns about $75,000 a year.

Wilson owns three cameras, and frequently takes his own pictures. Below, he poses Anita Ekberg and asks: "Are your husband's chest measurements as impressive as yours?" To which she retorts: "He's a man with a mind."

Comedian Jackie Gleason gives Earl a flower from opening-night bouquet.

Sophie Tucker talks Wilson into gin game in dressing room interview.

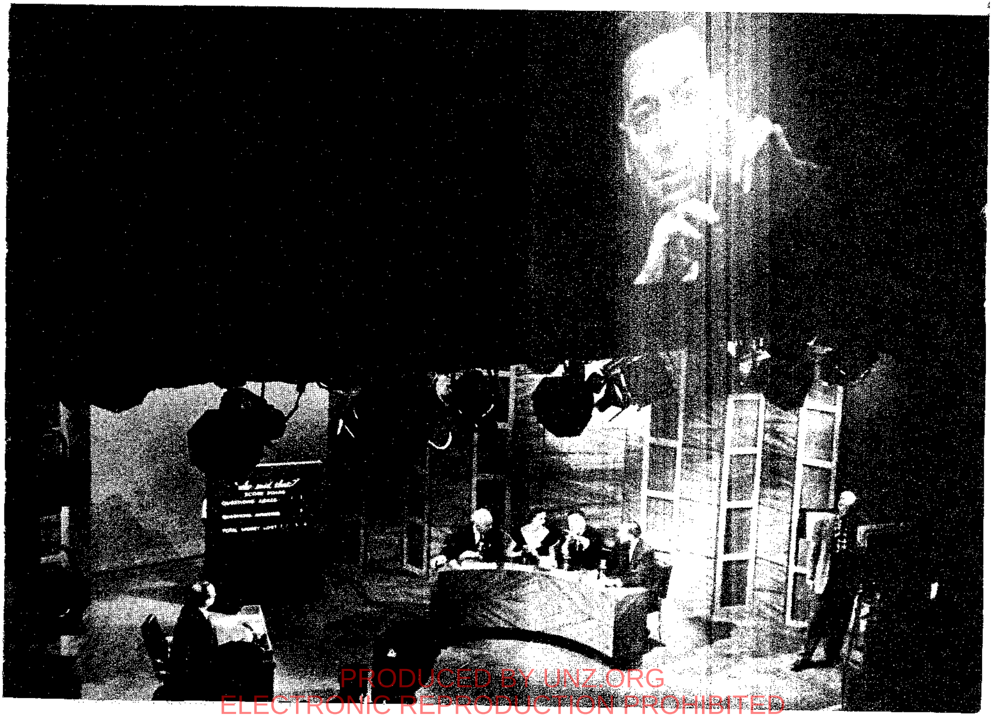
"Sometimes they even floor *me* with their answers . . ."

People always ask Wilson what there is about him that inspires confidences from celebrities. "It's not my form divine," he flips. The form stands 5′6″ and tends to be squat, although he manages to keep his weight down to 150 pounds. His soft voice is almost a monotone; his green eyes always sad, yet curiously alert. He admits that "it's hard for me to smile; my friends say I have a kind of a poker face." He keeps his black hair crewcut.

Actually, Wilson has a simple interview technique: "I talk casually about a number of things first, to put the person at ease. Then I pop the big questions." When he began writing his column in 1942, Wilson's blunt style of questioning often aroused indignation. "But today, everybody's candid," he says. "Nobody bridles at anything I ask 'em. Sometimes they even floor *me* with their answers . . . and I don't blush easily."

Backstage at musical *Damn Yankees*, Earl asks star Gwen Verdon about reports of a new romance. Formerly wed to a Hollywood columnist, Gwen tells Wilson she used to be a reporter.

As syndicated columnist and author of four books, Wilson is a celebrity himself. He frequently appears on television panel shows like "I've Got a Secret."


who said that?

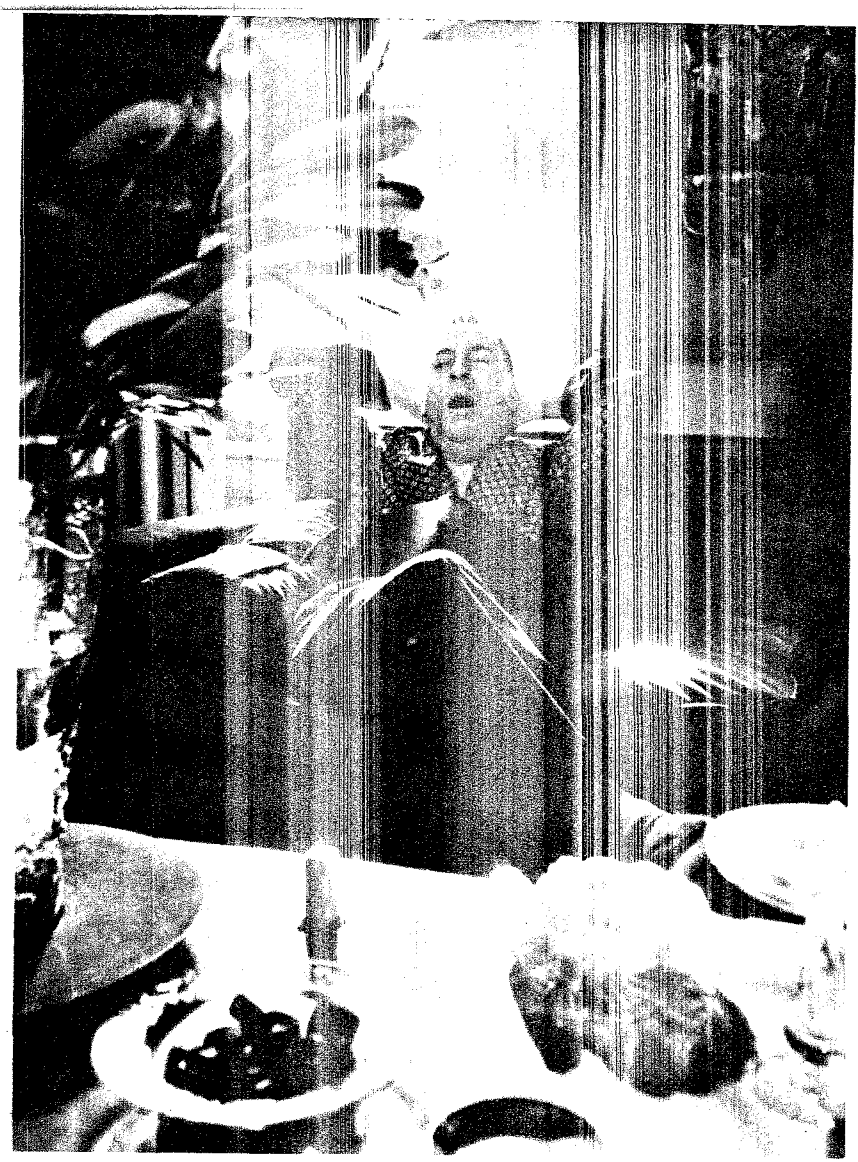
"Between columns, I'm slowly sweating out a novel . . ."

To get an off-beat story, Wilson has covered a nudist convention clad only in his crewcut, crashed a party for the Prince and Princess of Monaco, and interviewed night club attendants for tidbits like the tipping habits of the Duchess of Windsor. But this ex-Sunday School teacher from Ohio also respects confidences; women like Eleanor Holm and Bobo Rockefeller often call to discuss problems and ask his advice. "Writers who try to get ahead by knifing people don't last very long," says Wilson.

After rounding up his news, he returns to his West Side apartment about 2 A.M., looks over the information gathered by his legman and then decides whom "to wake up to confirm the stories." His late deadline, Wilson believes, keeps news fresh. Around 2:30, his column is finished and on its way to the *New York Post* by taxi, and Wilson starts trying to unwind.

At artists' ball, Wilson queries a gilded model on prize-winning costume.

Singer Betty George at the Latin Quarter tells Earl about Greek food.



His household—wife, mother-in-law, son Slugger, 14; and Cookie, a miniature schnauzer—are asleep. The day's work behind him, Wilson relaxes in an easy chair. "After tussling with eyestrain for years, I got a pair of reading glasses, and they've changed my life," he says. "Now I can turn off the tension by reading a novel for an hour or so and get to bed by 5 A.M." These quiet moments before dawn are his alone, a luxury to be savored.

Malaya's Red-Hot Mama

by John Carlova

Artist in food and friendship, "Queen of the Beach of Passionate Love," Mama Ruperti, 60 years old, weight 250, is the most fabled white woman in the Far East

KELAN
ARTS
8 30
2 15
THUR T

AT A RECENT BALL at Kota Bharu in exotic Malaya, all eyes turned as the Sultan of Kelantan made his entrance. The Sultan, who has an eye for feminine loveliness, stood for a moment looking over the ladies in the ballroom—exquisite Chinese girls in sleek *cheongsams,* lush Malayans in silver-threaded sarongs, classic Indian beauties in vivid *saris,* formally-dressed wives and daughters of British government officials and rubber planters.

Then, as the music began, the Sultan crossed the floor, smiled and said, "Darling, I *insist* that you dance with me." He held out his arms to a 60-year-old woman weighing nearly 250 pounds.

No one was surprised, for this was "Mama" Ruperti, the most fabulous white woman in the Far East. Her reply was typical of Mama: "Sure, kid! Hold on—here we go!" And she began whirling about the ballroom with the zest and bounce of a 16-year-old.

Mama Ruperti is a living legend, known and loved from Shanghai to Calcutta. With dark hair, eyes bright and lively, dimpled cheeks—and multiple chins—pink and glowing, she looks like a cross between Sophie Tucker and Shirley Temple. Yet Mama has lived through tragedy and disaster, faced violent death a dozen times, and triumphed through sheer force of character and courage.

Today, she is the uncrowned Queen of the Beach of Passionate Love. This famous beauty spot—"Panti Chinta Buraki" as the Malays call it—stretches along the South China Sea coast of Kelantan, a colorful, jungle-covered state on the northeastern corner of the Malay Peninsula, just south of Thailand. With its tall, tropical palms, golden sands, exhilarating surf, blazing blue skies, friendly villagers and lovely Malay girls, the Beach is probably the most unspoiled and romantic area in the world today.

Mama rules her domain from her fine new hotel in the nearby capital town of Kota Bharu. And she rules it—in spite of her tremendous bulk—with an ebullience, a bubbling humor, a great gusto for the culinary art, and a freewheeling generosity which saves her from the embarrassment of acquiring too much worldly wealth.

They say that a seaman once sat down to table at a boarding house Mama was running in Singapore, gaped at the mountains of food and blurted, "Holy smoke! With a table like this, how do you make any profit?"

Mama looked into the matter and found she *wasn't* making any profit. "Well," she decided, "I like to cook and I like to see people eat. That's my profit."

To Mama, food is the stuff of dreams, philosophy, fine living and high art. Like all true artists, she has an instinctive flair for her art of cooking—although, on the surface, this may appear to be a light-hearted unconcern. Popping into the kitchen she will gather up the raw ingredients her staff has prepared and toss them, apparently without rhyme or reason, into various pots and pans. Yet, when they appear—an unbelievable array of Chinese, Malayan, Indian, Russian and American dishes—they are truly works of art, served up by Mama with style and authority.

One night she spiced her food with practical psychology. Two Jap traders had registered at the hotel—the first Japs to return to Kelantan since World War II—and word soon spread. A big, hard-bitten Australian mining engineer, who had suffered in a Jap prison camp for three years, came stomping in from the jungle, a pistol on his hip and blood in his eye.

"Where are those blankety blank Japs?" he demanded. "I'm gonna beat both of 'em within an inch of their lives! I hate Japs!"

Mama had been expecting the big Aussie and had a table piled high with his favorite food. "The Japs aren't in right now," she told him. "Sit down and have a bite to eat while you're waiting."

An hour later, after he had stuffed himself to the neck on Mama's cooking, she said, "You know, kid, you only hurt yourself by hating somebody. It puts you off your food. Look—you haven't eaten a thing!"

The Aussie, in a mellow mood after all that food, burst out laughing. "You're right, Mama," he agreed. "To hell with the Japs! What's for dessert?"

MAMA RUPERTI was born Alexandrovna Yerusolimsky in Moscow in 1896. Her father was a doctor and her mother a minor member of the aristocracy. She had two sisters.

At the height of the Bolshevik terror, one of the sisters was killed by a mob and the rest of the family fled for their lives across Siberia to China. In Shanghai, Alexandrovna—an outstanding beauty in those days—supported them by singing in night clubs and restaurants. Alexandrovna met and married a White Russian naval hero, Captain Ivan Ruperti, and they started a Russian restaurant, the first of a series of restaurants, night clubs, hotels and boarding houses they ran in the Philippines, Hong Kong, Saigon, Bangkok and, eventually, Singapore. There, at about eight P.M. on September 8, 1926, Captain Ruperti took his usual evening stroll along the waterfront—and was never seen again.

The captain had been an active leader in the fight against world communism and police investigations left little doubt that Red agents had slipped into Singapore from Java, then waited their chance, kidnapped Captain Ruperti, took him out to sea, killed him and dumped his body overboard.

For months, Mrs. Ruperti was inconsolable, for she had been deeply in love with her husband. She shut herself away and tried to drown her sorrows with brandy. "All *that* did," she ruefully admits, "was make me fat!"

After a year or so she pulled herself together and, to compensate for the children she now felt she would never have, she began adopting stray youngsters. Nearly a score of Malayan, Chinese, Indian and Eurasian children were soon calling her "Mama"—which is how she acquired her nickname.

When the Japs invaded Malaya in 1941, Mama acted as nurse, cook

Mama Ruperti, dressed as a Chinese laborer, reigning at one of her colorful parties. To her, food "is the stuff of dreams and philosophy."

and unfailing source of good cheer to the heavily outnumbered defenders. Only the stern orders of a British general made her board the *Kuala,* the last ship to leave Singapore with women and children refugees. The ill-fated *Kuala* was sunk by a Jap aircraft in the Straits of Malacca just before dawn on February 14, 1942. In the darkness and confusion, she went down before a single lifeboat could be launched.

Mama, who was then 46, swam to nearby Pom Pom Island, dragging two hysterical women along with her. Her only comment on this amazing feat is a brusque, "I was too damned fat to sink—and those dames just wouldn't let go of me." Nevertheless, for her heroism, and for organizing and looking after the survivors who managed to reach Pom Pom, Mama was decorated by the British, Dutch and Australian governments.

The survivors were picked up by a passing Dutch freighter—which was sunk the following day by a Jap gunboat. Mama swam to Sumatra, where she and two other women refugees dodged Jap patrols and trekked through the sweltering jungle to a fishing port—just in time to catch the last ship for India.

In Calcutta, Mama offered her services to the British authorities and was placed in charge of a military rest center. There, for three years, she was in her glory looking after thousands of Allied troops, including many Americans. Today, she still gets letters from scores of her "boys" all over the world.

By war's end, Mama returned to

Singapore. Many of her adopted children had grown up. They wanted to take care of her, but she indignantly refused to sit back and be looked after. Instead, she accepted an offer to develop the resort possibilities of the Beach of Passionate Love.

She stirred sleeping Malay officials into action, got roads built and induced airline, rail and ship companies to improve their services to Kelantan. Then, to top it all, she talked the Sultan himself into financing her fine, modern hotel in Kota Bharu.

There she has played host to a Malay Sultan, a Siamese prince, an Indonesian princess, an Indian rajah—along with assorted planters, miners, sailors, lumbermen, artists, fishermen, big-game hunters, policemen, army officers, beachcombers, and their womenfolk.

Next to her love of cooking is Mama's solicitude for her friends, with which she lets nothing interfere. She found out at dinner one day that a young British police lieutenant was suffering from a sore back. The next thing the dignified youngster knew, Mama had peeled off his shirt and was plastering one of her special preparations over his back. The other diners cheered, but the lieutenant could only gasp, "Oh, I say, Mama—*really!*"

The story is gleefully told of how she once called on a pompous British colonial officer to see about speeding up a building permit. The officer hemmed and hawed importantly, then left to check with another official. Mama, with growing exasperation, had noticed a printed motto on his desk:

I try to live so that when I die
Even the undertaker will cry

Before stalking out, Mama scribbled beneath:

No fear, you jerk!
He'll cheer and smirk!

Mama Ruperti's philosophy of life is based on laughter. She likes a lot of people around her and she likes them laughing. If they're not, she brings into play a rare ability to tell an earthy story with complete innocence and abandon.

"You have more fun than anybody I know," a guest once said.

Mama grinned and shrugged her massive frame. "And why not? There's more of me!"

Easier Than You Think

(Answer on page 111)

THE LETTERS below represent numbers in an addition problem, and their total is given. How quickly can you find the value of each letter?

$$\begin{array}{cccccc} & A & B & C & D & E \\ & A & B & C & D & E \\ & A & B & C & D & E \\ \hline 2 & 2 & 2 & 4 & 7 & 7 \end{array}$$

—BORIS RANDOLPH

Terror at Donner Pass

by Norman Carlisle

The streamliner lay trapped in the snow . . . a madman, disease and deadly fumes imperiled the 226 aboard. Their lives depended on one man—a small town doctor

When the Southern Pacific's luxury streamliner *City of San Francisco* pulled out of Chicago on Friday, January 11, 1952, probably the happiest passengers aboard were Dr. and Mrs. Walter H. Roehll, starting on a well-deserved vacation to Hawaii. The pleasant, ordinary general practitioner from the pleasant, ordinary city of Middletown, Ohio, had promised his wife that he would not think of medicine during the entire trip. He had even left his black doctor's bag at home, although at the last moment he *had*—perhaps intuitively—tossed a handful of medicines into a vacant space in her pink stocking box, just in case.

The streamliner rolled comfortably across the plains, through the desert reaches of Utah and Nevada—and into the teeth of one of the worst blizzards California had known in 15 years. A howling gale drove the snow at a 100-mile-an-hour clip as the mighty diesels labored up the steep eastern wall of the Sierra Nevadas. Still at a grinding crawl because of the heavy drifts, the train wound past ice-bound Donner Lake, bleak and silent in the darkness, where the ill-fated Donner Party had been marooned through a terrible winter a century ago. Shortly before dawn on Sunday, east of both Yuba Pass and Emigrant Gap, the diesel came to an ominous halt, its V-plow helpless against a drift packed to ice hardness. The *City of San Francisco,* with 196 passengers and a crew of 30 aboard, was trapped on a ledge high in the Sierras. Ahead and behind, the tracks were covered by vast drifts. Below yawned the dark depths of a canyon. And on the slopes above hung masses of snow that might roar down at any moment. When it grew light, conductors went through the train assuring the passengers, "Everything's all right, folks. Plow coming up the other way to get us out."

In his compartment, as the day wore on and the train still sat there unmoving, lines of concern began to crease Dr. Roehll's round face. His wife was quick to note his mounting anxiety. "You're getting worried, aren't you, Walter?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I was just thinking . . ." He got up uneasily. "Guess I'll go and have a look around."

What he learned was disquieting —he was the only medical man aboard the beleaguered train! But there were a few nurses. As for medical supplies, the train carried emergency first-aid kits, but they contained little more than bandages and antiseptics.

The good-natured twinkle was gone from the stocky, graying doctor's eyes when, toward evening, he journeyed the length of the train and stopped to talk to each nurse. Would they try to get some sleep now, please, in case they were needed during the night?

Back in his own compartment he got out his wife's pink hosiery box and reviewed its contents wryly: a few ampules of penicillin, 2,000,000 units in all . . . a bottle of morphine . . . phenobarbital, 50 half-grain tablets . . . bottle of aspirin . . . hypodermic syringe. Pitifully little to cope with what could go wrong among 226 people in a single night. And suppose it were for longer! He leaned back against the seat and fell asleep. . . .

Almost instantly there was a knock. A man stood at the door. "My little girl—she's so hot."

Taking up the pink case, Dr. Roehll followed the worried father. The three-year-old was ill, all right —temperature 102.5, throat raw and inflamed. He gave her an injection of penicillin. Not enough, by usual standards, but it would help. He had to be sparing. Two million units for a trainload of people . . . !

He had just finished with the little girl when a trainman touched his arm. "Doctor, there's a man looking pretty bad. Says it's the altitude. . . ."

Dr. Roehll found the passenger writhing in pain, clutching his left arm. A few questions about his medical history confirmed the doctor's diagnosis: angina pectoris.

Morphine this time. Not much of it, but enough to stop the man's agony.

The doctor dozed briefly—then another knock at his door.

"Nurse in Car 6 says you'd better come right away."

In a compartment there, the doctor found Nurse Anna Lindblom bending over a man who lay gasping for breath, his face ashen. Mild stroke. There was nothing in the pink box for him. With the same soothing calmness he would have used back in Middletown, Dr. Roehll advised bed rest and assured the distracted wife that her husband would be all right.

The next problem came when suddenly the lights dimmed, flared, dimmed again, then went out completely in all except the cars that had propane gas generators. The big diesels were out of fuel. There would be no more heat in the train lying there under growing mounds of snow.

Dr. Roehll made his way through the darkened cars where passengers were beginning to huddle miserably under blankets, coats, curtains, anything they could pull over them. He made many stops to reassure frightened mothers and whimpering children.

When the grayness of a belated dawn came creeping in through snow-shrouded windows, Dr. Roehll stared out at it with red-rimmed eyes. He was only briefly cheered by the hot coffee and the plain fare of beans and frankfurters brought through by the stewards. Thank goodness, there was still food aboard.

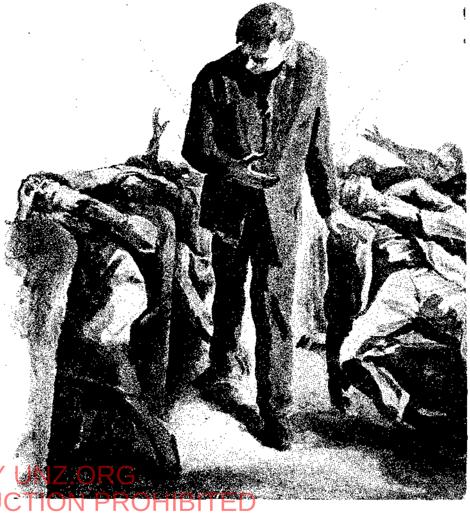
By now the air was growing heavy and unbreathable. He would have more sick on his hands if he didn't do something about it. He called for volunteers to open windows and doors to get fresh air into the cars from time to time. Yes, the people were cold enough already, but it had to be done.

Passengers in one of the cars were listening to a newscast on a battery-powered radio. The commentator's portentous voice spoke of the train trapped "somewhere in the Sierras."

"They don't even know where we are," someone said bitterly.

Others joined in, in tones ranging from forced jocularity to despair. There was gloomy comparison of their situation to the plight of the ill-fated Donner Party.

The doctor's progress through the train was slow as he stopped to examine patient after patient. It was getting harder to dole out the penicillin. He had only eight 100,000-unit shots left—for how long? He was playing a desperate game with



pneumonia, he knew, and he gave the nurses careful instructions about those to be checked at frequent intervals. Any one of them could, at any time, slip over into the danger zone.

When at last he had looked in on everyone in trouble, Dr. Roehll was staggering from fatigue. His heart was pounding and at times he felt his vision blurring. What if *he* got sick? The doctor shook himself. He had to get some rest; even a few minutes would help.

In his compartment, he shivered under blankets and top coat. "Hawaiian vacation . . ." he was thinking when his mind went blank.

He heard someone call and was on his feet. A white-faced trainman gasped, "It's awful, Doc. Awful. You've got to come. A guy's gone nuts."

He could hear the sounds long before he reached the compartment around which a frightened group had gathered. Muffled groans and shouts, heavy shoes kicking steel walls, the crash of glass.

Dr. Roehll tapped gently on the door. "It's the doctor." Sudden silence from within. "I'm here to help you. Open the door."

The catch snapped and Dr. Roehll found himself staring into the face of a madman, eyes wide with nameless terror and pain. The doctor motioned to those behind him.

"Step back. I'll be all right."

He went into the compartment and shut the door. The place was an incredible wreck, the man staring at him a wildly disheveled horror who opened his mouth in a terrifying scream.

Dr. Roehll's hunch had been right. The man was a drug addict who had run out of his supply. He had become, for the moment, a maniac. For just an instant the doctor hesitated. Then he opened the pink box and extracted the hypodermic syringe. Wordlessly, the trembling man extended his arm. The doctor administered morphine.

Hours later, haggard and worn, Dr. Roehll slumped in his seat and went to sleep again. He did not hear the first cries of fear.

But Nurse Anna Lindblom did. And only her nurse's training kept her from screaming at what she found. She turned and ran toward the doctor's compartment.

Dr. Roehll came wide awake at her urgent cry, knowing instantly that this was no ordinary alarm. In the next car he was faced with a sight that stunned him. Dozens of passengers were gasping for breath. Some sprawled in their seats, eyes wild, clawing at their collars. One man stood up, opened his mouth, and crumpled to the floor.

A frantic passenger jerked open the door shouting, "Doctor . . . doctor. . . ." and collapsed against the wall, retching in agonized convulsions.

For an instant Dr. Roehll stood there, clicking off the symptoms in his mind. Altitude? Food poisoning? Heart attacks? These were the symptoms. But that was fantastic.

Then suddenly the doctor knew that a silent, unseen killer was aboard the train, stalking the very corridor in which he stood.

"Get that thing off!" he shouted to a puzzled trainman. "The generator—get it off! Carbon monoxide!"

The deadly gas was loose in cars containing some 60 people. The vents to their propane-powered generators, which still produced faint lights, had become clogged with snow. The fumes which should have escaped were instead pouring into the cars. Doors were opened and the doctor shouted instructions for artificial respiration to volunteers who crowded in. Then a new thought struck him. There must be dozens of people behind the closed doors of compartments—people by now perhaps unconscious! Volunteers began to hammer on doors.

The cars were in pandemonium as Dr. Roehll set to work on those he judged in the worst condition. There was no time to move them as some were minutes away from death. He listened to the faint heartbeat of victim after victim, moved on to passengers lying sprawled outside compartments the volunteers had fought to open.

He became aware of Nurse Helen Guertz working at his side. She had slipped off two of the heavy coats she was wearing.

"Hot," she whispered, then clutched at her heart. Dr. Roehll eased her to the floor.

Voices began to come to him through a strange filter that made them seem far away. Then his eyes were playing tricks; the whole nightmarish scene was floating away from him. He tore at his own clothing, trying to open his shirt. The heat. The terrible heat. His heart pounded crazily and blackness came up over him. . . .

"Doctor. . . . doctor. . . ." The alarmed voice at his ear brought him back out of the darkness.

"All right, nurse. I'm all right." Was that his own voice responding to the pleas of Nurse Lindblom?

The fight went on through the night . . . there was no count of the people who had collapsed and were brought back from the edge of death . . . no count of the number of times Dr. Roehll himself fought off unconsciousness.

It was nearly dawn on Tuesday when the doctor finally sank into a seat. Before sleep came, a faint far-off sound tugged at his consciousness. He sat bolt upright. That sound! It was coming from outside the train. And then his weary mind identified it—helicopter! He went to sleep knowing help was near.

Yet it was a day later before rescue workers had cleared a path from the train to a nearby lodge. The passengers trooped toward it, four of them on stretchers, with a tired man in a rumpled brown suit plodding beside them—the pleasant, ordinary general practitioner from Middletown who had brought them through their ordeal without loss of a single life.

Easier Than You Think

(Answer to puzzle on page 106)

SINCE THE TOTAL is given and each row of letters is the same, you simply divide the total by 3 and find that A equals 7, B equals 4, C equals 1, D equals 5, and E equals 9.

Princesses of Perfection

by MARK NICHOLS

Actresses are often typecast: the villainess dark and slinky, the heroine fair and clean-limbed. Fashion models are chosen the same way. But unlike actresses they must personify their parts completely, without the backstop of voice and action. The high fashion model, like Anne St. Marie *(above)*, must exude sophistication, just as each of the other types—outdoors, junior fashion, bathing suit and beauty models—must have a certain "label" personality that is instantly recognized by the beholder. This is a rare gift, richly rewarded. And on the following pages are five top models, all booked through The Fords model agency in New York, whose talents earn them over $200,000 a year.

Anne St. Marie

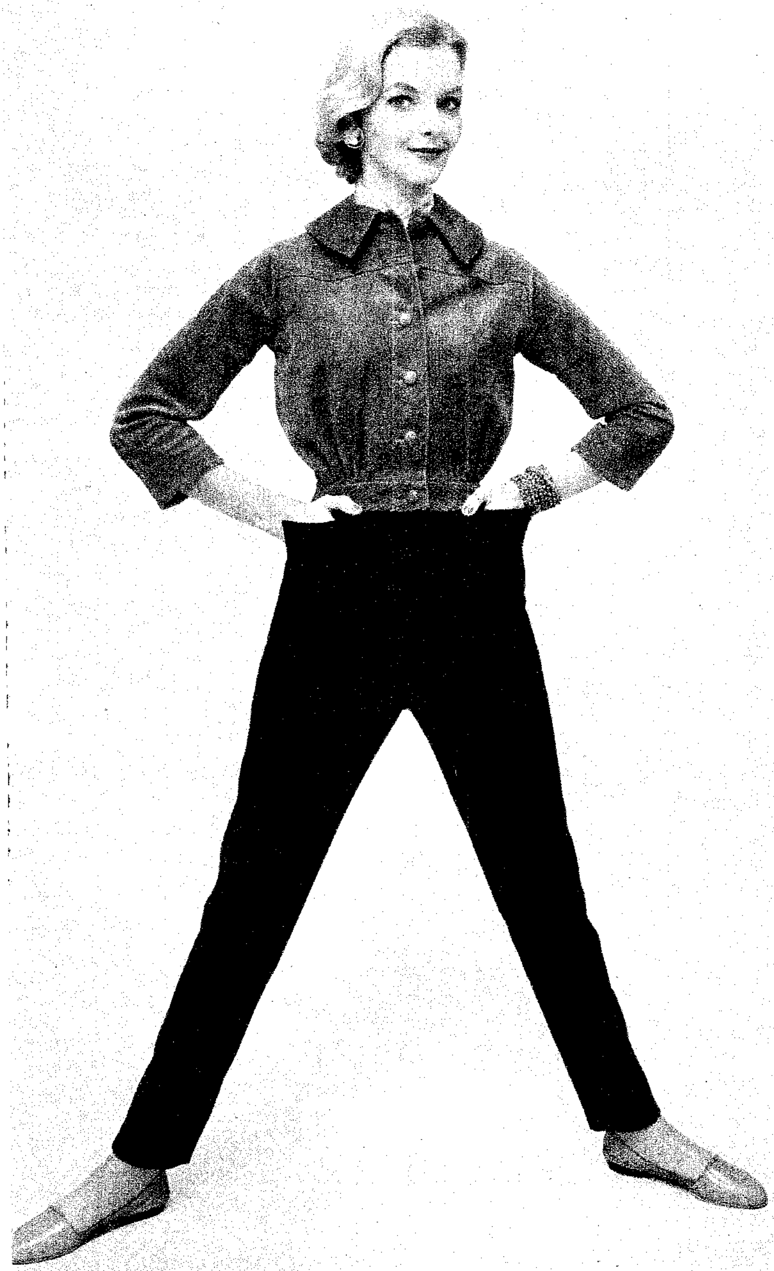
"HIGH FASHION requires constant autosuggestion," says Anne St. Marie, a California girl of 33″-22″-34″ proportions, 5′8″ tall and weighing 105 pounds. "You have to tell yourself, when posing in a chinchilla wrap: 'You're the most elegant woman in the world, accustomed to luxurious furs.' You can't feel like you've been caught wearing your mother's hand-me-down."

Anne accentuates her features—which are strikingly reminiscent of Garbo—with extreme make-up for high fashion sittings. For Lilly Daché cosmetics (*opposite*) she registers a "smoldering-tigress" expression. But she insists, "My two sisters are far more beautiful. I don't photograph well when I smile."

At 30, this former art student has been modeling for four years. Today her fee is $60 an hour, tops in the business, and her income is approximately $50,000 a year. Her overhead includes 10 per cent for taxis, make-up and accessories, and 10 per cent for agency fees.

Separated from her husband, Anne devotes her spare time to her son Johnny, 4 (*below*). She has her fill of chic clothes during her work day, and prefers comfortable casuals for leisure. She usually goes to the theater in sweater, skirt and raincoat.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



Lois Gunas

IT'S NO ACCIDENT that Lois Gunas gets outdoor assignments. A former figure skater and line girl in the *Ice Capades,* she also likes to swim and ski.

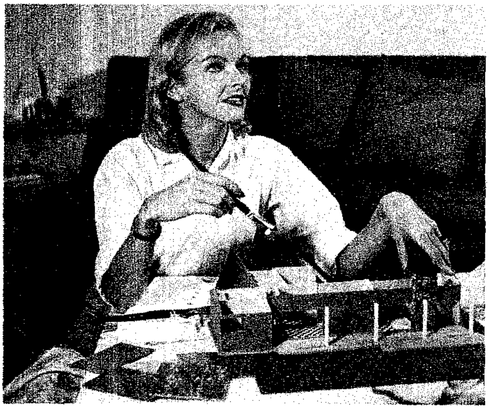
Lois commutes to New York modeling jobs from her new home in Princeton, N. J. To enjoy country life longer, she works only four days a week—and earns nearly $35,000 annually posing for accounts like Cone Mills, Inc. (*left*).

When she poses outdoors, Lois uses less make-up than other models. "Photographers want a natural skin tone," she explains. Her outdoor work features sportswear and bathing suits. "I'm not tall enough for high fashion modeling, nor do I have the face for it," she says.

John Robert Powers discovered Lois while she was helping a Cleveland department store choose college fashions. At 5′7″ with her 32″-21″-33″ measurements and weighing 107 pounds she was a natural for modeling.

While commuting and while waiting for the cameras to be set up Lois reads newspapers and books, and does crossword puzzles. She met her husband, an advertising executive, at a university fraternity party. "We were pen pals for almost three years before our first date," she says. Her future plans? To model "until the children come."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



***Above:* Lois tints the model of home she and husband designed. *Below:* In her favorite at-home costume, she surveys the New Jersey countryside.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

Patsy Shally

NEW YORKER Patsy Shally, at 24, is a veteran in the youth field. She began at 13, when a neighborhood photographer asked her to pose for a children's clothes catalog. While in high school, Patsy modeled teen-age fashions and, upon graduating, was in great demand as "the junior with the big brown eyes." She gets $50 an hour for jobs like the photo for Dorothy Gray cosmetics (*left*).

"I'm close to 5′7″ and weigh 112, the best size for a junior," says Patsy, dismissing other measurements as irrelevant. She loves junior sittings because, as an ex-drama student, she still enjoys acting out a range of emotions: "You have to look coy or shy or like you're on your first date." Patsy abandoned acting classes because "it was hard work and basically I'm not that ambitious."

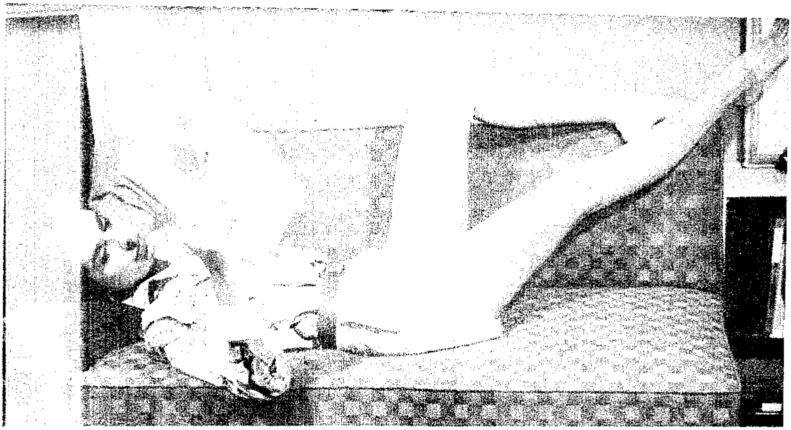
After juniors, what? Not high fashion, says Patsy. "It's difficult for me to put across that terribly chic look; it doesn't come naurally to me. By the time I'm too old for juniors, I hope to be raising a family. I can't think of anything nicer," she says earnestly. Time has solved her biggest problem: "I used to have adolescent skin that would break out often." Patsy spends leisure hours studying. "In my business," she says, "you can get to depend too much on surface prettiness, and not what's inside. Fortunately my large family—three sisters and two brothers—brings me down to earth."

Preparing for a date, Patsy adjusts an earring in her bachelor-girl apartment (*below, left*). A serious student, she reviews French coach's pronunciation pointers (*right*).

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



e, Mona relaxes the long stems that earn her about $42,000 yearly.

Mona McHenry

BOOKED as a last-minute replacement for a leg shot, Mona McHenry was terrified. "Me, the girl they called Bird Legs all through school! But the editors decided my legs were classic, and soon I was in bathing suits all the time."

Ironically, doctors had predicted when Mona was an infant that a muscular weakness in her ankles would prevent her from walking without braces. Sheer stubbornness, she claims, changed that.

Says the whimsical Mona: "I have a figure like a pop bottle, and on the street, nobody looks at me. But they stare at my bathing suit pictures. That's because I've learned enough about camera angles to make me appear like what I'm not."

Her height (5′7½″) and weight (115) are ideal for swim-suit shots—like the Flexees advertisement, (*left*)—and so are her other statistics: 33″ ("with a little help from falsies")-21″-34″. Mona's modeling fee has climbed to $40 an hour.

After seven years of modeling, Mona, 30, admits, "I thought each year would be my last. But my face doesn't appear in many of the ad photos I pose for—so unless I get varicose veins, I'm all right."

Since investing in a four-story building, Mona is a do-it-yourself expert.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

Three strapping sons (*above*, aged 6, 4, 1) enliven her home life. Plants and books are in profusion in Mary Jane's spacious Greenwich Village apartment.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR

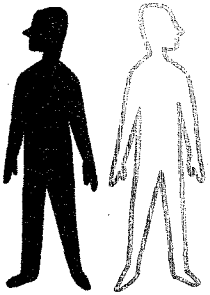
Mary Jane Russell

MARY JANE RUSSELL is grateful to beauty photographers, who focus mainly on hands and head, as in the Trifari jewelry photo opposite. "I was able to work through three pregnancies, until the day before I entered the hospital," she explains.

Her hands, she believes, are her best feature. "I'm one of the smallest models in the business," she says. She measures 33½″-20″-33″, is 5′6¼″ tall and weighs 100 pounds. "My figure photographs like a junior, but *I* don't," laughs Mary Jane, who is 30. "Juniors call for the rounded face of adolescence."

But her high cheekbones have put M.J. in demand with high fashion photographers, too. She has a realistic attitude toward her work: "A model has to be cooperative and helpful without being dictatorial. She must have a sense of balance because each picture goes on a page *which you turn*—and that's it."

Married at 20 to her Teaneck, N. J., childhood sweetheart, Mary Jane manages a large household and a busy modeling career (at $50 an hour) with a remarkably unhurried air. Her husband, an advertising vice-president, has no quarrel with her full schedule. Her biggest challenge is finding new ways of cooking eggs to please a 6-year-old who periodically insists, "I'm not putting another egg in my face."



twins — a puzzlement

by GERALDINE YOUCHA

TELLING TWINS APART is a problem which has puzzled parents, scientists and teachers for generations—as identical twins in a California high school might have testified. They were continually confused with each other, and accused of cheating on exams. "How else could they write identical answers?" their teacher wanted to know.

Finally, the principal decided to have one boy take a Latin test in his office, while his twin sat outside. When the exams were marked, the twins got exactly the same grade. They had made the same mistakes. And they had used the same words to write their answers!

If you are a twin, your chance as a parent of having twins is extremely rare—they usually skip at least one generation. According to some authorities, if your sister had twins, you are eight times more likely to have them than the average person—and twins are more frequently born to parents who already have had several children.

Identical twins—resulting from the division of a single fertilized egg—are so alike that skin from one can be successfully grafted onto the other—a fact which gives badly burned identical twins tremendous medical advantages.

One puzzled father in Newark, however, found the physical similarities of his twin girls a frightening medical mystery, rather than an advantage. What if he gave Arlene the medicine meant for Elaine? To solve his problem, Vincent Ferraro had his girls fingerprinted.

"Now," he said contentedly, "whenever I have to separate Arlene from Elaine, I can take their prints again and compare them."

Even identical twins who have been separated since infancy retain physical similarities to a startling degree. They may have similar personality and mental traits, too, although brought up miles apart by different sets of foster parents.

One of the most famous cases of this kind concerns Fred and Edwin, separated about a week after birth.

They were adopted by two sets of foster parents who lived in the same town and, until they were eight years old and one of the families moved, the boys knew each other but did not suspect they were brothers.

When Edwin was in his 20s, he got a job as a telephone repairman. One day an employee from another district walked into the office. "Why, Fred," he said, "what are you doing here?"

Edwin explained he had no idea who "Fred" was, and they both laughed about the amazing resemblance. A year later, the same thing happened. This time Edwin told his parents the story. Reluctantly they admitted he was an adopted child, and that some place he had a twin.

Edwin immediately decided to find Fred to determine if he were the long-lost double. He was. Fred was a telephone repairman for the same company, although in a different area. They had married girls of approximately the same age in the same year. They both had infant sons. And, believe it or not, each had named his fox terrier "Trixie."

Twins are sometimes susceptible to the same contagious diseases. At Randolph Field during World War II, an Army doctor treated a soldier for an infected left ear. A couple of hours later, his twin, stationed in another part of the camp, got an earache. And it was the left ear, too!

Even more puzzling are cases which seem to indicate that identical twins can communicate with each other without speaking. No one is saying it's telepathy—but no one is saying it isn't. Identical twins in a biology class discovered there wasn't time to read all the assigned books before a test, so they split the work between them. They were both able to answer the main question in almost the same words, even though one twin had not read the material or discusssed it with the other.

Strangely enough, there have been few famous twins in proportion to their number in the population. Today, among the best known are the Swiss scientists, Jean and Auguste Piccard. The Piccards are so alike that many people think there is only one of them.

Once they decided to play a trick on a barber in their native Switzerland. According to the story, Jean went in and asked for a shave. Then he complained to the barber that his beard was so heavy he had to shave several times a day. The barber insisted *his* shaving was so close that M. Piccard would have no trouble.

Angrily, he offered the scientist a free shave if he needed one in less than 24 hours. Then he proceeded to scrape the beard off Jean's face.

A few hours later, Auguste, his face covered with stubble, appeared. He got the free shave—from the most amazed barber in Switzerland.

If you have had one set of twins already, brace yourself. You have a more than average chance of having a future multiple birth. A Cleveland woman, married three times, had seven pairs of twins, five sets of triplets, and three sets of quadruplets.

Grandpa Gets Mad at the Attic

The latest yarn in Coronet's whimsical grandfather series

by K. N. Hardin

When our children married, I generously informed them that they could always consider our house *home*. Actually, I just meant that if they ever *needed* to come home, the welcome mat would be out. I had in mind times of sickness or trouble, or short visits during festive occasions. I didn't mean for them to use our place as a base camp.

I didn't kick a bit when our oldest daughter, who was slightly expectant at the time, lay down on my bed to rest for a while, and rested there for three months. And I didn't complain—too much—the time three of our grandchildren came down with the chicken pox while we were minding them, and had to stay for the duration.

Emergencies can be expected from time to time, and I don't object to being of some assistance. But what I *do* object to is the fact that our house—specifically the attic—has been used as a dumping ground by our married children for years.

They are all "keepers," and possibly that is an inherited tendency since my wife and I are also "keepers." There comes a time, however, when something has to go!

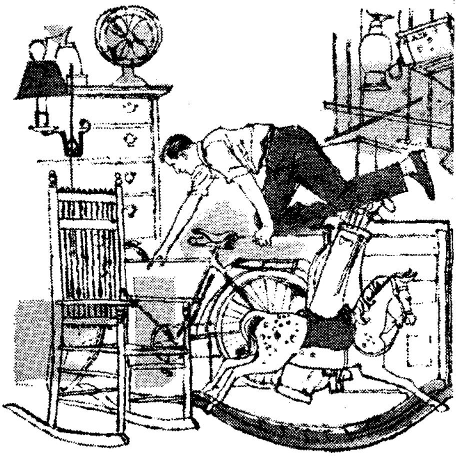
Once, when our youngest daughter brought in a load of winter clothes to store, I hinted rather pointedly that she put them in the attic at her own home.

"Daddy, we don't even *have* an attic," she said impatiently. "*Nobody* does these days. They just aren't stylish. And besides, they just catch everything."

She could say *that* again!

Right then and there I began to take stock of the situation. In fact, several times after that I suggested they all come over and help us clean up and throw out, and they all blithely assured me that one of these days they'd do just that. But nothing ever came of it.

I don't want to leave the impression that we don't clean out our attic, because we have from time to



time rearranged everything in it. My wife takes one side and I take the other. She sets things in the middle of the floor that she thinks I don't need, and I set things out that I can't see why she'd keep. And then we go through them, and she puts all of her things back and I put mine back and we're right where we started.

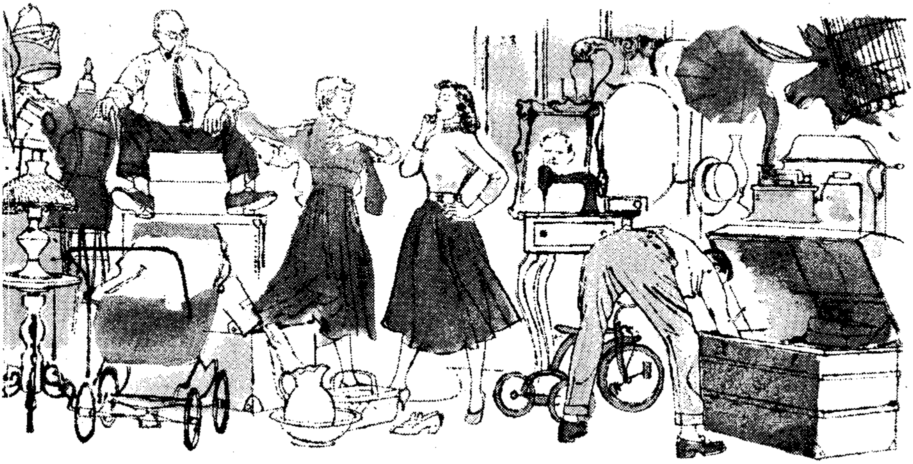
When things reached the point that we had to tie a string to the attic door so we could find our way back out before we dared enter, then I decided some changes had to be made. On the reconnaissance preceding what I proclaimed A-Day—Attic Day—even I was amazed at the amount of useless articles we had accumulated.

I don't count the console-type, wind-up phonograph entirely useless, because, if wound tightly enough, it can give out a rendition of "Valencia" that surpasses any hi-fi I ever heard. (Of course you have to really *like* "Valencia" to appreciate it.) But you take things like the autographed cast our oldest daughter had when she broke her arm in 1933. Or the wheel chair which has been handed down for generations in my wife's family, and to my knowledge has never been used! Or the stacks of boxes that have been up there so long that they are falling apart. I found we were carrying a very nice line of maternity clothes labeled Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter in our Ladies-Ready-To-Wear section, and the books gathering dust in the corners would, if placed end to end, have circled the globe twice.

Yes sir, I'd had enough. That Saturday afternoon I sat down to the telephone and called my oldest daughter, Eloise.

"Dear," I said, pleasantly, "your mother and I are cleaning out the attic today and we thought you might like to come over and sort out your stuff. There are a lot of your old school things that. . . ."

"Dad, I have all three of the children in the tub," she explained, a little impatiently. "And we have



guests coming for dinner. You just work around my boxes and one of these days I'll get up there and go through them."

"All right, dear," I said, agreeably. "I just wondered if you wanted that suit box full of your old love letters. We took a lot of stuff out in the back yard to dust, and the top fell off the box and some of the letters blew over the hedge. Some of the neighborhood children are sticking them in letter boxes up and down the street, and I just thought. . . ."

There was a strange gurgling sound followed by a sharp click.

Then I put in a call to my youngest daughter. "Dear," I began, and made my attic-cleaning speech.

"Daddy, I'm playing bridge right now," my daughter informed me hurriedly. "Just stack my things in a corner and I'll get to them soon."

"Just as you say, dear," I mumbled meekly. "I was just going to tell you that Eloise and her children are over here and the kids have gotten into some of your diaries and are reading some rather interesting portions aloud. . . ."

"Awk!" my daughter exclaimed.

I made my last call. "Son, we're cleaning out the attic. Want to come over and lend a hand with your things?"

"Well, say, I'm glad you're cleaning that place up," my son informed me. "When I took my fishing tackle up there last week I could hardly get through for the junk up there. Wish I could help, but I'm mowing the lawn this afternoon. Don't touch my stuff though. I'll take care of it pretty soon."

"That'll be fine, son," I said. "By the way, your foot locker turned over while we were moving it, and some pictures and things fell out. Say, who is this Juanita from Manila?"

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, frantically. "No! No! No!"

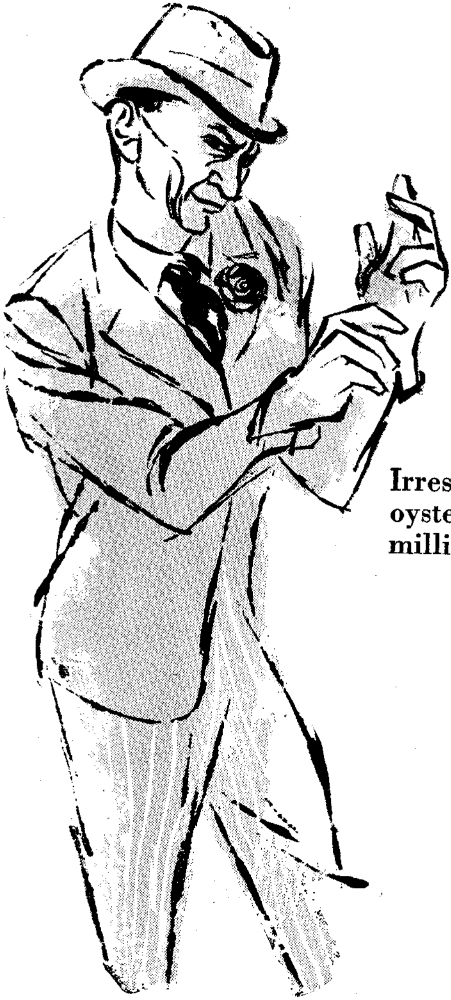
You'd be amazed at how fast they arrived. Eloise had paused only long enough to wrap bath towels around the children. My youngest daughter had left her bridge buddies holding a seven no-trump bid. Our son screeched his brakes in the driveway, bounded wildly upstairs and began tearing letters and pictures into shreds.

They were joined later by their respective spouses, who entered into the separation of the loot, and things came off pretty well, if I do say so. There was a little heated discussion over whose maternity clothes were whose, and a few words over who got the picture of Robert E. Lee—but when it was all over, our attic was a joy to behold.

For weeks after that I'd go upstairs and admire it.

Then, little by little, objects began to seep back. A box of glad bulbs marked: 1956—pale pink. A tricycle with the back wheel missing. A lounge chair with the stuffing coming out. It's beginning to look like we're in business again.

Occasionally my wife and I go up there and turn on "Valencia" and sort things out and put things back. I asked a carpenter the other day about sealing the attic off. Frankly, I think it's the only way out. Unless, of course, we could find a little efficiency apartment with very little closet space and no attic at all!



DEAN OF THE CON MEN

by George Herald

Irresistibly charming, the world his oyster, his polished shell game dupes millionaire and maharaja alike

An ugly green-eyed little man in well-tailored clothes may at this moment be cheating at cards in Acapulco, rigging a horse race in Casablanca, or swindling a rich widow in Venice with an ingenious variation of one of the oldest confidence games in the world. Because he has beautiful manners and affects a marked stoop, people tend to mistake him for a tired Old World aristocrat. But Interpol (the International Police) knows him as probably the greatest scoundrel since Cagliostro.

The man's victims say that his eyes burn with a strange magnetic fire that puts them completely under his spell. He speaks eight languages fluently and his powers of persuasion are equally great in each one. A Canadian who recently came to borrow a small sum from him, for instance, loaned *him* $3,000 instead.

The list of his dupes includes a New York airline executive, Washington lawyers, movie moguls, a wealthy maharaja—and even bigger game.

This global charlatan has variously posed as Alexander Dannot, Charles Jadeaux Dannut, Della Valle Enrique, Max Frimen, Carlos Ladenis, Max Landeau, Maxim Amadez, Alexander Newborn (after getting out of jail), Count Nevarre Alex, Alfred Roschildt, Prince Alexander Romanoff, and at least 30 other characters. According to his last valid travel document—passport No. 26-148-103 issued by the Spanish consulate in Milan on April 10, 1951—he is a certain Fernandez Antonio Novarro, born in Vigo in 1894.

ON A sunny morning in May, 1951, Fernandez Antonio Novarro arrived at the Hotel George V in Paris in a cream-colored Lincoln driven by an impressive chauffeur. Novarro's luggage showed signs of much traveling and his suits, while superior in cut, had a well-worn look.

With his sallow skin, thin mustache and weary gestures, he seemed the perfect example of a decadent Latin in quest of Parisian entertainment. And entertainment he not only got but soon offered on a prodigal scale to astonished French society. Almost every night he gave banquets at which the most exquisite dishes were served to bluebloods and gate crashers alike. And the prettiest girls of Paris began to beat a path to his door.

In two months Novarro squandered some 15,000,000 francs ($43,000). When people wondered where it all came from, he nonchalantly—but vaguely—mentioned iron mines in Peru. Since he always paid cash and tipped well, he became the talk of the places where reputations are made by headwaiters.

In July, the chief barman of the Carlton Hotel in Cannes received a phone call from his opposite number in the George V: "You know, we have got a terrific fellow up here. His name is Fernandez Novarro, and he must be worth billions. He is coming down to you, so please take good care of him."

As a result, Novarro was received in Cannes like a minor potentate and introduced to every society notable at hand.

On the Côte d'Azur, Fernandez played his role of the grand seigneur with the skill of a seasoned performer.

He gave fabulous dances in the casinos. He gambled as if obsessed by an almost demonic passion.

"He was the first to arrive at the tables and the last to leave," a wealthy maharaja recalled. "He never could resist an offer to hold a banco, and he often covered wagers ranging from $20,000 to $30,000."

In August, Novarro opened the second phase of his gambit by starting rumors that his present wealth was chicken feed compared to what he would have if he could gain access to certain safe deposits he kept in a number of U.S. banks under various aliases. He couldn't get at them, he intimated, because they contained $60,000,000 he had hoarded during the Prohibition era while a trusted lieutenant of Al Capone.

"In Chicago gangster circles, they knew me as Kid Tiger," he confided. "My job was to arrange the shipment of bootleg booze from Canada into the U.S.

"If I now went back to America to fetch my money, the Federal Government would arrest me for tax evasion. Of course, I would gladly give a 10 per cent commission to anyone who might help me salvage the money, but who would take the risk?"

Interpol files show that Novarro had peddled variations of this theme for 20 years, and had always found gullible ones to advance him sizeable funds at this prospect of becoming a multimillionaire the easy way. By the time they discovered that there were no safe deposits, Novarro had already decamped to another country.

Unaware of these antecedents, the Riviera nabobs listened to their Spanish friend with a great deal of interest. But before any of them could make him an offer, Novarro happened to dine one night with two showgirls in the San Remo casino. The trio made so much noise that the director came to the table and said, "I am sorry to embarrass you, sir, but His Majesty requests that you quiet down a little."

"His Majesty? Whom are you talking about?"

"The gentleman in the corner over there—Farouk, King of Egypt."

"So what?" snapped Novarro. "I can take on King Farouk any day he wishes. Ask him whether he cares to gamble against me."

Farouk accepted the challenge and the chance association quickly bloomed into a beautiful friendship. The sovereign took an immediate liking to the little confidence man and Novarro at once recognized in the King potential prey of a caliber he had never hoped to meet even

"...he seemed the perfect example of a decadent Latin in quest of pleasure."

in his wildest dreams of conquest.

Farouk and his entourage occupied the entire first floor of the Carlton Hotel and Novarro was soon walking in and out as if he belonged to the family. The protection of royalty gave him great prestige along the coast. He was picked as a member of a beauty contest jury and admitted to a yacht club of the Côte d'Azur, one of the most exclusive clubs on the Continent.

The King and the crook spent long nights together at the baccarat tables, and in order to keep Farouk in good humor, Novarro let him win more often than not. Then, one evening, he mentioned his hidden millions to the monarch.

"What's the hitch?" Farouk asked.

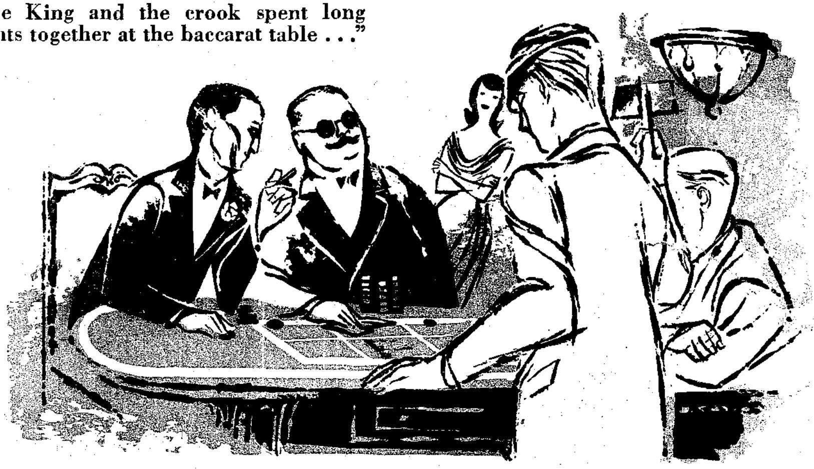
"No hitch, Your Majesty," said Novarro. "The only thing I would ask for is a small advance on the deal, for you know better than anyone does how much I have been losing in the casinos lately. I think a check for $100,000 would do—truly a trifle compared to the sums at stake."

To increase the King's interest in the transaction, Novarro offered to invest part of his regained fortune in the construction of a super casino in the Nile Valley that would be the most luxurious pleasure house of its kind in the Middle East. "It would feature the prettiest show girls money could buy, and Your Majesty would be a partner in the establishment," he said. Farouk listened in rapture and negotiations began. A few days later, his royal duties called him home, but the negotiations continued by correspondence.

FERNANDEZ ANTONIO NOVARRO of Vigo, Spain, had come a long way. Actually, Interpol has established, his name was not Novarro and he was not born in Spain but Poland, where he was named Abram Sykowski.

Novarro, or Sykowski, came to America as a small boy. According

"The King and the crook spent long nights together at the baccarat table . . ."



to Judge Amedeo Lauritano (then assistant U.S. Attorney), who later questioned him, he grew up on New York's Bowery and at 16 joined a vaudeville act as a contortionist. In the world of make-believe he was billed as the "Human Frog" or "The Frog Man."

Novarro came to view the whole world as a stage on which one had to create illusions in order to succeed. He apparently took for the motto of his life the old Roman proverb: "Mankind wants to be fooled."

On June 15, 1912, in Havana, Cuba, the boy came for the first time in conflict with the law when he received a sentence of 40 days in prison for cheating a tourist out of $40. Right after getting out of jail, police caught him at it again, and he got 90 days. That taught him a lesson, but not the one it was supposed to: he learned that small-time crime didn't pay.

As a result, he served two sentences for forgery and slipped back into the country via Mexico posing as U.S. citizen Carlos Nunn. On March 25, 1921, a San Diego court sentenced him to three years in jail for falsification of passports.

After serving two-thirds of that term, Novarro *did* go to work for the Al Capone ring in Los Angeles and Chicago. But he never got into big-league bootlegging, for in November, 1923, he received a long prison sentence for two thefts. When he was released six years later and put on a ship to Germany, he had, with brief interruptions, spent his whole adult life behind prison walls.

As an itinerant conman, Novarro now cheated, cardsharped, smuggled and gun-ran his way to wealth without any major setbacks until 1934, when Madrid police fingerprinted him on suspicion of dope smuggling. Two years later, in Austria, he was caught at a passport swindle, given five months in prison and expelled from the country.

According to Interpol, in July, 1936, he appeared in Switzerland, with a Nicaraguan passport issued in Vienna. As the Swiss police knew that he had been expelled from Austria, they took his prints and, acting on a hunch, sent them to Warsaw for examination. A month later, the Polish Judicial Police definitely identified the man as Abram Sykowski born in Radomsk on July 23, 1892.

Fingerprinting, of course, was not yet in use in Poland when Sykowski was a youngster. The Poles based their findings on an incident in 1930 when he was arrested and fingerprinted as a suspected cardsharp in the casino of Zoppot in the Free City of Danzig. At that time, he had found it convenient to fall under Polish jurisdiction and had revealed certain data about his family in Radomsk which could be checked and obviously was not invented. He later regretted that slip and tried by all means to cover it up. But Interpol possessed enough circumstantial evidence to leave no reasonable doubt about his identity.

A year later, Novarro came to Rome and let word of his "hidden bootleg millions" get around. It came to the ears of a fellow gangster, Benito Mussolini.

"I was introduced to the Duce at

the Royal Automobile Club by his girl friend Clara Petacci," Novarro once told police of this episode. "She had heard about my predicament through friends and felt that the dictator might be able to help me. Mussolini saw there a splendid opportunity to acquire much-needed dollars and, at the same time, play a trick on the U.S. Government. He gave me 7,000,000 lira to let him in on the deal."

Novarro decamped and used the lira to buy machine guns for Republican Spain and soon had built up a flourishing arms traffic across the French-Spanish border. But apparently the game entailed some danger. One day in January, 1938, at any rate, he rushed into the offices of the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes and exclaimed: "My name is Carlos Ladenis. I am an old customer of your establishment. At this moment I am being pursued by a gang of Fascists who want to kill me because I have been running guns to Spain. I desperately need a loan of 3,000,000 francs to make a getaway. Will you please oblige?"

Three days later, the French deported him to Spain as an undesirable alien. He set up headquarters in the Ritz Hotel in Barcelona and bragged about the days when he terrorized Chicago's gangland. He was *persona grata* with the Catalonian government—thanks to his arms deliveries—but he became somewhat less grata after cheating the police chief out of $30,000 with his bootleg millions swindle.

He next turned up in the fashionable Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal, Canada, posing as Count Alexander Novarro Fernandez, a cousin of the late King Alfonso XIII of Spain. When doubters looked in vain for his Hapsburg lip and wanted to stick pins into him to see whether he had hemophilia, he drew himself up to his full 5′7″ and exclaimed haughtily: "Don't ever touch a person of royal blood."

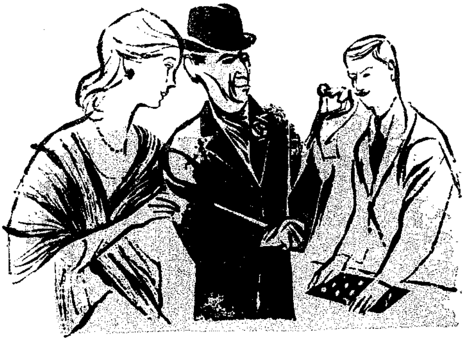
He did everything possible to make himself appear respectable but, after Canada rejected his application for citizenship on June 28, 1945, he let it be known that he had $340,000,000 hidden in 34 U.S. banks.

A group of unsuspecting men headed by a wealthy attorney and the president of an airline advanced him $125,000 to buy a secret code book showing the locations of the banks. He left the country aboard one of the airline president's own passenger planes.

Police of the Western Hemisphere tracked "the Count" to Venezuela, then to Curaçao, and on September 28, 1946, J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI announced that "Antonio Novarro Fernandez . . . a notorious international confidence man, wanted in connection with a $125,000 swindle," had been arrested when he stepped off a plane in Miami, Florida.

Novarro pleaded not guilty; but when the case came up for trial on February 5, 1947, changed his plea to guilty. Judge Edward A. Conger sentenced the Count to three years in prison.

In 1949, he was deported to Cuba. Two years later, completely unchastened, and as Fernandez Novarro, he appeared in Paris and began his build-up all over again. Within a year he had the biggest fish of all on his hook for, in April, 1952, King Farouk summoned his friend Novarro to Egypt. He arrived at the Hotel Semiramis along with ten European beauties for Farouk's unofficial harem.



He's lived on a prodigal scale, under 40 aliases—including count and prince.

Royal secretary Antonio Puli later described this visit in the Cairo newspaper *Akhbar el Yom*:

"Farouk invited the 'delegation' to several conferences in Abdin Palace. In the end, it was agreed that the King would dispatch a special courier to the United States who would be empowered to open the safes in question and take the contents out of the country in a diplomatic pouch.

"In exchange for this service, the ruler would receive a commission of 10 per cent of the total amount salvaged. Moreover, Mr. Novarro pledged to invest no less than 20 per cent and no more than 30 per cent of the funds in question in the Egyptian economy. Specifically, plans were drafted for the installation of a gambling establishment near Cairo designed to attract the tourist trade; 51 per cent of the shares of the new casino to belong to the Egyptian government, 49 per cent to be divided between the King, Mr. Novarro and a number of other prominent personalities.

"But the negotiations reached a major impasse when the King insisted that he be allowed to deduct his entire commission from the contents of the first deposit box. Discussion on that point took so long that no contract had been signed by the time King Farouk was overthrown on July 23, 1952."

This came as a heavy blow to Novarro. He had spent almost a year on "Operation Farouk," had taken large losses at baccarat and gone to considerable other expense, only to see his scheme collapse at the last minute.

Back on the Riviera, the little impostor now reverted to a series of small-time swindles. He would, for instance, tell an acquaintance who wanted to exchange say $10,000 into francs on the black market: "Why, that's simple. Just transfer the sum to my account in Switzerland, and I'll give you the counter value in French francs as soon as my bank notifies me."

Once the money was deposited, he refused to pay, or disgorged only half the amount and promised to pay the rest later. He knew that the victims couldn't denounce him without incriminating themselves.

One night he sat down in the

Carlton for a game of gin rummy with a professional player that lasted until 4:00 A.M.

"It was a weird spectacle," the barman recalls. "Novarro," pale, hollow-cheeked and nervous, lit one cigarette after the other. Opposite him sat this man with black horn-rimmed glasses, flanked by a horrible canary blonde who kept the score. Novarro first won 1,500,000 francs, then lost them and 2,000,000 more. In the end, he said to his opponent: 'Come to my villa tomorrow morning and I'll pay you.' Next morning at 8:30, the man, contrary to all customs, presented himself at Novarro's villa. It was empty. Novarro had left with his luggage, car and chauffeur."

PRESUMABLY he fled to Switzerland for on January 13, 1953, a black Packard coming from Geneva stopped at the French-Swiss border post of Moelle-Salaz. In the rear of the car sat Novarro, whom Swiss authorities had asked to leave the country. He jealously clutched a brief case which customs officers discovered to be filled with precious jewelry. In a little van attached to his car, they found a portable pharmacy of drugs against T.B. When he proffered his passport, an official briefly glanced at it and said:

"This passport doesn't show your true identity, sir. No man called Fernandez Novarro was born in Vigo, Spain, in 1894. We suggest that your real name is Abram Sykowski, and that you were born in Radomsk, Poland."

"The Spanish authorities must have misinformed you, gentlemen," Novarro said without apparent emotion. "But I am used to that kind of error, and I am at your full disposition."

Interrogated all night, he admitted there had been some dark chapters in his past, but persistently denied being Sykowski. Pending further investigation, police assigned him to forced residence in Montargis, not far from Paris, as a "métèque" (undesirable alien) and required him to report to the station house three times a day.

At first, this change of status didn't affect Novarro very much. He received many "business" visits from Paris, bet on horses by telephone and showered the personnel in his hotel with lavish tips. A chambermaid who brought a cup of coffee to his bedside and received a $65 pourboire later swore he had taken the money out of a suitcase full of 10,000-franc notes.

But he soon grew restless in his exile and made an abortive attempt to escape over the Italian border with travel papers for San Marino, the famous little gamblers' republic. How he came by these papers, police could not say.

Last January, he did finally manage to disappear—in the general direction of Western Germany. And where he is today only this modern Cagliostro himself knows.

◆

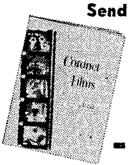
A WEALTHY TEXAS CATTLEMAN boasts: "We don't brand our cattle. We have them engraved." —*The Troy Record*

two new
CORONET
films

"INVENTIONS IN AMERICA'S GROWTH"

New ways of doing things basically change people's lives. That's why inventions have always fascinated Americans. Two new films from Coronet, *Inventions in America's Growth, 1750-1850* and *Inventions in America's Growth, 1850-1910,* show how the major inventions of these two periods had lasting effects upon our way of life and upon our great industrial progress. Original models, authentic reproductions, and even historic motion picture footage, give a deeper insight into the importance of inventions in our national growth.

These unique films are only two of 175 social studies films. Available at all grade levels, they represent the *best* in instructional materials. Coronet has many films in these areas: *Geography* (including *United States and Possessions, Europe and Asia, Our American Neighbors,* and *Life in Other Type Regions of the World*), *United States History,* and *World History.*



Send today for our complete catalog containing complete descriptions of these and 500 other 16mm sound motion pictures in virtually every subject area. You will find them immensely valuable for all teaching purposes—in schoolrooms, churches, clubs, and associations.

write today for full information

on preview, purchase, or rental of CORONET films for your school, church, club, or association study programs.

Coronet Films, Dept. C-257
Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois

I am interested in Coronet Films for teaching purposes.

☐ Please send me further information on your two new 16mm sound films, "Inventions in America's Growth."

☐ Please send me your descriptive catalog of films and full information on preview, purchase, or rental.

Name ....

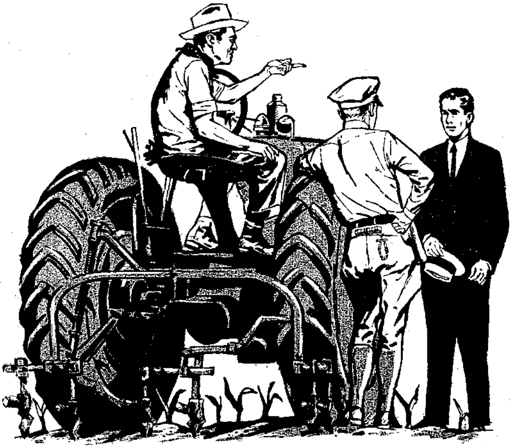
Organization ....

Address ....

City ....Zone .... State ....

Let's Get Rid of "Horse and Buggy Justice"

Our shameful Justice of the Peace system allows many legal ignoramuses — more intent on picking our pockets than guarding our rights — to mishandle the law in rural areas



by IRWIN ROSS

IN TARBORO, North Carolina, an ex-Justice of the Peace confessed not long ago that 49 couples whom he had obligingly married were really not married at all. This disconcerting fact had a quite simple explanation: due to a clerical error, the Justice was not notified that his license had expired—and thus had as little authority as an unfrocked minister to conduct a marriage ceremony.

His admission that the oversight was "very embarrassing for both the couples and for me" can probably stand as about the height of understatement. But he did have the grace to add that he was making every effort to inform his victims of their altered status. Later, the North Carolina state legislature passed an emergency retroactive measure so that all 49 couples were legally married.

The case of the 49 bogus marriages is but one sad example of the countless errors, inanities and downright injustices that result from our archaic JP system which has been aptly referred to as "horse and buggy justice." It is still widely prevalent, the best estimate placing the number of JPs in the United States at 30,000, scattered principally in rural areas.

The Justice of the Peace is the lowest-ranking judgeship. It is a part-time, elective office whose occupant need not be—and usually isn't—a lawyer. Often he has only the most cursory acquaintance with the law. These laymen judges, however, have considerable responsibility—for in the country theirs is the court of first resort for all manner of petty civil and criminal cases.

With some honorable exceptions, JPs generally hold court with slapdash informality, little concern for the rights of the accused, and an absorbing interest in relieving defendants of as much cash as the law will allow. You have little chance of escaping a fine if you are haled before a JP, for most of them are paid only out of the proceeds. (One survey, a few years ago, showed that 98 per cent of all traffic cases brought before JPs resulted in convictions.)

THE HAPLESS motorist is the most frequent victim of fee-hungry Justices. One unfortunate matron was arrested for a traffic offense in a small town in New Mexico. Her arraignment took place in a grocery store, before a JP attired in dungarees. "I can set trial for a week from Tuesday," he announced. "Post a $100 bond and you can be on your way." (It was the oldest Justice of the Peace racket—the high bond becomes the fine when the out-of-state motorist fails to appear for trial.)

But the difficulty here proved to be that the lady, who was accompanied by terrified children of four and six years, had nothing like $100 with her. Heedless of her plea for consideration, the JP packed her off, with the two children, to a nearby motel—to remain "in custody" until the trial.

She was only released when her husband flew down from Illinois with the bond money. After the case made headlines across the nation the Justice complained, "How else can I protect myself and my fees?"

The average citizen will only see a Justice of the Peace when he is booked for a traffic violation. But these sometimes barely literate "judges" also handle cases of assault, petty larceny, infringement of the game laws, disorderly conduct, fraud, vagrancy—as well as a variety of minor civil actions like trespass, negligence and collection cases.

With courtrooms rarely available for their deliberations, they dispense justice wherever they happen to find themselves. A man arrested by a game warden for unlicensed fishing was directed to drive up a dirt road to a ramshackle farmhouse. The warden disappeared inside and emerged with a blowsy, aproned housewife who wiped dough from her fingers, leaned against a fender and announced, "Court's in session." Ten minutes later the man departed, poorer by $20, but happy that he had gotten off no worse.

The judicial setting can be even stranger. One Georgia Justice held court—in open field—from the seat of his tractor. Another conducted a trial while milking a cow! More frequently, of course, the courtroom is a living room, front porch, general store or filling station.

Our Justice of the Peace system

was adapted from the British system back in Colonial times. The county court was often a day or two away by coach then, and it was simpler and more economical to have a Justice in every hamlet to mete out small penalties and settle minor disputes.

The British system, however, had two advantages unfortunately not imitated here: the qualifications for a JP were reasonably vigorous and the Justices themselves were decently supervised by government bodies.

In the U.S., by contrast, the various states have provided little supervision. Several years ago, when lawyer George Warren did a comprehensive survey of the problem, many states could not even produce lists of all their Justices. Few required JPs to make adequate reports and keep detailed accounts of the money they took in. In most states there were virtually no educational or character requirements for the office, and in only nine did a Justice have to be a resident. The laws were so laxly written, in fact, that it was not even clear that a JP had to be a U.S. citizen or be able to speak English!

Doubtless all JPs can speak the language, though one North Carolina Justice recently boasted, "I ain't never been in a damn schoolhouse in my life, 'cept to an entertainment."

In many localities, the office is held in such low repute that the election is not contested. There have been instances of JPs elected by write-in votes—without their knowledge—merely as a prank. Jokesters have even elected farm animals, bearing human names; and some years ago a wooden cigar-store Indian won the office in one town.

Most of our JPs are farmers, bookkeepers, carpenters, garage mechanics, barbers, druggists, ministers, undertakers, paperhangers and retired businessmen. (Only a little over 5 per cent who responded to a questionnaire a few years ago were lawyers.) Given this general lack of legal training, and the haphazard method of their selection, it is not surprising that they mete out odd types of justice.

One incident is reported of an Illinois Justice, who, outraged by a defendant's criticism of the conduct of his trial—after it was over—dashed back to his office, opened his docket and wrote: "Sam Jones, contempt of court. Fined $200. Suspended."

Some JPs regard an attorney's appearance as a personal affront to the dignity of their court.

As disconcerting as the average Justice's legal innocence is the fee system by which most are paid. (Only in a few states—among them Colorado, Nevada and South Carolina—do JPs receive a small salary.) Most authorities agree that payment-by-fee is the most vicious abuse.

Not only does the Justice have a financial stake in a conviction, but so does the local government. For the fine generally goes to the town or county, while the JP pockets the costs. It is not unusual for a defendant to be fined $5—and assessed $20 in costs. The fee system also holds in civil actions—whence comes the wry suggestion that JP really means

Judgment for Plaintiff. (Nobody collects anything when the defendant wins.)

One Justice of the Peace, over a 13-month period, earned $4,553 from "violations" at a single traffic light. Another took in $2,800 from a variety of motorists' offenses during one month "in season."

In North Carolina, for instance, a defendant's "costs" may include $6 for the judge's fee, 35¢ for warrant and affidavit, 60¢ for bond, 15¢ for issuing subpoena, 25¢ for "preparing bill of costs," 25¢ for docketing indictment, $1 for the final judgment, 25¢ for docketing the judgment, 50¢ for Seal of Office, $2 for arrest fee, $1 for County Spec. (whatever that is), $2 for L.E.O.H. & R. Fund (ditto), $1 for Peace Officer Assoc. Funds.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD

At 27, actress Elizabeth Taylor's striking beauty has earned her one of woman's most coveted titles. An exclusive story, in words and pictures,

IN MARCH CORONET

JPs often show a delicate restraint towards local citizens—and throw the book at "foreigners." One Florida Justice regularly fined motorists from New York $25—just didn't like them—no matter what the offense. A Pennsylvania JP frankly told a Californian: "If you've come this far, you can surely afford a fine."

Vigorous protests against Kentucky's speed traps—led by the Louisville Automobile Club—finally resulted in corrective action by the state legislature. It passed a bill reducing a constable's arrest fee from $6 to 50¢, thereby removing a good part of his zest for his mission.

More important, one victimized motorist carried an appeal from a JP conviction right up to the state's Court of Appeals, which in a single decision undercut the whole basis of JP power. The Court declared that the fee system was unconstitutional; and inasmuch as all JPs, except in one county, were paid on that basis, it removed all criminal cases from their jurisdiction. Hereafter, motorists would be tried only before salaried county judges.

The Kentucky court based its action on the decision of the U.S. Supreme Court in Tumey v. Ohio, in 1927. In that historic case, the Court held that the fee system deprived a defendant of "due process of law," inasmuch as it endowed a judge with a financial interest in the defendant's guilt. But although the Tumey decision is well-known, many states ignore it, seeming to feel that they have no other way to pay their Justices.

For more than a decade, the American Bar Association has been pressing a comprehensive program to reform Justice of the Peace courts. Ideally, it would prefer to abolish them outright; realistically, however, the Bar concedes that it often may be easier to modify and improve the ancient system. The principal changes that have been proposed are these:

1) Unless the entire system can be improved, traffic cases should be removed from the JPs' jurisdiction and put in the hands of state-wide courts with trained circuit judges.

2) The fee system should be abol-

ished. JPs should receive adequate salaries.

3) JPs should be provided with decent courtrooms.

4) The number of JPs should be reduced.

5) Minimum qualifications should be prescribed for the office. The courts should be regularly inspected and supervised. JPs should be obliged to keep decent records.

6) The arresting officer should no longer be allowed to select whatever JP he wants, thereby discriminating against JPs so naïve as to find defendants innocent.

The states have been slow to remedy the situation, but there has been progress. The first big break came when Missouri abolished hundreds of JP courts and replaced them with county magistrates. New Jersey then undertook a thorough reform of its judicial structure, eliminating all its JPs—roughly 1,200—and replacing them with municipal magistrates. And there has been more progress elsewhere.

But in most states, unhappily, this classic encounter of JP and indignant defendant still symbolizes the situation: the defendant is hotly disputing an eccentric decision by "His Honor."

"Young man," says the Justice, "are you trying to express your contempt for this court?"

"Not at all," replies the defendant. "I am just trying to restrain it."

Ministerial Topics

A MILD-MANNERED MINISTER accepted the call to a church in a town where many of the church members bred horses, and sometimes raced them. A few weeks after his appointment he was asked to invite the prayers of the congregation for Lucy Gray. Willingly and gladly he did so for three weeks. On the fourth Sunday one of the deacons told him that he need not do it any longer.

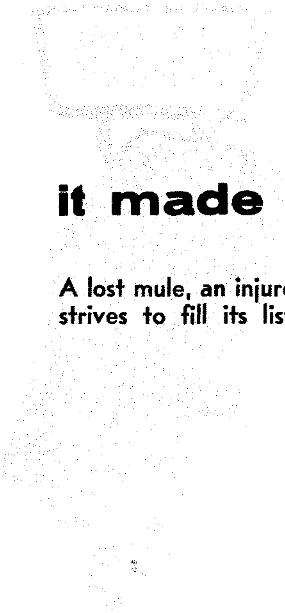
"Why?" asked the minister with an anxious look. "Has she died?"

"Oh, no," replied the deacon. "She won the steeplechase yesterday." —*Mutual Moments*

A PASTOR, preparing to redecorate the church sanctuary, had gathered his altar boys to help remove some of the objects to the rectory next door.

The boys went about the work with enthusiasm, and before the priest knew it, one little fellow was weaving down the aisle with the large altar Missal. The farther he walked, the heavier it became.

No sooner had he staggered out the door than there was a loud crash. The anxious priest arriving on the scene, found a woman sitting on the sidewalk, her bundles scattered around her, glaring up at the little fellow still balancing his gigantic book, and saying, "Why can't you read *comic* books like other boys?" —*Catholic Digest*



it made good will pay

A lost mule, an injured child, a pair of shoes—this station strives to fill its listeners' needs, as well as their ears

by HENRY LA COSSITT

On a rainy afternoon a few years ago a young Negro entered the reception room of radio station WDIA in Memphis, Tennessee. His ragged clothes were dripping, his shoes practically nonexistent. Under his arm he carried an ancient guitar—a sorry instrument. He told the pretty white receptionist that he was a cotton-picker on a plantation in the delta country and that he had walked the 150 miles to Memphis. He said he'd like to see the boss.

To the receptionist, the situation was routine. She asked the soggy wayfarer to have a seat, then called Bert Ferguson, white general manager of WDIA.

Bert asked the young man what his name was and what he did. He said his name was Riley King and that he sang and played the guitar. Bert took him into one of the audition rooms and told him to go ahead.

In the ragged cotton-picker's sensitive hands the old guitar was a sorry instrument no longer. It seemed to come marvelously alive as he played and sang blues—slow, sad music that had a beat and a wail at the same time. "He sure could sing up a storm," says Bert

Ferguson, recalling the incident. "It made me shiver."

Bert staked the boy to new clothes; gave him a professional name: "Bee Bee" King; and programmed him over 50,000-watt WDIA.

Today, Bee Bee King makes personal appearances all over the country; his records sell by the hundreds of thousands. But he hasn't forgotten WDIA or Bert Ferguson.

Each winter the station gives its "Goodwill Review" in Memphis' Ellis Auditorium. (Last summer it added the "Starlight Review," produced in the local Negro ball park.) These are benefits to help finance the many things the station does for the Negroes of Memphis and surrounding areas. Everybody at WDIA, white and Negro, participates, along with talent from the record companies. And Bee Bee King is always on hand, strumming his guitar—a new and glittering one—singing the sad, wailing songs of the deep delta country to huge appreciation.

WDIA is owned and managed by white people; but of its 42 employees, one-third (including the entire performing personnel) are Negroes. The station, which so far has shunned TV, is the principal source of information and communication for the Negro community, not only of Memphis but of the surrounding territory which includes that part of eight states calling itself the Midsouth. Almost 1,300,000 Negroes live there.

WDIA, the first station in the nation to devote itself primarily to Negroes, helps its listeners get jobs, solve personal and family problems. Consequently, listeners take pride in the station, feel that it belongs to them.

It appeals to all ages. On Sunday afternoons there is "Brown America Speaks," a half-hour forum show, moderated by Nat D. Williams, a high-school teacher of history who during the week is also a disc jockey at WDIA. Tennessee Governor Frank G. Clement has appeared on "Brown America Speaks," and in the recent Memphis mayoralty election the four candidates debated the issues on the program.

On Saturday mornings there are the "Teen Town Singers," a group of high-school boys and girls under the direction of A. C. Williams—a former teacher of biology in Negro high schools, now a disc jockey and general factotum around the station. Each year WDIA gives cash scholarships of $200 to the outstanding participant from each of the seven Negro schools that take part in the program, as a help in starting college or vocational careers.

Some of the "Teen Towners" have gone on to big things. George Koen, for instance, passed the Metropolitan Opera trials in New York and is presently studying there. Like Bee Bee, he would not have had an opportunity to show what he could do if it hadn't been for WDIA.

Because Negroes make up 37.4 per cent of the population of Memphis—even more in the areas to the south and west—WDIA is the biggest and most profitable radio station in the Midsouth. True it moved into a profitable market long neglected and, after the advent of television, ignored; but it has built this commanding position by being of real service to its audience.

This service includes the recovery of lost people, lost livestock, lost articles. Letters and telephone calls pour into WDIA during the 16 hours—4:00 A.M. to midnight—that it is on the air. A child has been lost; somebody wants to know if the station can help to find a son, missing for 15 years and last heard from in Houston, Texas; a woman writes, pleading for her husband to come back to her. WDIA puts these on the air. A one-eyed mule with a white mouth kept straying from its master's premises over in Arkansas and was regularly found by the station.

PEOPLE in trouble and want come to WDIA. A man who complained he couldn't get a job because of his lack of height, asked for a pair of elevator shoes. An employee collected $29 around the station, bought the shoes, got the man a radio-repair job.

A Negro child in West Memphis, Arkansas, stepped on a piece of glass and developed tetanus. Her family had no money and the hospital to which she was taken was without funds. Its administrator called WDIA. The station went on the air with his emergency appeal and within a few hours $1,000 had been donated.

One of the station's outstanding projects has been the school for Negro crippled children. Bert Ferguson had the idea for that.

Bert is a tall, balding man of 40, who was brought up on a farm about 70 miles north of Memphis. Shortly after his graduation from Memphis State College he drifted into radio, where he met John R. Pepper, a Duke University graduate, whose family long had been prominent in Memphis. John, who is today president of the Bluff City Broadcasting Company which operates WDIA, had a station at that time in Greenville, Mississippi, and Bert worked with him there in the late 1930s.

When World War II came, both joined the Navy and saw action in the Pacific. They encountered each other while on leave in Honolulu and during a sunny afternoon on the Waikiki sands dreamed up the idea of WDIA, which they founded in 1947, and of which they are the sole owners.

John, whose interests extend into other fields, such as wholesaling, oil and shipping, has concentrated on the legal side of the station and such things as relations with the FCC. He has left the operation almost entirely to Bert.

Until Bert started things, crippled Negro children in Memphis were given home training only—a maximum of three hours a week. As a result, WDIA had many requests from its listeners for help. These, like the other calls and letters, came to the office of Marie Wathen, a veteran Southern newspaperwoman who is technically WDIA's news editor. Marie processes all the telephone calls and letters, and everybody around the station will tell you that she is also a kind of welfare director, mother confessor, and comforter and helper to the thousands who appeal to the station for help. Everybody in Memphis—Negro or white—seems to know Marie.

She turned the crippled-kids business over to Bert Ferguson who went to Memphis' Superintendent of Schools Ernest Ball in the spring of 1955 with a proposition. WDIA had been giving its "Goodwill Reviews" for seven years. It had used the money thus collected to buy Christmas baskets and to help in other worthwhile causes. At the time, it had about $17,000 in cash in the bank. Bert proposed to Mr. Ball that if the city would furnish the school building for the crippled kids, WDIA would see to the transportation.

That fall the school for crippled Negro children opened in a fine brick building that formerly was a white grade school. The kids have a good teacher, a practical nurse and a therapist in attendance. About 40 pupils go there now—polio and C.P. victims; kids with congenital defects; children who have been maimed in accidents. They are transported to and from their homes in two buses bought out of WDIA's Goodwill Fund, which was largely contributed by Negroes themselves. The Fund also has helped with wheel chairs.

Driving the buses, which WDIA maintains and fuels, are Theo "Bless My Bones" Wade, a station disc jockey, and J. B. Brooks, one of WDIA's Negro engineers. Bless My Bones, who was also leader of the famous "Spirit of Memphis Quartette," a group of gospeleers, comes by his name because he is always using the expression on his show "Hallelujah Jubilee."

Besides this show, in the evening from 8:00 to 9:00, Bones opens WDIA's day at 4:00 A.M. with a show that lasts until 6:30. These are strenuous hours, nevertheless he and Brooks are happy to devote their time to the crippled kids. Now and again WDIA sends out the "Hallelujah Caravan," a traveling gospel show, which plays to capacity in Negro high schools, white armories and elsewhere. Money from this is set aside for the crippled children, for whom the station gives a Christmas party every year. It also arranges for a steamboat excursion on the Mississippi in the summer and for trips to the Memphis zoo.

Most people in Memphis, whether white or Negro, have a good word for WDIA and say that it undoubtedly has helped race relations in the city. Negroes also believe that the station's activities have increased the white community's understanding of Negro problems, because so many white people listen, too. They say there has been a change in the acceptance of Negroes in general. WDIA has been instrumental in placing Negroes on committees for such things as Fire Prevention, the Community Chest and the March of Dimes.

Memphis Police Chief J. C. Macdonald says that working with WDIA has had a definite bearing on lowering the delinquency rate and that the station's support of the police traffic-safety program has been very helpful. He has high praise for the junior baseball league organized and sponsored by WDIA.

The station also sponsors an annual beauty contest whose winners receive $100 worth of new clothes, $100 in spending money and a week in a resort hotel in Miami; and a talent show at the Tri-State Fair, a Negro enterprise. Last year the talent winner, Barbara Jean Johnson of Holly Springs, Mississippi, was given a trip to New York, where she appeared on the Steve Allen show.

WDIA thus far has taken no part in the uproar over the Supreme Court's integration decision, nor does it intend to. "We think," says Bert Ferguson, "that we're doing enough, and we'd rather move ahead as we've been moving in race relations than get involved in that, where we couldn't do anything anyway." Not that the matter hasn't been discussed on "Brown America Speaks," along with other hot race-relations matters. The station, as such, simply hasn't taken any stand, nor has it been asked to by its audience.

WDIA is well integrated itself. Its staff has evolved a unique method of addressing each other. Whether it is the influence of gospel singing and religious announcements—WDIA gives out Negro church news voluminously—most whites at the station are called "deacon" by their Negro colleagues, who in turn are called "brother" by their white co-workers. A white announcer, Bill Landers, is for some undisclosed reason called "elder," while Bert Ferguson, as top dog, is called "bishop."

Everybody at the station, incidentally, speaks of the absence of jealousies, and of willingness to work as a unit. Nobody, however, claims to be on a crusade or to be a professional do-gooder.

"We're in business," says Bert, "and it's just worked out the way it has." WDIA's revenue, now at an annual $600,000, is growing yearly. "I guess it pays to be nice to people," he adds.

And from his experience at WDIA it certainly would seem so.

Sharpen Your Word Sense!

(Answers to quiz on page 79)

The passage was taken from Charles Dickens' *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. Dickens chose these words: 1. ancient; 2. impaling; 3. horde; 4. clash; 5. flash; 6. strew; 7. caparisoned; 8. gorgeous; 9. writhing; 10. grim; 11. tumbled; 12. awry; 13. scattered; 14. fantastically; 15. supports; 16. trembling; 17. meanest; 18. closest; 19. haggard; 20. stupor; 21. kindle; 22. spark; 23. dim; 24. querulous; 25. rattling.

PHOTO CREDITS: 8 Sam Shaw from UA; 31 Shostal Press; 33 Duncan Edwards from FPG; 42-51 William Neufeld; 55-57 CBS-TV; 64 Don Browning; 95-101 Larry Fried from PIX; 112 from General Beauty Products; 113, 115, 117, 119-20 Genevieve Naylor; 114 from Dowd, Redfield & Johnstone; 116 from McCann-Erickson; 118 from Flexees; 121 from Abbott Kimball.

Manuscripts, photographs, editorial ideas and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., and must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage if they are to be returned in the event they are not purchased. No responsibility will be assumed by CORONET for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted for its consideration.

A cracked cup, a hassle over a dime—the smaller the issue the bigger the principle as New Yorkers battle it out in their . . .

Popular Penny Ante

THE SMALL CLAIMS COURT in Manhattan operates on the theory that no sum of money is too small to be disputed legally.

There was, for example, a man who haled a restaurant owner into court claiming he had been grossly overcharged.

"On the menu," he told the arbitrator, "the veal scallopini, with a cup of soup, two vegetables, choice of dessert and coffee, was listed as $1.25." He smacked his lips in satisfied reminiscence. "Then came the check—$1.35. I called the proprietor. He said, 'The extra dime is for a service charge.' Is this fair?"

The arbitrator questioned the restaurant owner who admitted that the price had, indeed, been listed as $1.25. But, he added, many of his patrons left no tips. Therefore he had taken to adding a 10¢ service charge to each check, and giving the dime to the waiter.

"Was there a legend to that effect on the menu?" the arbitrator asked.

The restaurant man said that there was not.

"Then," said the arbitrator, "I must find in favor of your customer. Give him back his dime."

With a sigh, the restaurateur solemnly handed over a dime. The customer took it, his faith in justice restored.

Disputes in Small Claims involve amounts up to $100, the limit set by law for disposition in this court. Most involve unpaid bills, and the boiling points of litigants usually is fairly low, as in the case of the taxi driver and the lady.

The lady had been talking to a friend on the sidewalk when she hailed the cab. As she got in, she continued to converse. The driver flipped down his flag, and the meter began running. The lady still went on talking. Presently she said goodby to her friend, settled back in the seat, and caught sight of the meter.

"Thirty-five cents!" she cried. "And we haven't gone an inch! I won't pay!"

A few days later she was hailed into Small Claims Court where she paid, though reluctantly.

People sue laundries for loss of items of apparel, and cleaning establishments for damage. In such cases, the arbitrator attempts to determine how much the original articles were worth, how old they were at the time of loss or damage, and in what condition. Owners of small businesses sometimes sue customers for non-payment of debt.

Court

by RICHARD GEHMAN

One evening not long ago an operator of a bicycle-renting service sued a cyclist for $32.96.

"I just kept forgetting to take the bike back," the bicycler explained.

The arbitrator ruled that a faulty memory was no excuse, however, and the bill was paid in full.

Interesting problems in human relations, and odd human foibles, come up from time to time. There was, for example, the Negro minister who took a Chinese restaurant owner to court. He said that the restaurant had served him a cracked teacup, and when he asked for an unblemished cup had refused to give him one. This, he declared, made a mockery of his rights as a citizen. He asked $50 damages.

He did not get the money. The arbitrator decided that the Chinese, who himself was a member of a minority group, had not violated the minister's civil rights. The minister was advised to be less touchy.

The case was settled in 20 minutes, which is the average length of time needed for the 200-odd cases that appear on the court calendar each session.

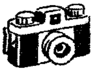
Small Claims Court holds sessions four nights a week, with attorneys serving as voluntary referees or arbitrators. At each session, a judge of the municipal court sits in the courtroom. As each case comes up, he asks the principals if they wish to be heard by the judge or if they will agree to go before a referee. If they choose the latter, they are asked to sign a paper stating that the arbitrator's decision will be satisfactory. Thus far, only one case out of seven has requested the hearing before the judge.

It costs a plaintiff $2 to swear out a summons. Once he has done this, he is guaranteed a hearing within 21 days. If he is heard before a judge, he may have the right of appeal (few losers exercise this right). If he is heard by a referee, no stenographers are present and the right to appeal is surrendered.

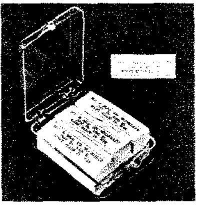
The question naturally arises: why will people spend $2 to take other people to court in cases involving, say, a dime? This bewilders even some of the court clerks who, by now, are accustomed to the odd situations that arise. "Anger is a reason," one says. "Revenge is another. But, of course, they never call it either anger or revenge. They call it 'principle.' "

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME



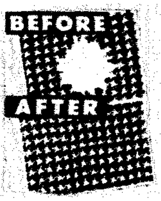
and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75c per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50c. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-OV, Lynn, Massachusetts.

FREE RUG BOOK—SAVE UP TO ½

Amazing Olson Broadloom Offer! Rich, new, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs and Carpets. Your old rug, carpet, clothing can Save you up to ½. Money back Guarantee. Easy Terms. Our 83rd year. Over 3 million customers. Free Broadloom Bargain Book–Model Rooms in color. Write today for your copy, Olson Rug Co., Dept. F-72, Chicago 41, Ill.

Olson Magic

MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME

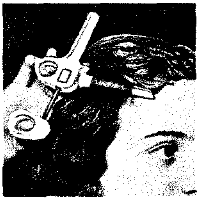


Invisible Reweaving pays up to $10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suit, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home, in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 392, 8342 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

RESTYLE YOUR OLD FUR COAT . . .

into New Style Cape or Stole. Send No Money. $22.95, No Tax. Service includes cleaning, glazing, new lining, interlining, and monogram. Many beautiful styles available. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bonded Fur Specialists. Free—send for new style folder. Galaxy Fur Company, 236 West 27th Street, Department C20, New York 1, New York.

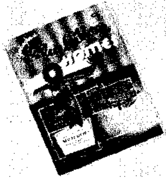
PUT YOUR HAIR UP IN SECONDS—$2



Perfect natural curls every time with this new Automatic Hair Curler. Curls last longer. Just put strand in slot . . . push handles together for a quick curl — pull handles apart for reverse curl. Fast and easy! Guaranteed to do the job or your money back! Only $2 postage paid, from Sunset House, 669 Sunset Bldg., Hollywood 46, California.

NEW HOME PLAN BOOK 50c

"Blue Ribbon Homes" plan book shows 116 popular plans, exteriors and up to 4 bedroom floor plans. 64 in color. Book 50c. Blueprints available at low cost. Other books:—"Ranch" (125 plans) 50c; "Choice Selected" (82 plans) 50c; "Homes In Brick" (114 plans) $1.00. All 4 books $2.00. All postpaid. Garlinghouse Co., 822-A Quincy, Topeka, Kansas.



GIANT STAMP ZOO FREE

RF
10c
AFRIQUE EQUATORIALE FRANÇAISE

Snakes, Leopards, Elephants, Rhinoceros, Zabu, Platypus, Koalabear, and other fierce Jungle beasts, from many strange countries! Colorful, Fascinating, exciting, entertaining. Used and unused. Approvals included plus Free Stamp Magazine. Send only 10c for handling. Lincoln Stamp Company, St. Catherines 570, Ontario, Canada.

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE?

Writing stories, articles enables you to earn extra money. Susan Brown writes: "Since enrolling, I've sold 78 articles." In your own home, with the NIA Method, you, too, can learn to write by writing, the way newspaper men and women do. Write Today for our Free "Writing Aptitude Test." Newspaper Institute of America. Suite 5517-B, One Park Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 160

Silver Linings

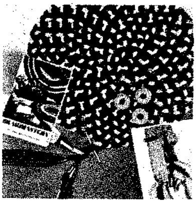
I SHALL NEVER FORGET when Jeanie started working for our company. We had run an ad which stated: Young, intelligent secretary. Bring qualified recommendations and character references.

When I passed out the application blanks to the dozen or so girls who came in answer to it, I noticed Jeanie's mild manners and pleasing personality. As each girl turned in her application she was told, "You'll hear from us." Jeanie was last. I glanced over her application: Jeanie ———, 5′4″, 120 lbs., blue eyes, orphan, age 20, etc. Previous employment: Girl's Reformatory. Qualified recommendations: See letter attached.

The letter was from the Reformatory's assistant superintendent. Jeanie had the qualifications, it stated, but she had been an inmate.

Of course, there was nothing in our rules disqualifying her for that, and yet, I thought, can the company accept the responsibility?

"Your qualifications are in order," I said, and I was ready to add, "we'll inform you," when I noticed



EASY WAY TO BRAID A RUG

For fun or profit with Braidmaster do-it-yourself rug kit. Use any old or new materials, clothing, blankets, hose. Contains everything you need: 3 self-adjusting Material Folders, Wax lacing Thread, Adjustable Cutting Gauge, Lacemaster & Braidmastery instruction book. $2.95 ppd. R. Peters Associates, Dept. C1, 19 W. 34 St., New York 1, New York.

BABY'S FIRST POSSESSION

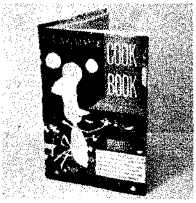
Baby's precious hospital beads, necklace or plastic band — preserved forever this lovely, permanent way. Send them to us. We'll embed them in a 3" square, sparkling lucite paperweight with baby's full name and birthdate in gold script. Memento returned via insured mail. Just $4.95 ppd. COD's accepted. Keepsake Shops, Union City 19, N. J.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

FREE! VITAMIN BOOK, $1 CERT.

Used by doctors, vitamin guide will save to 65% on quality vitamins, help you protect and improve the health of the whole family. $1 certificate good on any of our 14 hi-potency vitamins. Money back guarantee. Write today for money saving vitamin book and $1 certificate. Send 10c to cover handling, and mailing. Dept. Y-20, Vita-Plex, 507 5th Ave., N.Y.C.



MAGNIFICENT NEW COOK BOOK

For the man with a taste for fine food, and for the woman who wants to be a perfect hostess, here is Esquire's beautiful, unique and practical guide to the best in eating, with over 750 delicious recipes spread over 322 pages. More than 200 illustrations in color. An ideal gift. Only $5.95 ppd. Send check or M.O. to Buy-Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19.

(*Continued on next page*)

HERE'S QUICK WAY TO BIG MONEY

Charles Kama, Texas, reports $1,000 a month profit. Possible for you, too, with amazing $4.95 Presto Fire Extinguisher. Amazing chemical snuffs out fires in seconds. Over 2,000,000 sold for homes, autos, boats, etc. Dramatic demonstration sells everyone. Spare time or full time. Sales Kit Free. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd St., Dept. X114S, New York 16, N. Y.

FREE BOOK! IMPORT PAYS BIG

Success Stories in World Trade

Men — women, coast to coast now making money on small imports, using plan based on our 30 years' experience. We show you how to import at bargain prices, for friends, stores and mail order customers — give you names of foreign suppliers who will ship direct, so no stocks to carry. Write for free book. Mellinger, Dept. G1342, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

SECRET OF HOW TO BE TALLER

Instantly, you can add almost 2 inches to your height! "Elevators", amazing height-increasing shoes are so smartly styled not even your closest friends will know you're wearing them. Gain poise, prestige, confidence. Don't envy tall men, be one! Wear "Elevators"! Free booklet showing 31 styles. Write Stone-Tarlow Dept. C27, Brockton 68, Mass.

BORROW $100 to $600 BY MAIL

Pay Your Bills Now. Borrow $100 to $600 Cash by mail. Easy, quick, private. Repay in small monthly installments over 20 months. Loan payments may run ½ less than you now pay on old bills. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. Advise amount needed. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. J-250, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

IDEAL HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

All the tips and guidance you need to make you a perfect home host in the giant 268 page volume, with over 190 color illustrations, edited by Esquire. Three books in one: a cook book, a home bar guide, and a game and entertainment section. Only $3.95 postpaid. Send check or money order to: Handbook, Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, New York.

Silver Linings *continued*

the character-references space was blank. "You don't have anyone to recommend you as to character?"

"It's forbidden for the officials to do that," she said, turning to go.

"Are you sure there is no one?"

"Yes, there is one . . . God. I'm sure He will recommend me."

—JOHN M. HOGG

EVEN if this had happened in a small town, it would have been noteworthy, but happening in sophisticated Washington, D. C., it was utterly amazing. The capital city is a place where "the postman *never* rings," let alone "rings twice," unless in the case of a registered letter or a C.O.D. package.

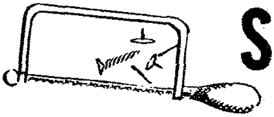
Nevertheless, one morning a dear friend of mine, a very dignified little mite of a lady, hastened to answer the imperious ring of her doorbell. It was the postman, holding a stack of square, telltale envelopes. "Say," he asked, "is this your birthday?"

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact, it *is* my birthday."

The postman gulped, looked a bit sheepish, and then, much to the astonishment and delight of my friend, sang in a hearty, if decidedly off-key, tenor, "Happy Birthday to You. . . ."

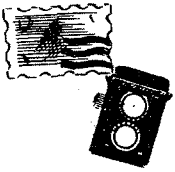
—MARIE SHELLAND BITTNER

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

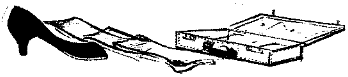
FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. Our 5th Ave. shoes as low as $9.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28 page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

CATALOG—Free, showing complete equipment for cake decorating and unusual baking. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby, profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-C Raleigh, Minneapolis, Minn.

WIDE Shoes for women of all ages. Get guaranteed fit & comfort in all styles & heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE from America's largest selection of custom shoes. $4.95 to $10.95 and worth much more! Write for free catalogue today. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.



$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

EARN money at home with your Typewriter or Sewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! Location doesn't matter. No special education needed! Write today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912-C, 12th St., Des Moines 13, Iowa.

24 BOTTLETTES Genuine Imported French Perfumes only $1.00 ppd. Samples from world renowned Perfumers. Supply limited—this offer may never be duplicated at this low price. Order several sets Now for Guaranteed Prompt delivery! Perfume Importers Co., Dept. 160-D, Farmingdale, New York.

DESTROY Unwanted Hair—permanently—by using the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator in the privacy of your home. Enjoy new freedom and charm. Absolute money-back guarantee. Send 5c for informative booklet "New Beauty For You." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 327-B, Providence 15, R. I.

GIVEN without one penny cost to your Church or Group—Sensational 48-cup Automatic Electric Percolator. Just have 10 members each sell only five bottles Famous Flavoring. No money needed, ever. Write Anna Elizabeth Wade, 2279 Tyree Street, Lynchburg, Virginia.

"MICKEY" Quilt Patches—80 square material. Each package contains 250 patches assorted colored prints. Shipped Postpaid at prices per package of 250 pieces quoted after each size. 2x2 inches 50c. 2x4 inches $1.00, 4x4 inches $2.25, 3x6 inches $2.50, 5x5 inches $3.50, 6x6 inches $5.00. No C.O.D. Please. John C. Michael Co., Dept. C, 1717 1st Ave. So., St. Petersburg, Florida.

EXPECTING? Free sample Birth Announcements! Unique! Save on cards that tie-in with Hobby, Sport, Work. Matching Thank You's. Printed-to-Order Formals. 40 designs. State hobby & expecting dates. Write Birth-O-Gram Co., Dept. C, Coral Gables, Fla.

FOR THE MEN

BIG Men! Free folder shows the shoe styles you want in hard-to-find sizes 10 to 16, widths AAA to EEE! 54,000 satisfied wearers. Money-back Guarantee. Sold by mail only—at amazingly low prices. Write Today to King-Size, 130 Brockton, Mass.

WIDE-SHOES For Men! E to EEEE. Only—Sizes 5 to 13. We can fit you in the styles you like but can't find in wide widths. Top quality. Not sold in stores. Money Back Guarantee. Write for Free Catalog today. Hitchcock Shoes. Hingham 121, Mass.

FOR THE CHILDREN

IF your child is a poor reader—See how The Sound Way to Easy Reading can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course drills your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to full year's grade in reading skill in 6 weeks. Send postcard for free illustrated folder and low price. Bremner-Davis Products, Dept. E-16, Wilmette, Illinois.

FOR THE HOME

FOAM Rubber furniture cushions. Factory seconds —50% discount. Replace old spring and down cushions with comfortable lifetime Foam Rubber at ½ price. Send for free illustrated catalog. Perma-Foam. 236-K Rhode Island Ave., E. Orange, N. J.

FREE—New 44 page Broadloom Bargain Book with Model Rooms, in full color. Tells how you can Save about Half on beautiful, extra thick, extra heavy, double wearing, Reversible Rugs and Carpets—by sending your old rugs, clothing to Olson factory. No risk. Easy terms. For Free Book, write: Olson Rug Co., Dept F-73, Chicago 41, Illinois.

PICTURE Frames in largest assortments for Paintings and Portraits, in all sizes and styles. Sizes 4"x5" to 30"x40". Quality at low prices. Write for Free Catalog. Verona Art Co., 511-C N. Charles St., Baltimore 1, Maryland.

COOKBOOK—Magnificent, new 325 page volume for creative hosts and hostesses. Esquire Cookbook contains over 750 recipes. Over 200 color illustrations. Only $5.95 postpaid. Beautiful gift for friends and yourself. Write: Buy-Products, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

(Continued on next page)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 160.

FOR GARDEN FANS

REDWOOD seedlings (Sequoia Sempervirens): California's famous giant redwoods grow easily, anywhere. Thousands shipped since 1934. 8" to 10" trees. 3 for $1.00, postpaid. The Jolly Five, Box 708, Los Altos, California.

FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

115 UNUSUAL Stamps from all 5 continents including Airmails, Dead Countries, Pictorials, etc. value over $2.00, all for 10c to introduce our superb service of U. S. and Foreign Approvals to collectors. Globus Stamp, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 14.

STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3c postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different $5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others; Hi-Values, Air-Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10c for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.

CANADA-Newfoundland collection including early issues, commemoratives, pictorials and high values. Plus set of fascinating triangle stamps. *Plus set of unused British Colonies. Plus* large stamp book. All four offers free. Send 10c to cover postage. Empire Stamp Corp., Dept CO, Toronto, Canada.

"WOW! 135 All Different Germany. 10c" Big collection includes old Zeppelins. Semi-Postals, Airmails, High Values, Giant and Midget-sized Stamps. Extra! Complete bargain catalog, free booklet. Approvals. Jamestown Stamp Co., Dept. A2COC, Jamestown, N. Y.

AUSTRALIA—50 different Australian stamps depicting fascinating animals, regal portraits of Kings and Queens, exciting commemoratives. All these just 10c to introduce our famous approvals. Viking Stamps, Great Neck 40, N. Y.

225 STAMPS for only 10c! This mammoth value includes airmails, pictorials; stamps from strange countries cataloging up to 25c each! Illustrated bargain list included free. Also approvals. Mystic Stamp Company, Camden 4, New York.

FREE—New Issue, *British Empire Stamps plus* new, rare Bonus Offer! Big free collection of just released, pictorials, commemoratives, regular issues. Plus new valuable "British Empire Bonus Packet." From agents everywhere, unusual, seldom-seen stamps. No two packets alike. Coronations, Jubilees, Royal Visits, etc. Many Collectors' Items! Popular Collector's Guide, other offers for free inspection—limited offer! Send 10c postage, handling. Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. CR2N, Calais, Maine.

U. S. STAMPS—The World's Top Philatelic Investment—At Substantial Money-Saving Discounts. Send today for Giant Illustrated Cataloguide. Only 15c. (We also buy stamp estates, collections). Raymax, 35-VKT Maiden Lane, New York 38, N. Y.

FOR HEALTH & HYGIENE

VITAMINS—Let us prove we can save you 50%. New 48 page book lists all brands—formulas—prices. Compare and save. As an example, Food Supplements nationally sold for $19.50 . . . our price $5.75. Write today for your free copy. Mention vitamins now using for samples. Vitamins, Phila. 40, Pa.

FOR PHOTO FANS

COLOR Processing—Fast Service and Low Prices. Kodacolor developing 85c per roll; prints 27c each. Kodachrome 35mm processing: 20 exp.—$1.45, 36 exp.—$2.25. Wallet prints from your transparencies 25c each. Send for your complete price list and free mailers. Photo Mail, Madison Square Station, Box 216C, New York 10, New York.

FREE! Blackhawk's big sale catalog new and used 16mm., 8mm. films, 2"x2" color slides, used 16mm. sound projectors, closeouts photographic items. Biggest stock—biggest savings in USA. Blackhawk Films, 1711 Eastin, Davenport, Iowa.

COLOR-PRINTS from Kodachrome, Ektachrome, Anscochrome color film. Highest quality fast service. Money back guarantee. 2¼x3¼—25c; 3½x5—45c; 5x7—$1; 8x10—$2. Duplicate 35mm slides 25c. Write for complete price list. Colorfax Laboratories, 1160-0 Bonifant Street, Silver Spring, Maryland.

COLOR SLIDES

150,000 SLIDES in color in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9c for 72-page Catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret. Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

FOR HOME MOVIE FANS

BEAUTIFUL fully titled Kodachrome movies of U. S. Nat'l Parks, Can., Alaska, Fla., Hawaii, historic shrines, weird underground caverns. 8mm. or 16mm, descriptive 150 subject catalog free. World in Color Productions, P. O. Box 392-C, Elmira, N. Y.

FOR INVENTORS

PATENT Searches, including copies of nearest patents, $6.00. Reports airmailed within 48 hours. More than 100 registered patent attorneys use my service. Free invention protection forms. Miss Ann *Hastings, P.O. Box 176-A, Washington 4, D. C.*

INVENTORS—Inventions needed immediately for manufacturers. If you have an invention with good sales possibilities that you wish to sell or license on cash or royalty basis, write Kessler Corporation, 262, Fremont, Ohio.

FOR DO-IT-YOURSELF FANS

LEATHERCRAFT, the most rewarding Do-It-Yourself hobby. So easy to make attractive Belts, Gloves, Purses, Billfolds, etc., with Larson Kits. Free Illustrated Catalog. Write J. C. Larson Co., 820 S. Tripp, Dept. 6560C, Chicago 24, Illinois.

FOR CONTEST FANS

WIN contest money. Every issue of the General Contest Bulletin has helped others win; gives hundreds of tips. Lists current contests and rules. Sample copy of magazine 25c. General Contest Bulletin, 1609 East 5th, Dept. 400, Duluth, Minnesota.

FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

FOR PET OWNERS

RABBITS: Standard Rabbit Journal, B-241-25, Milton, Pa., year $1, sample dime, beginner's manual 25c. Rabbit, pet printing and Supplies, books of every description on any subject, let us know your wants, enclose stamp.

FOR TRAVELERS & VACATIONISTS

SHANTYBOAT cruise—try something really different—six-day inland houseboat cruise; pleasant company, good food, swimming, fishing, adventure thru tropical Everglades Florida, $80 up. Write for free folder. Capt. Jim Nisbet, Box 1628-C, Ft. Myers, Fla.

FREE Florida Keys map & guide of attractions, mileages, motel & bungalow vacation accommodations, swimming, fishing, boating facilities, things to do and see in "Vacationland of Presidents." Key Colony Beach, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Florida.

FOR AUTHORS & PUBLISHERS

MANUSCRIPTS Invited for books. We have made and published books on the co-operative plan for more than 30 years; circular free. A world-wide publishing service is offered. Meador Publishing Co., 324 Newbury St., Boston, Massachusetts.

BOOK Manuscripts Considered by cooperative publisher who offers authors early publication, higher royalty and national distribution. All subjects welcomed. Submit MS to Greenwich Book Publishers, Inc., Atten. Mr. North, 489 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

ALL the world loves an author! You too can win friends and royalty checks! If you write, we appraise/sell. Write/phone Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419-C Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., ORegon 9-1150.

AUTHORS! We can help you gain recognition. We will publish your manuscript—edit, design, promote advertise and sell it. Low subsidies, good royalties. Send for free booklet. Comet Press Books, Dept. CO2, 200 Varick Street, New York City 14, N. Y.

FOR THE RETIRED

HAPPY dream home for lonesome retired couples, single ladies-gentlemen. Famous air conditioned bay front hotel amid the flowers and sunshine of fabulous Florida, now a home for Golden Agers, with new friends, new interests, happier living. *Good food, every comfort, amazingly low cost to accepted friends,* $25-$30 weekly. Write Friendly Faw, Monson Club Hotel, Desk 101, St. Augustine, Fla.

SPARE TIME OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE Money Writing Short Paragraphs! No tedious study. I tell you what to write, where and how to sell; and supply list of editors buying from beginners. Many small checks add up quickly. Write to sell, right away. Send for free facts. Benson Barrett, Dept. C-199-B, 7464 Clark, Chicago 26.

MEN And Women Wanted to start home business in spare time with little table-top rubber stamp machine. Easy to earn up to $9.80 an hour without previous experience. Full particulars Free by mail. Send postcard to Roberts, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-B, Chicago 26, Illinois.

EARN $240.00 A Month at home, spare time doing only Two $5.00 Invisible Mending jobs a day. Big money paid for service that makes cuts, tears, disappear from fabrics. Steady demand. Details free. Fabricon, 8324 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

START Big Pay Business At Home in spare time. No experience needed to operate little table-top machine for bronzing baby shoes. Make $5.46 profit on every pair. Full particulars Free. Send postcard to Mason, 1512 Jarvis, Room 2-B, Chicago 26, Ill.

BIG Money-Making opportunity. Sell exclusive line of work uniforms. Jackets, pants, shirts, coveralls. Advertising embroidered. Every business a prospect. Outfit Free. Geo. Master Co., 458 Water, Ligonier, Indiana.

AMAZING "Cut Flowers" Greeting Cards sell fast! So real even stems are cut. Keep 85¢ on each $1.25 Everyday Assortment. $85.00 easy! 140 finest card, novelty, stationery money-makers. Gift bonuses. Assortments on approval. Act fast—get "Hot Plate" Salt-Pepper Free! Creative, 4401 Cermak, Dept. 503-F, Chicago 23, Illinois.

TRADE Spare Time for extra cash. I'll send you full-size Blair home products for free trial. Show them to friends, neighbors, make Big Extra Profits. Write to Blair, Dept. 509A, Lynchburg, Virginia.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EARN Extra Money selling Advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect. Start without experience; men, women. Free sample kit furnished. Match Corp. of America, Dept. GM- 15, Chicago 32, Illinois.

MEN—Women! Start Money-Making Plastic Laminating Business at home in spare time. Material that costs 11¢ brings back $2.58. No canvassing or selling but mail orders bring in $20 a day. Write for full particulars Free. Rush name on postcard to Warner, Room 2-B, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago 26, Illinois.

WANT To Make Big Money At Home? $10 profit in an hour possible with Invisible Reweaving. Make tears, holes disappear from clothing, fabrics. Steady demand from cleaners, homes. Details Free. Fabricon, 8322 S. Prairie, Chicago 19, Illinois.

$1,000 MONTHLY Possible, raising Earthworms! Backyard, Garage, Basement. Complete Illustrated Booklet explains raising, feeding, packing, marketing. Only 25¢ postpaid! Ozark Worm Farm-21, Willow Springs, Missouri.

MAKE Extra Money—Cash commissions. Full or part time. Everybody buys easy-selling Advertising Book Matches. Union label. All styles. No experience necessary. Powerhouse selling kit Free. Superior Match, Dept. N-257, 7530 Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

$1,000.00 A month possible for making dramatic 3-second demonstration of amazing lightweight Presto Fire Extinguisher. New chemical, used by Air Force, snuffs out fires instantly. Only $4.95. Terrific commissions. Millions want it. Free Kit. Merlite, 114 E. 32nd, Dept. X-69S, New York 16, New York.

LEARN Real Estate. Easy; "learn-by-listening-to-records." No experience needed. Be own boss. Teaches complete brokerage, management & profitable investment secrets used by wealthy expert to make fortune. Lee Institute, F. Brookline 46, Mass.

60% PROFIT Possible on Cosmetics—Why make less? Famous nationally advertised Studio Girl Hollywood Cosmetics pay up to 60%! Make up to $25 day and more! Hire others. Write or wire for free samples, details. Studio Girl, Glendale, California, Dept. 1872E.

ANYONE Can Sell famous Hoover Uniforms for beauty shops, waitresses, nurses, doctors, others. All popular miracle fabrics—nylon, dacron, orlon. Exclusive styles, top quality. Big cash income now, real future. Equipment free. Hoover, Dept. B-131, New York 11, New York.

IF You Want to earn money fast, I'll send you Free Sample Stocking Of newest Stretch DuPont Nylons to sell at only $1.00 a pair. American Mills, Dept. 607, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

(Continued on next page)

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES (Cont'd)

FREE Catalog of Name Brand Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry & Appliances. Save Money & Make Big Profits—No Investment—Buy only what you need. 2c Postcard brings details—No obligation. Dept CO-2. Harry Cohon & Sons, 1069 Utica Ave., B'klyn. 3, N. Y.

IF you're interested in making money in selling, see the hundreds of exceptional opportunities in Salesmen's Opportunity Magazine. Send name for your copy, absolutely free. Tell us what you're selling now. Opportunity, 848 N. Dearborn, Dept. 25, Chicago 10, Illinois.

MAKE Extra Money Fast! Show friends Big Value $1.00, $1.25 Birthday, Get Well, Valentine, Easter Greeting Card assortments. No experience needed. Bonus. Write for Samples on approval. Hedenkamp, 361 Broadway, Dept. C-5, New York, N. Y.

MAKE $50—$75—$100 extra money. Start Greeting Card Shop. Show lovely All Occasion assortments. Profits to 100%. Write for Feature boxes on approval. Free Samples Stationery. Special offer. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 233-B, Mass.

STRANGE "Dry" Window Cleaner. Sells like wild. Replaces messy rags, liquids. Simply glide over glass; leaves windows sparkling clear. Dust, dirt, grime, fog, disappear like magic. Samples sent on trial. Kristee 463, Akron, Ohio.

MONEY-MAKING Opportunity! Take big profit orders for world famous Patented Varieties Fruit Trees. Also Flowering Shrubs, Roses, Vines. Big Sales outfit Free. Stark Bros., Desk 3627, Louisiana, Missouri.

START Home Manufacturing Business. Use basement, garage. Make Cleaners, Polishes, Soaps, Insecticides, Auto Products, Cosmetics, Perfumes, Flavors, Hand Cleaners, most anything. No machinery. Free literature. Kemico, Park Ridge 2, Ill.

SELL hamburgers, sandwiches, pie. Use your own kitchen without capital. Or operate small diner, cafe. Free details reveal plan. Restaurant School, MO-272, Freemont, Ohio.

EARN extra money in spare-time. Sell Nationally famous uniforms to Beauticians, Waitresses, Nurses, Doctors, etc. Highest commissions. Latest styles, newest fabrics . . . Dacron, Nylon, Orlon and Cotton. Free selling kit and Free gift plan, write Upland Uniforms, Dept. CO-27, 208 E. 23rd St., New York 10.

CASH in your spare time! Take magazine subscription orders from friends, neighbors, relatives. Special offers on Popular Magazines. High commissions. Free sales kit. Write, Magazines, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, N. Y. 19, N. Y.

FLORIDA Keys acreage, business property, ocean frontage, homes, motels, other investment, income opportunities. New bungalows only $5,950 plus lot, in fastest-growing Keys community. Details, prices: Key Colony, Box CO, Marathon Shores, Florida.

SUCCESS Opportunity—Sell Famous Spring-Step Cushion Shoes. Earn up to $25.00 daily plus cash bonus. Write Ortho-Vent Shoe Company, 4772 College Avenue, Salem, Virginia.

BUY Bargains! Appliances, Cameras, Sporting Goods, Musical Instruments, Typewriters, Housewares, Watches, Tools, Clothing, etc. Free catalogs. Buy-Rite. 73-ST, Wagaraw, Hawthorne 2, New Jersey.

WILL you wear new suits and topcoats without one penny cost and agree to show them to friends? You can make up to $30.00 in a day even in spare time, without canvassing. W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 500 S. Throop Street, Dept. D-634, Chicago 7, Illinois.

LEARN how to Make Money at Home. Addressing Envelopes for Advertisers. Use Typewriter or Plain Handwriting. Good Pay, Full or Spare Time, If You Know How. Mail $1 for Instruction Manual. Sterling, Dept. 7, Corona 68, N. Y. Money Back Guarantee.

MISCELLANEOUS-PERSONAL

HIGHEST Cash Paid for Old Gold or Broken Jewelry, Gold Teeth, Watches, Rings, Diamonds, Silverware, Spectacles, Platinum, Mercury. Write for Free Information. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Rose Refiners, 29-CB East Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.

BILLS! Bills! Bills! Pay them quickly with cash loan by mail, $100.00 to $600.00. Repay in small monthly installments over 20 months. Your payments may run ½ less than now; have money left over to spend. Loan Order Blank mailed Free in plain envelope. Advise amount you need. State Finance Co., 323 Securities Bldg., Dept. K-250, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

PEACE of mind? You can find it in the Catholic Religion! Write for our free correspondence course, explaining the teachings of the Church. No obligation. Paulist Fathers Information Center, Dept. C, 2 Columbus Ave., New York 23, New York.

HOME Sewers Wanted—Earn extra cash making readi-cut ties. No selling. We instruct. Free details: Jud San, 518 E. 105th, Dept. B24, Cleveland 8, Ohio.

MACK'S Anti-Noise Earplugs let you sleep, if noise disturbs. There is no substitute for natural sleep. Waterproof for swimmers. $1.00 per box (3 prs.) mailed. Guaranteed or refund. McKeon Co., Box 2269C, Cleveland 9, Ohio.

ETIQUETTE For Men—the most authoritative guide to good manners and good taste in business or pleasure—edited by Esquire to help you to smooth the way to happy and successful living. Only $5. Write: Esquire, P.O. Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, New York.

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information on insertions in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section, (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested, to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: February 20 for May issue; March 20 for June issue.)

SCHOOL and COLLEGE DIRECTORY

BOYS PREPARATORY SCHOOLS

TILTON School. Thorough college preparation. Grades 7-12. Builds character, leadership. Small classes, understanding masters. New gym. Sports for all. Est. 1845. Early app. advised. Catalog J. Rolland Crompton, D.D., Hdm., Box A, Tilton, N. H.

COLLEGES & JUNIOR COLLEGES

BRYANT College—Earn your B.S. in 2 yrs. Business Admin: majors in Management, Acctg. Marketing, 2-yr. Exec. Sec'l: majors in Admin., Med., Legal, Acctg. 4-yr. degree in Bus. Teacher Tr. Register Early! Catalog *Joan Adams, Bryant College, Providence 6, R.I.*

SECRETARIAL SCHOOLS

SHORTHAND Dictation on Phonograph Records. Wonderful new system for picking up shorthand speed in a hurry. Loads of specially selected shorthand dictation in all speeds. Write for free details. Dictation Disc Co., Dept. CR-2, 170 Broadway, N.Y. 38, N.Y.

STENO-SECRETARIAL Training. Qualified secretaries urgently in demand. Prepare at home at low cost for high-paying secretarial career. Training includes Gregg shorthand, typing, English, personality development, filing, secretarial accounting, use of office machines, etc. Free book gives complete details. Write today. La Salle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. SS-643, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Illinois.

HOME INSTRUCTION

BE A Real Estate Broker. Insure Security for yourself and your family. Study at home. Prepare for state examination. GI Approved. Write for Free Book Today. Weaver School of Real Estate, 2016J Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

WHY Don't You Write? Writing short stories, articles on business, homemaking, hobbies, sports, travel, local, club and church activities, etc., will enable you to earn extra money. In your own home, on your own time, the New York Copy Desk Method teaches you how to write the way newspaper men and women learn—by writing. Our "Writing Aptitude Test" tells whether you possess the fundamental qualities essential to successful writing. You'll enjoy this test. Write for it, without cost or obligation. *Newspaper Institute of America, Suite 5497-B, One Park Ave., New York 16, New York.*

CHICAGO School of Nursing—Be a Practical Nurse, Nurse's Aide, or Infant Nurse. Men and women, 18-60. Learn at home in spare time. Course supervised by physician. H.S. not required. Booklet free. Dept. 92, 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4, Ill.

LEARN Gregg shorthand fast, modern way. Intensive correspondence course with dictation on records. Take dictation 1st lesson. Set own pace. Individual attention. Lic. Pa. Free information. Price School, 2710-B Laurel, North Hills, Pa.

COMPLETE Your High School at home in spare time with 60-year-old school. Texts furnished. No classes. Diploma. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X217, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

INTERIOR Decoration: Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free booklet. Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1412, Chicago 14, Ill.

ACCOUNTING—Acute shortage of men and women *Accountants makes real opportunity. La Salle* prepares you quickly in spare time at low cost. Accounting ability offers top pay—secure future. Free book gives facts—describes opportunities. Write La Salle Extension University, A Correspondence Institution, Dept. *H642, 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Ill.*

ENGLISH Course for Adults—With my new self-correcting method you can stop making mistakes—speak & write effectively. 15 minutes a day at home. Free 32 p. booklet. D. O. Bolander, Career Institute, Dept. 292, 25 E. Jackson, Chicago 4, Illinois.

FINISH High School at home—no classes. Standard text furnished; credit for previous schooling; diploma awarded. If you've completed 8th grade and are over 17, write for free catalog. Wayne School, Dept. HGX-5, 2527 Sheffield, Chicago 14, Ill.

DRESS *design: Approved supervised home study* training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Low tuition and payments. Send for free booklet. National School of Dress Design, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 1412, *Chicago, Illinois.*

EARN a high school diploma in your own home. Prepare for better job, more pay. Licensed teachers. Approved materials. No salesman will call. Southern States Academy, Box 144-C, Sta. E. Atlanta, Georgia.

FREE! "Talent Aptitude Test." Learn acting at home for TV, radio, theater, movie career. Hollywood Royal Academy, Studio 142, 5630 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.

LEARN *directing money-raising campaigns for* churches, hospitals, institutions. Unlimited field. Three-month guaranteed course backed by 35 years experience. Earned $3065 in six weeks on my first campaign. William Arbogast, 229 East Mason Avenue, *Alexandria, Virginia.*

PROFESSIONAL & VOCATIONAL

HOTELS Call For Trained Men and Women. Record-breaking travel means nation-wide opportunities and a sound, substantial future for trained men and women in hotels, motels, clubs, apartment house positions. Fascinating field; fine living; quick advancement. Lewis Training qualifies you at home in spare time or through resident classes in Washington. Previous experience proved unnecessary in this business where you are not dropped because you are over 40. Opportunities everywhere for both young and mature. Nationwide Placement Service Free. Write today for the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity." Course approved for All Veteran and War Orphan Training. Lewis Hotel Training School, Room CB-1112, Washington 7, D. C. 41st Year.

INDIANA Technical College—B.S. degree in 27 mo. Engineering. Aero., Chem., Civil, Elec., Mech. & Electronics (inc. Radio & TV.) B.S. in 36 mo. (Math., Chem., Physics.) Prep courses. Enter March, June, Sept., Dec. 9527 E. Wash. Blvd., Ft. Wayne 2, Ind.

they called it justice

by WILL BERNARD

FOUR YEARS after Alexander Graham Bell patented his telephone, a man turned up in court with a strange story.

He came from a sleepy Pennsylvania hamlet called Eberly's Mills, where he was a mender of clocks, repairer of tools and all-around fix-it man. In his spare time, he tinkered with gadgets.

His story was that he had made a "talking machine" out of a tumbler, a teacup, a mustard can and other materials—seven years *before* Bell got his patent.

Such a claim was no novelty, for literally hundreds of scientists, amateurs and plain frauds had challenged Bell's patent. All had failed. But this claim was different.

Rarely in legal annals had such a swarm of witnesses come forward to prove a point. In all, 149 persons solemnly swore they had seen the fix-it man's wonderful contraption in his cluttered workshop, 70 persons solemnly swore they had witnessed an actual demonstration with their own eyes, and 49 persons solemnly swore they had heard it work with their own ears.

Had this unlearned mechanic, using primitive equipment, outsmarted the most brilliant scientists of his time? It seemed impossible. Yet how could so many witnesses—admittedly honest—be deceived by their senses?

There followed one of the epic legal battles of modern times. At stake was what has been called "the most valuable single patent ever issued." Gigantic business interests hung in the balance. Bell stock dropped drastically in a single month.

On March 19, 1888, the United States Supreme Court announced its decision. Two judges abstained from voting. Of the other seven, the tally was:

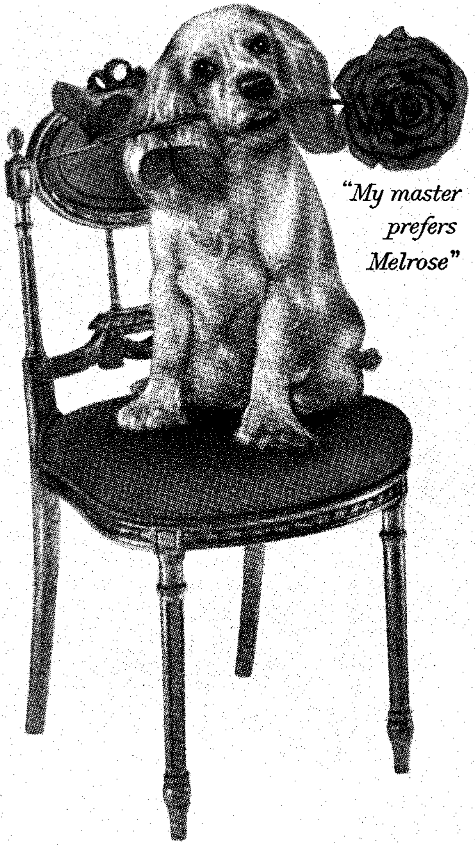
Four to three . . . for Bell.

The majority ruling, stripped of legalese, declared that the teacup and mustard can story was just too fantastic to be swallowed.

For the loser, there was this crumb of comfort.

"It is perfectly natural," concluded the three dissenting justices, "for the world to take the part of the man who has already achieved eminence . . . It is regarded as incredible that so great a discovery could have been made by a plain mechanic, and not by an eminent scientist . . . We do not wish to say a word depreciatory of Mr. Bell . . . but he was, according to the great preponderance of evidence, anticipated by a man of far humbler pretensions."

Did the court pick the right winner? We'll never know for sure, but legally the fight was over. By a one-vote margin, Daniel D. Drawbaugh, the nobody from Pennsylvania, lost out on immortality.


"My master prefers Melrose"

SITTING PRETTY

With Melrose Rare you're really sitting pretty with "the very best"...well fixed to enjoy the smoothest drink you've ever mixed! What makes it Rare? It's mellowed with superb whiskies seven years old ...more, finer whiskies than any leading blend.

MELROSE
Melrose & Company
Melrose and Company
EST'D 1885
MELROSE
RARE
Blended Whiskey
Bottled by Melrose and Company

There's nothing to compare with

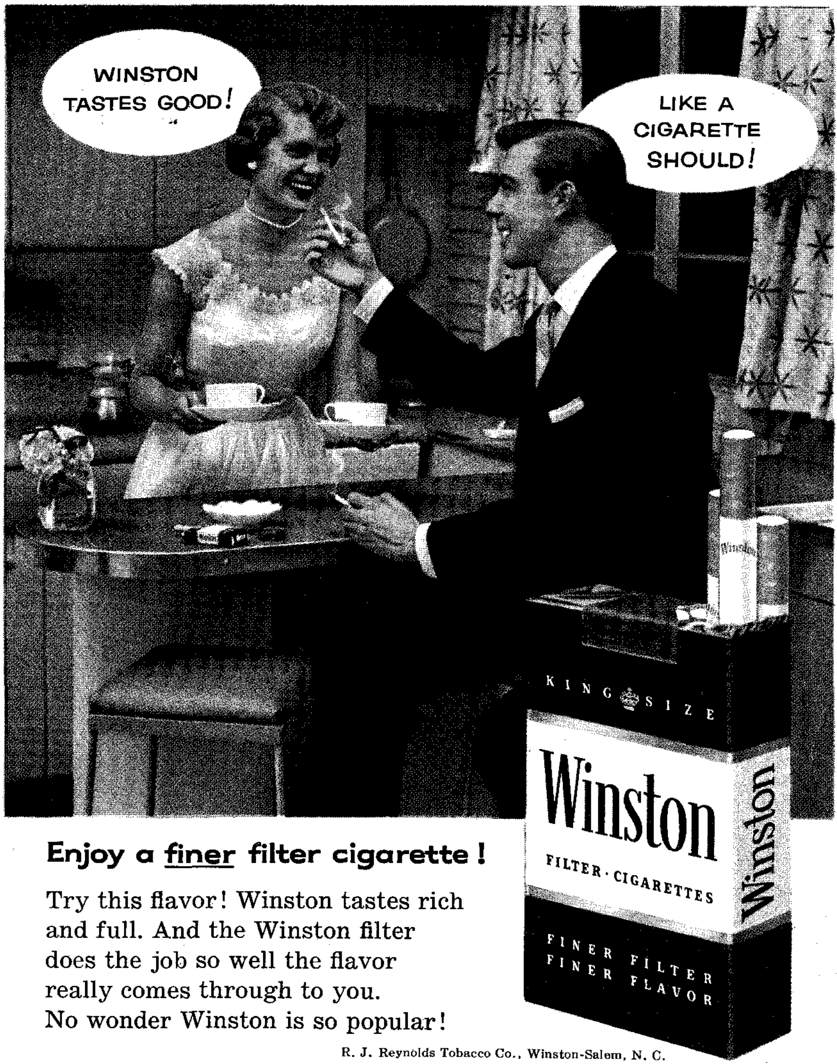
MELROSE

RARE

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 AND 90 PROOF • 40% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 7 YEARS OLD, 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • MELROSE DISTILLERS CO., N. Y.

WINSTON

is always good company!


WINSTON TASTES GOOD!
LIKE A CIGARETTE SHOULD!
KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER · CIGARETTES
FINER FILTER
FINER FLAVOR
Winston

Enjoy a finer filter cigarette!

Try this flavor! Winston tastes rich and full. And the Winston filter does the job so well the flavor really comes through to you. No wonder Winston is so popular!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Smoke **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!